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FEBRUARY, 1976

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE



ARTHUR ELGORT

COVER: **The Spring Collections . . . the ease of American Style** comes through in the look of a sweater set at Calvin Klein—the cable-stitch white cotton cardigan and long-sleeved V-neck pullover. To wear with classic white trousers . . . and the pretty touch of a gold Bulgari necklace wrapped around red and blue scarves. Cardigan, about $40. Sweater, about $40. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Balliet's; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson; Liberty House, Hawaii. Bulgari necklace at Danos Ltd. Scarves, Yves Saint Laurent. . . . **American good looks come through,** sheer and clear for day: warm, tawny colors—a Chestnut eye, Caramello on the mouth, Glowing Bronze cheek—over radiant skin. Makeup—using Colours Alfresco from the new Max Factor Geminesse Collection—by Sandra Linter of Xavier Coiffures. Hair, by Harry King.

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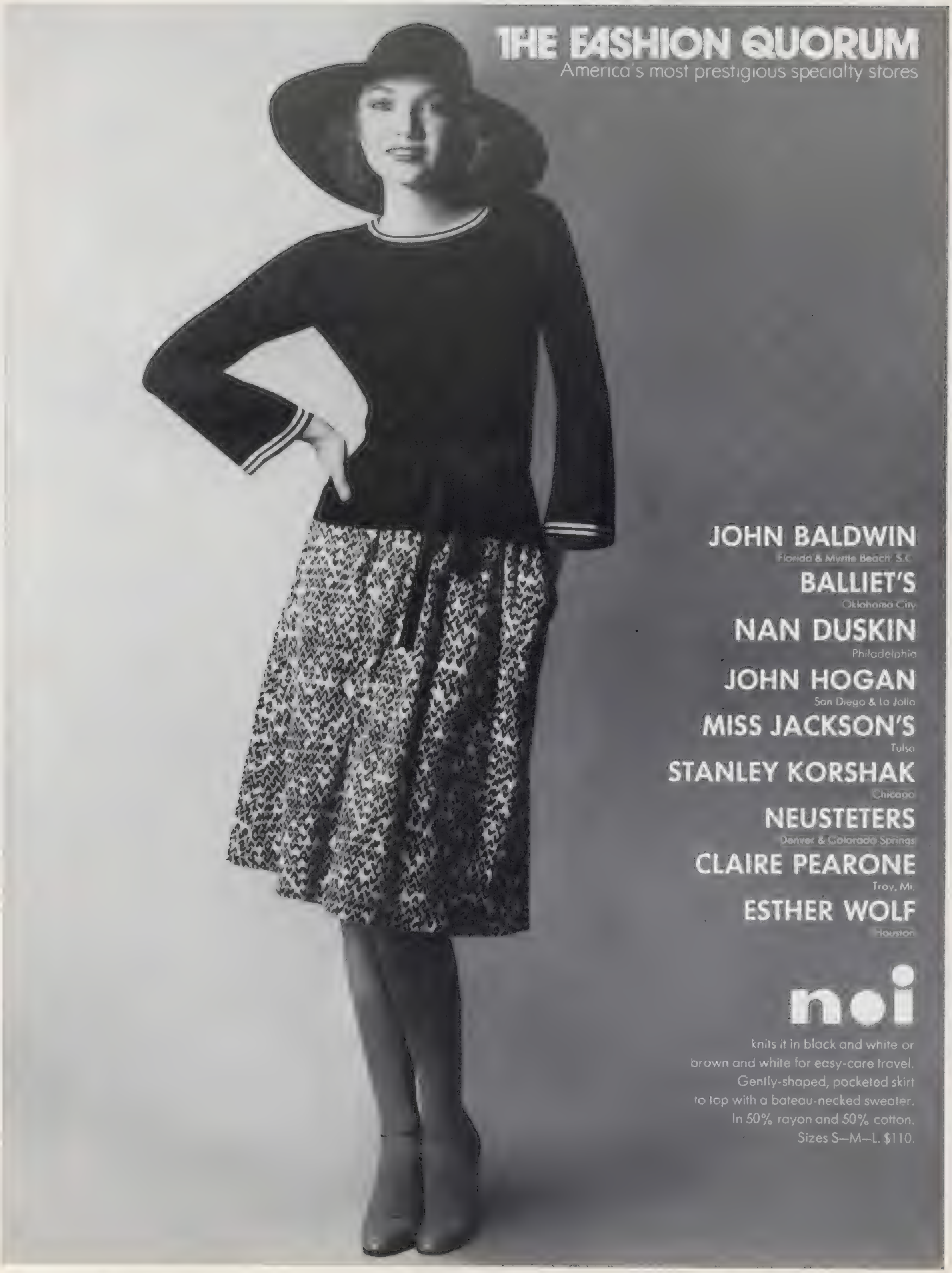
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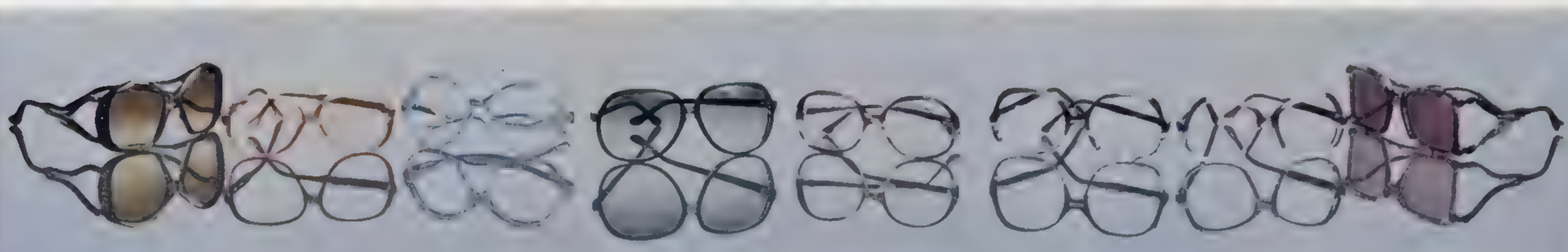


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Blassport

Modeled by Veruschka
photographed by Veruschka

Lilly follows the sun to Stallion Springs

Leave the bustle of city living behind and discover relaxation and enjoyment of nature in an Old West atmosphere with a touch of modern sophistication. This unexpected find is Stallion Springs Lodge—a unique mountain-top resort 16 miles from Tehachapi, California, two and one-half hours, 118 miles, from Los Angeles. At an altitude of 4,000 feet, the lodge and its spacious rooms reflect the environment with natural stone, wood and tile. The main lobby, bar and dining room are all picture-framed in glass for a panoramic view of the mountains and valley. Whether your idea of a vacation is observing nature and breathing pure mountain air—or enjoying the active life—you'll find both at Stallion Springs. And leisure living here begins with Lilly's fresh-as-a-breeze prints—easygoing clothes that will keep you in a casual, relaxed mood from morning to night.



Lilly Pulitzer

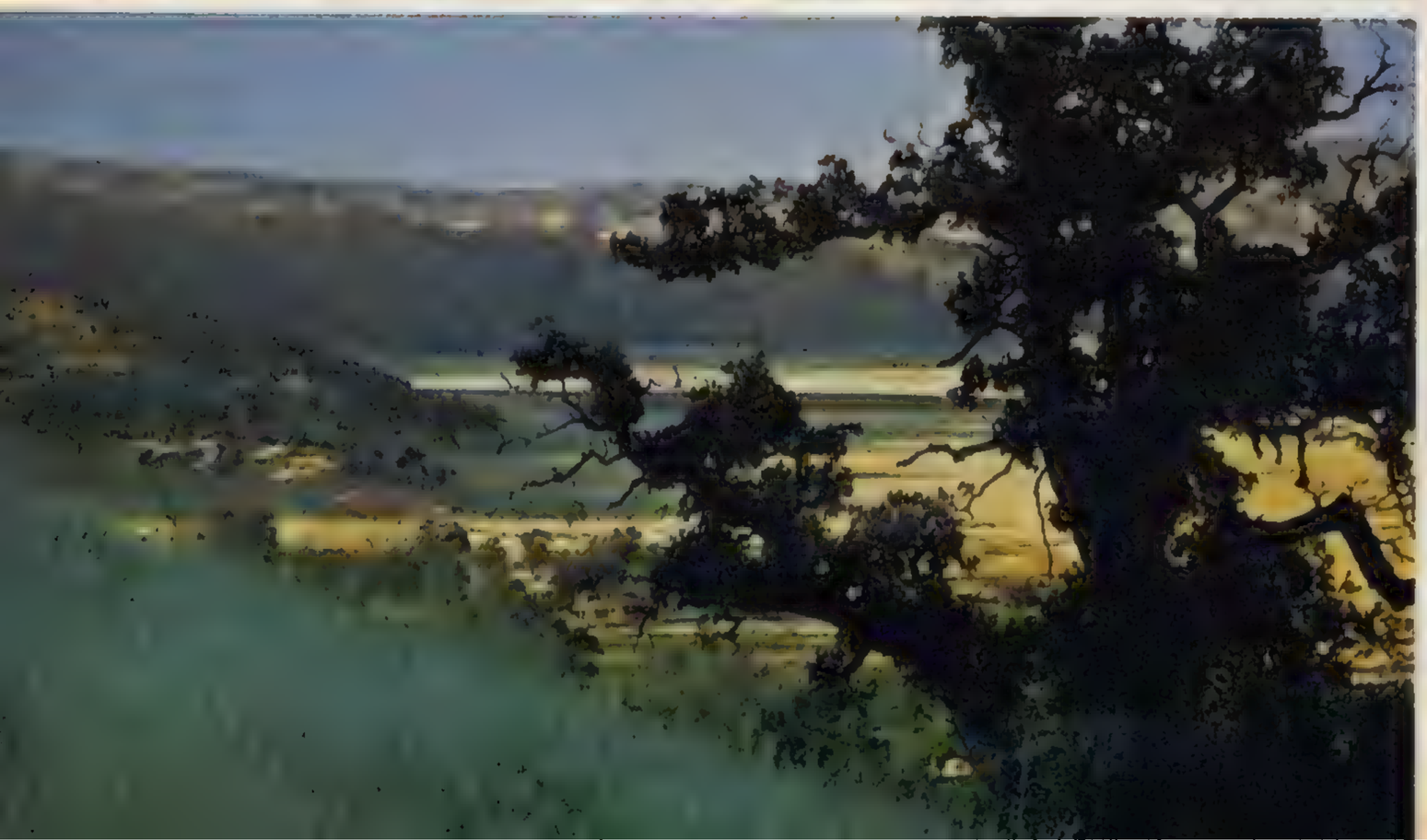
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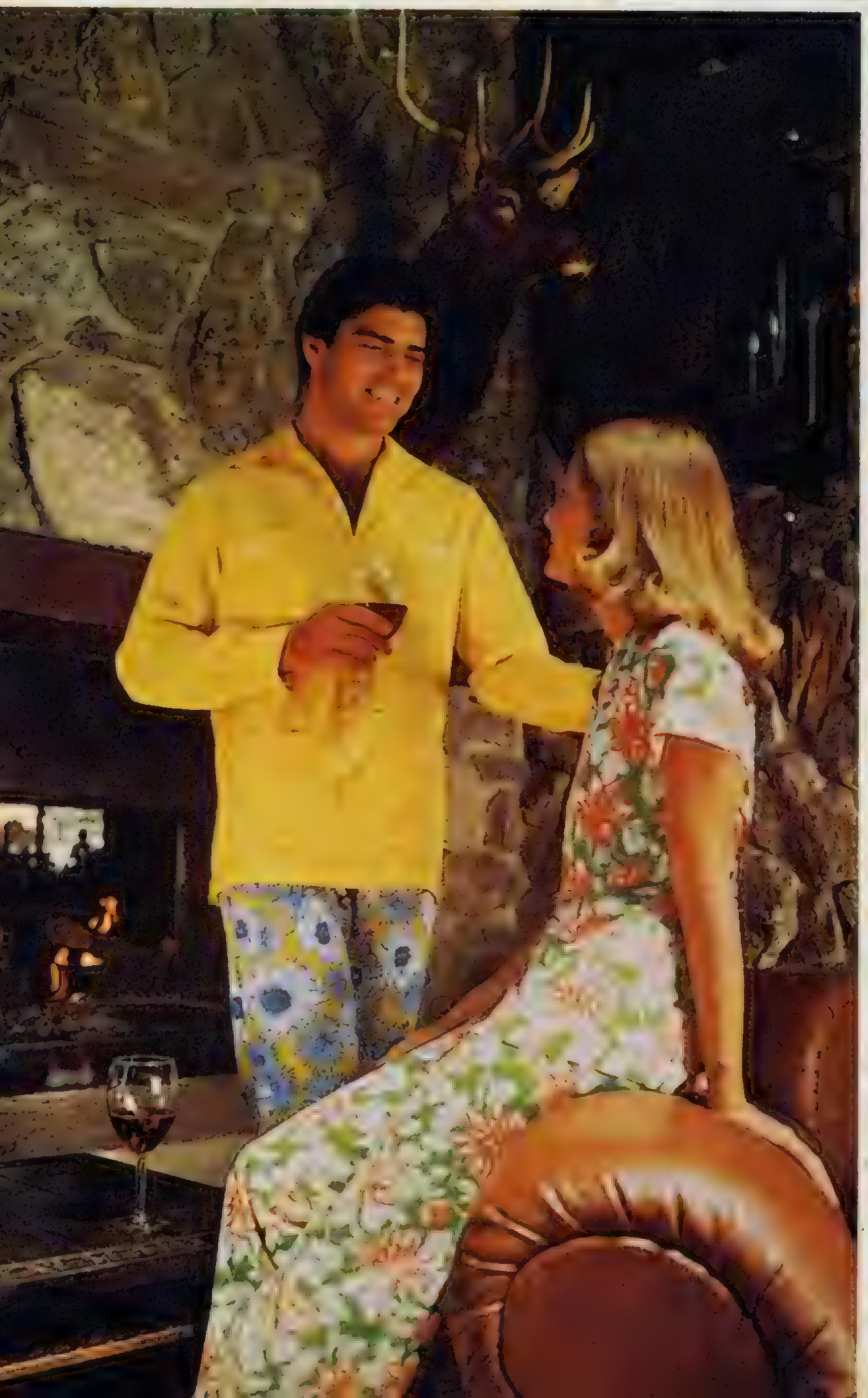










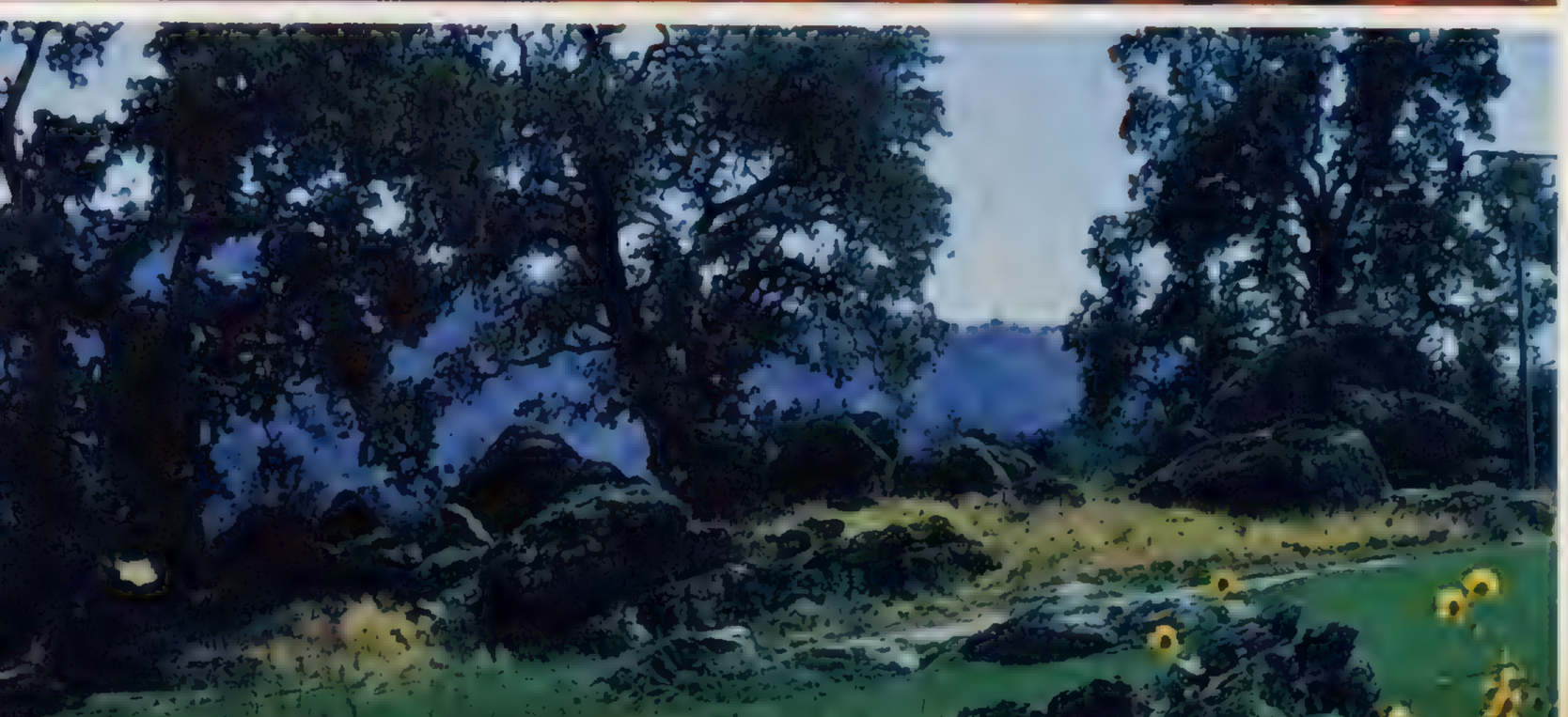






Lilly follows the sun to Stallion Springs

The unmistakable Lilly look is perfect for days at the Horse Thief Golf and Country Club down the mountainside from the Lodge. Play golf on an 18-hole championship course with rolling terrain and a man-made lake. There are two tennis courts, a pool, sauna and an attractive clubhouse. Or get close to nature on planned trail rides at the Equestrian Center which has complete riding facilities. By night, dining at the lodge is friendly, informal...and on weekends, there's country music and dancing. Other points of interest are a soaring school and a geological rock shop at Tehachapi, and a winery at Lamont. Lilly's nature-inspired prints adapt to every occasion, yet are in pleasant contrast to the purple hills, sagebrush, granite outcroppings and black oaks that are typical of the country ambience of Stallion Springs.



Lilly Pulitzer

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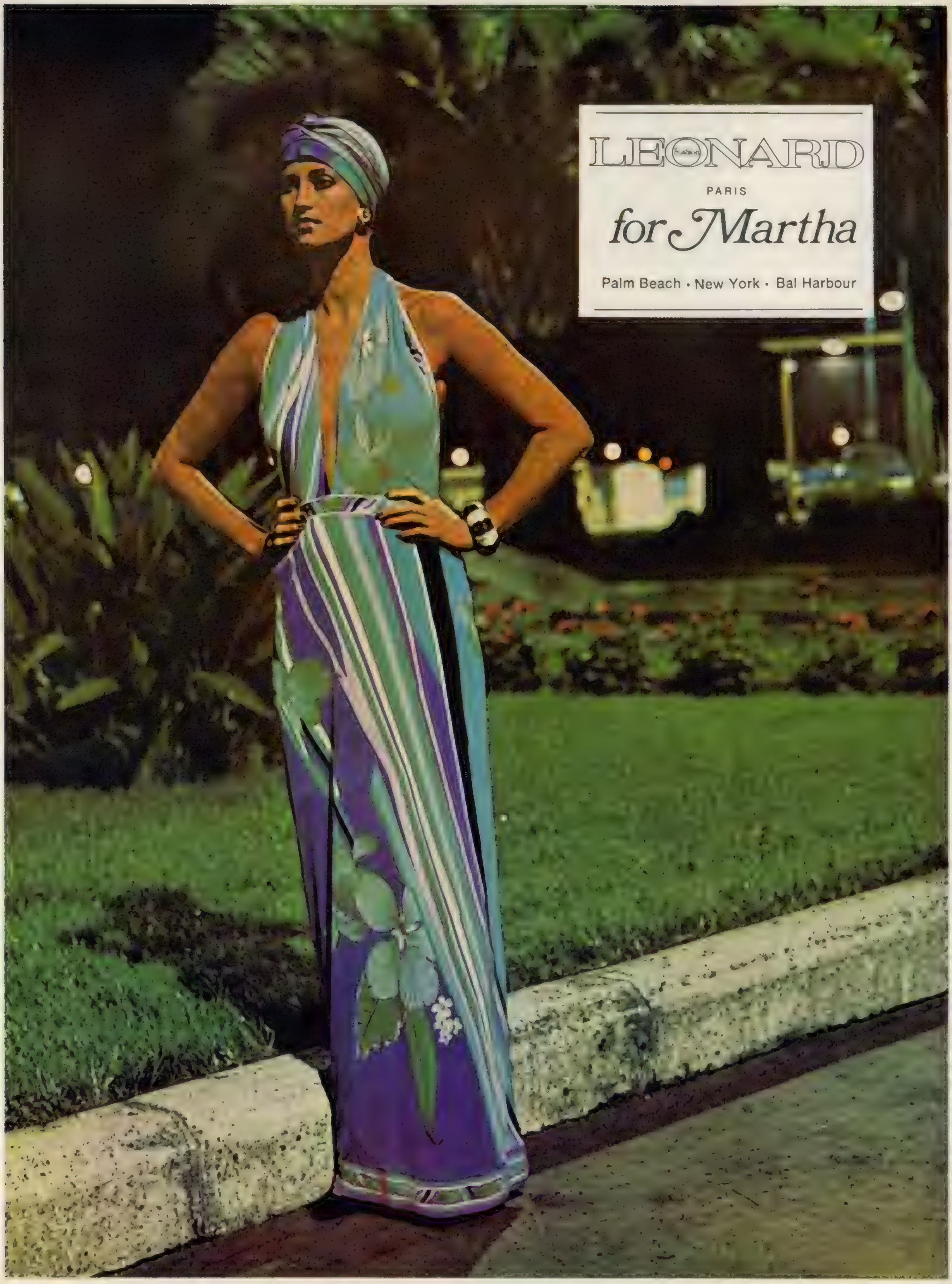
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I use Skin Dynamics—and I recommend it to any woman who wants healthier-looking, younger-looking skin.



Her name is Birgit Dick. And she's Danish by birth. She received her degree in bio-chemistry from Aarhus University in Denmark. Birgit has conducted research in the Depts. of Bio-Chemistry at Columbia University and Cornell University.

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As a woman, I love Skin Dynamics.



The great thing about the Skin Dynamics program is that it works. After a few weeks I not only started feeling the softness and suppleness of my skin, but I started seeing the difference, too.

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Vogue Food

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

Great American cook-in: tried turns, new twists; more recipes, page 168

Is there any American restaurant good or bad that does not have shrimp cocktail on the menu? Make shrimp cocktails at home, but vary the traditional red cocktail sauce by substituting Russian dressing or green mayonnaise or one of the three following sauces.

Shrimp Cocktail Sauce with Pernod

for each serving of five or six cooked fresh shrimp

2 tablespoons chili sauce or Seafood Cocktail Sauce
2 teaspoons Pernod
2 tablespoons chopped fennel

Mix together the chili sauce and Pernod. Serve the shrimp on a bed of the fennel and pour the sauce over all.

Shrimp Cocktail Sauce with Brandy and Cream

six servings

You will need 30-36 cooked fresh shrimp

1 hard-boiled egg yolk
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon lemon juice
6 tablespoons chili sauce
2-3 drops Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon brandy
2 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper to taste

Mash egg yolk and mustard in a bowl. Add 2 tablespoons of the oil, drop by drop, stirring constantly as if you were making mayonnaise. Gradually add lemon juice and remaining oil. Then stir in all the remaining ingredients. Mix with shrimp. Chill before serving.

Rémoulade Sauce for Shrimp

six servings

You will need 30-36 cooked fresh shrimp

1 cut clove garlic
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1 tablespoon horseradish
½ teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 teaspoon ground coriander
Dash of Tabasco or hot-pepper sauce
8 tablespoons olive oil
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
1 scallion, finely chopped
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives
1 tablespoon finely chopped French *cornichons* (or other sour pickle)
1 tablespoon finely chopped anchovy

Rub a bowl with the garlic, then discard. Add the mustard, horseradish, paprika, salt, pepper, coriander, and Tabasco; mix well. Add the oil and lemon juice; mix well. Stir in remaining ingredients. You may add a little more olive oil at this point if you like. Mix with the shrimp and marinate at least an hour or two before serving.

Bacon and Tomato Sandwiches with Watercress Mayonnaise

four servings

12 slices bacon, crisply fried (Canadian bacon is good)
8 slices ripe tomato
1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup coarsely chopped watercress
1 tablespoon finely chopped chives
Salt and freshly ground pepper
8 slices bread, freshly toasted, buttered or not as you prefer

We know it's heresy to leave the "L" out of the classic "B-L-T," but we find that the lettuce in a bacon-lettuce-tomato sandwich is often unwieldy. The chopped watercress and chives mixed into the mayonnaise make up for the missing green.

Mix mayonnaise with lemon juice, stir in watercress and chives. Spread toast with green mayonnaise. Add tomato slices. Sprinkle them with *very* little salt and a lot of pepper. Add bacon slices, top with another piece of toast.

(Continued on page 68)

This is the mood...the spirit of the clothes you'll wear now. A collection of sensuous French jerseys for sizes 6-16. Short dress in solid colors: salmon, jade, beige or black; about $140. Also available long; about $170. Short dress in lattice print: soft green, beige or black; about $160. Floor-length Japanese flower print: jade, black or navy; about $200.

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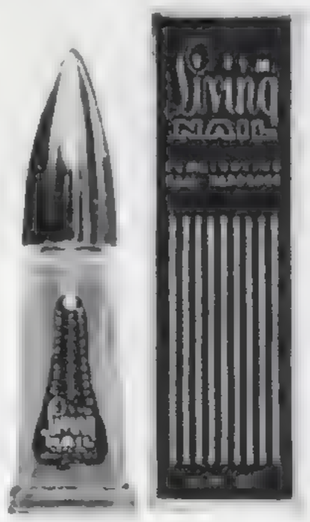
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By Nissa Simon

Scarred by acne? Fibrin foam may help

A little-known dermatological procedure may prove to be the answer for crater-like or undulating acne scars—those troubling reminders of adolescence—that cannot be improved substantially by dermabrasion or chemabrasion. The method: fibrin foam, one of your blood's own components. Answering questions about this technique: Jonathan Zizmor, M.D., a dermatologist who practices in New York City and is the author, with John Foreman, of *Superskin*, to be published in April by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Q. What is fibrin foam?

A. When your blood clots in a normal way, it produces several different components. Fibrin is one of those components. The fibrin foam is extracted from the patient's own blood by a simple laboratory procedure that can be done in the doctor's office.

Q. How is fibrin foam used?

A. First, the doctor injects Novocain under the scar to anesthetize the area. He then undermines the scar with the pointed end of a small lancet and controls the minimal bleeding by pressure. A small amount of fibrin foam is injected through the hole which is then closed by a drop of a mucilage-like substance. The fibrin gives the body's blood the impetus to start another scar under the original one and it plumps out the area, smoothing it to the level of the surrounding skin. The sequence of events is the same as the healing of any exterior wound. Unlike exterior wounds, the fibrous tissue does not disappear but remains to keep the skin smoothed out. I have seen no major recurrence of the acne scar in any that I've treated.

Q. Are there any side effects to the treatment?

A. No. Because the fibrin comes from the patient's own body, tissue rejection doesn't occur and there is no allergic reaction. There is also no facial discoloration. There is not the slightest chance, as there can be with silicone, of foreign-body granulomas.

Q. How many scars can be treated at one visit?

A. Several can be treated at one time. Because the fibrin foam solution may remain stable for about a week, there's no need, when there are many scars, to draw more blood at each visit.

Q. Is this an uncomfortable procedure?

A. Whenever Novocain is injected in the skin, there is some discomfort. It's minimal, and there is much less discomfort than with dermabrasion. Because the scars are treated individually, the entire surface of the face isn't involved.

Q. Are the results good?

A. Definitely. A recent article by the late Arthur Spangler, M.D., in *The Journal of Dermatologic Surgery*, reports good to excellent results in over 80 percent of the scars treated over a seventeen-year period. I find about the same percentage of improvement among my patients.

Q. Do you prefer fibrin foam to either dermabrasion or chemabrasion?

A. For undulating or crater-like acne scars, I certainly do. Although it's not yet a widely available procedure, it's safe because it uses the patient's own blood, you don't have to treat the entire face, and it's usually less expensive for the patient than either of the other treatments.

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Vogue Answers Your Beauty Questions

Shape up short nails... brighten winter skin... new stomach toners

Q **I would love to be able to wear nail enamel in the newest shades, but my nails are weak and always splitting. I don't want to have false nails. I don't even want to have long nails, just nails in good enough condition to take polish.**

A If you're going to wear polish on short nails, be sure that you stay away from bright or dark colors. Subtler apricot or beiged pink shades are best for making nails look longer. To strengthen them, remember: *don't* file nails near the corner—they need squared edges for stability . . . *don't* file in a sawing motion—go in one direction only . . . *don't* file nails after taking a bath or shower, as they are at their softest then . . . *don't* use nail-polish remover more than once a week, because it can have a weakening effect on nails.

Since nails are made of protein, make sure to include plenty in your diet. To add to the surface strength of your nails—and help keep them from breaking, you could try Sally Hansen's Hard As Nails, a nail protector that contains nylon in a strengthening formula you simply brush on as polish . . . it comes clear or in plenty of soft, pretty shades.

Q **During the winter months, my skin tends to look pale and washed out. I do not like to wear foundation, is there any other product that will give me a healthy, brighter looking face?**

A The solution for you might be all-over blushers or bronzers . . . the best kinds are the light, sheer gels and liquids that give color to the face without a foundation "cover." To get the right one for your skin tone, check the palms of your hands and pinch your cheeks to see if the natural flush color is rosy, ruddy, or tawny . . . choose your blusher accordingly.

Q **I am 28 years old and quite slim (5'9" and 125 pounds) but I am losing muscle tone in the stomach area. Are there exercises you can recommend to tighten up the abdominal muscles?**

A We asked the exercise pros at Profile Health Spa for Women, 11 East 44th Street (697-7177), N.Y.C., to give us the five best exercises for strengthening those muscles. Important: breathe in before the stress and exhale after the stress. Do until comfortably tired (10 times is an average). (Reminder: check with your doctor before trying new exercises.) Sequence is important —start with easy warm-ups.

1. The Curl: Lie on back, legs together straight out, toes pointed down, arms flat on thighs. Slowly raise shoulders and back until hands touch top of knees only. Keep toes pointed. Slowly lower.

2. Sit-up: Lie on back, arms straight out at sides, knees apart and raised to a forty-five-degree angle, feet on floor. Raise arms and back slowly, crossing arms in front of chest, touching opposite upper arms. Lower yourself gently.

3. Elbow and Knee: Lie on back, legs straight, hands folded behind head. Raise right knee to chest and bring head up from floor. Twist so right knee touches left elbow, keeping other leg straight. Repeat with left leg.

4. Lying Toe Touches: Lying on back, legs raised straight up, arms straight over head, keep legs straight up, bring arms and back forward as far as you can reach (even if it's only to your knees) and hold for one second. Slowly lower.

5. Scissor Cut: Lie on back, arms flat on thighs and legs straight. Raise head and legs, and scissor-kick legs to the count of 6. Lower them doing the same thing, but don't touch the floor. Do this exercise only 3 times.

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Prices slightly higher on West Coast

Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

A delightful variation on the bacon and tomato sandwich is the bacon and avocado sandwich, which originated on the West Coast. Mrs. Kenyon Boocock remembers always going, as a child in California, to Diehl's on the main street of Santa Barbara for a novel treat: bacon and avocado sandwiches. Now when Mrs. Boocock, who is on the Board of Directors of New York's Metropolitan Opera, takes her guests to early performances, she treats them first to some bacon-avocado sandwiches (among others) and icy Dom Perignon champagne.

Sandwiches are assembled using thinly sliced first-quality white or dark bread, trimmed of crusts. The bread is spread with homemade mayonnaise but no butter, covered with slices of ripe avocado, sprinkled with fresh ground pepper, topped with very crisp bacon slices.

Chicken Salad, Old Glory

four servings

Breast of 1 chicken
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup olive oil
½ cup chopped walnut meats
1 cup coarsely diced celery
¼ cup chopped parsley

Dressing:

6 tablespoons olive oil, peanut oil (such as the French Huilor), or a mixture of both
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Put chicken breast in a small pot with lemon juice and oil and just enough water to cover. Cover pot, bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer about 20 minutes or till chicken is cooked through. Uncover, let cool in the broth. When cool, remove skin and bones, cut chicken into 1-inch cubes. Put into a serving bowl; add walnuts, celery, parsley.

Mix all the dressing ingredients well, rubbing the mustard against the sides of the bowl till it is absorbed; pour over chicken salad. Toss well, chill slightly, and serve.

Variation: Mix in 2-3 tablespoons green mayonnaise. Mayonnaise can be made green by the addition of 1 teaspoon chopped herbs, such as tarragon or chives, or 1 tablespoon chopped watercress or spinach.

Hot Hot-Dog Salad

six servings

3 medium-size boiling potatoes, peeled, cut in ¼-inch slices
6 all-beef frankfurters (kosher and German frankfurters are good)
Salt and freshly ground pepper
6 midget gherkins (Dessaux brand), very finely sliced (or 3 tablespoons chopped sour pickle)
6 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
1 tablespoon dry white wine
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped chives (or shallots or scallions)

Boil potato slices 10 minutes or till tender but not mushy. Prick frankfurters with a fork so they do not burst in cooking; boil about 8 minutes. While the potatoes and frankfurters are boiling, prepare the dressing by mixing together all remaining ingredients.

Drain potatoes, season with a bit of salt and pepper, and pour dressing over while they are still hot. Drain franks, cut them diagonally into 1-inch slices. Add to the salad, mix well. Serve hot or warm or even at room temperature. Excellent as an hors d'oeuvre, as part of a buffet, or as a main dish at a supper after a brisk walk in the snow, in which case this recipe serves four rather than six.

Chinook Chowder

four servings

3 tablespoons butter
1⅓ cups diced raw potatoes
1 cup diced onions
Freshly ground pepper
1 cup clam juice
¼ pound smoked salmon, thinly sliced, cut into bite-size pieces
1 cup tightly packed fresh spinach leaves (or sorrel leaves)
2 tablespoons light cream (optional)

Not only did the American West Coast Indians smoke peace pipes but they also smoked their own magnificent Columbia River salmon which they then used in smoked-fish and vegetable soups.

In a heavy saucepan melt butter over low heat; add potatoes and onions. Season generously with pepper (use no salt); cook, stirring, about 5 minutes or till onions are translucent but not brown. Add clam juice and 3 cups boiling water; cook till potatoes are completely tender. Add salmon and spinach; cook over low heat for 2-3 minutes or till spinach is wilted. Taste for seasoning, adding more pepper and a bit of salt if you like. Optional: when ready to serve, remove from heat, stir in cream.

(Continued on page 96)

GREY FLANNEL
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HALSTON

HOROSCOPE

Vogue

BY FRANCESCO WALDNER

From February 1–February 29

If you were born when the Sun was in Aquarius: In February and March, you have good possibilities to consolidate your professional and financial positions. Start now on a new enterprise and make clear plans for the rest of the year. Beginning in April or May, you may meet with some obstacles: be careful in all financial, contractual, and legal affairs, also with superiors and authorities. Successful periods for you are: March 1st–18th, August 25th–October 8th, and November 21st–December 31st. Promising times for your emotional life are: February 20th–March 15th, April 9th–May 2nd, May 28th–June 20th, September 2nd–26th, October 21st–November 14th, and December 10th–the year's end.

Aries *March 21-April 20*

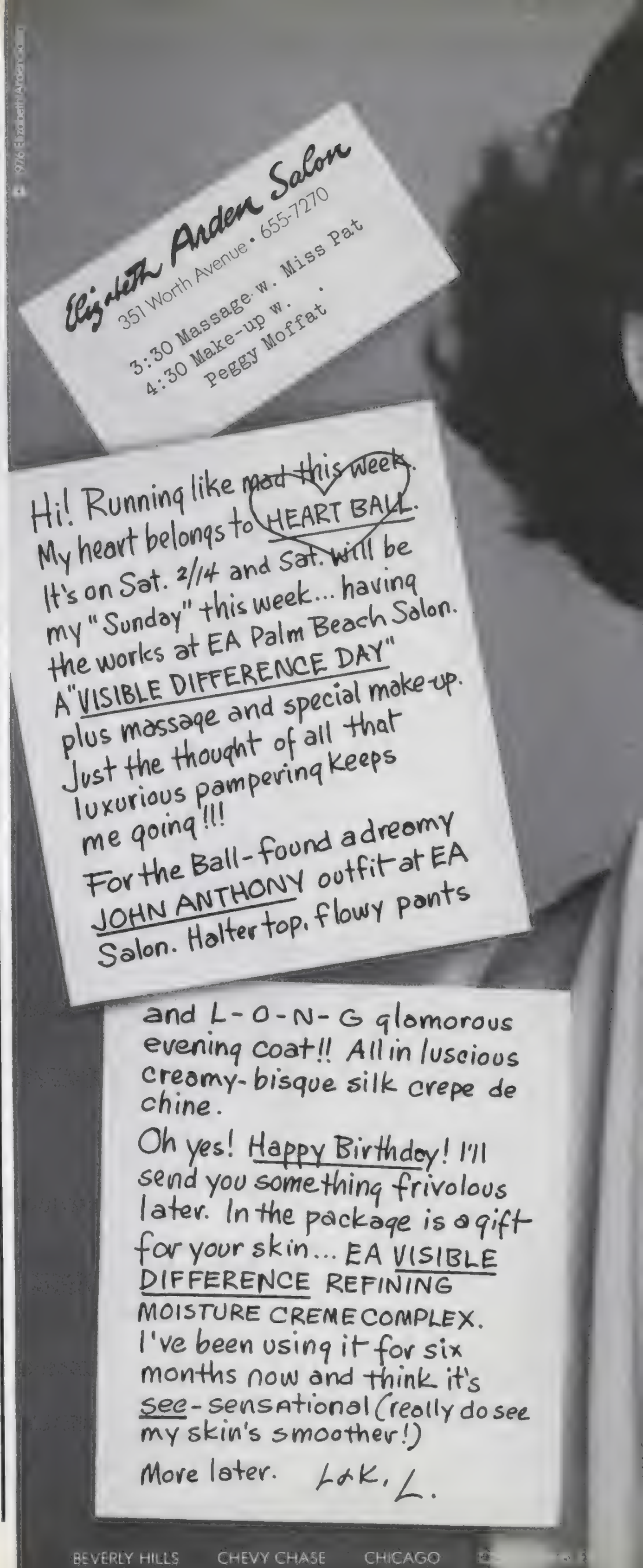
During the first part of the month, some small obstacles could complicate relationships and work. Don't act on sudden impulse, and be prudent in both conversation and correspondence. A hasty decision on the 5th–6th would be unwise. The situation will change on the 16th—with a good Mercury and, on the 20th, a promising Venus aspect—and life will be bright again. A business affair will be successful. Clear up legal questions or problems with authorities before the end of March, while Jupiter is still in your sign. Days when you must be diplomatic and reserved are the 12th–13th and 24th–26th. Good luck occurs on the 14th–15th and 22nd–23rd. **My advice:** Start a new enterprise now which will develop during the year.

Taurus *April 21-May 20*

Lovely aspects for your emotional life occur during the first part of the month. Afterward, you must be careful not to complicate your life. Take an older person's advice and put your heart to the test during the weekend of the 14th–15th. A certain person's behavior will be significant, but don't misjudge the situation on the 27th–28th. It will be better not to realize your plans for a change just now. Wait to see what the coming months will bring, and don't make a decision before Easter. You have much work to do the second part of the month; some discussion takes place on the 21st–22nd. Be accommodating. Your best chances are on the 16th–17th and 24th–26th. **My advice:** Contacts with influential people will prove useful in the future; spend a weekend together.

Gemini *May 21-June 21*

You will successfully solve some problems during the second part of the month, which shows excellent aspects. The first half of the month is not bad, but later you will be presented with the opportunity to meet the right people and to form new and useful contacts. A financial matter is quickly solved. Important communications and verbal agreements take place. Lovers have a high time of it, especially on the 1st, 18th–19th, and 27th–28th. Many Geminis will enjoy a winter sport, but you must be careful to avoid any risk. Don't be impatient and nervous: the 2nd–3rd and 16th–17th bring some critical moments. A new task could gather interest; first clear up the financial side. **My advice:** Act quickly to realize a brilliant idea; its time has come. (Continued on page 72)



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or for the store nearest you, write:

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Vogue HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 70

Cancer *June 22-July 22*

The first part of the month warns you not to overlook certain difficulties. Don't take important steps before the 10th of March, when the whole situation will change for the better. During the second part of February, influences are neutral. Good Moon aspects guide your emotional life on the 2nd–3rd, 20th–21st, and 29th. The 4th–6th and 18th–19th may bring unpleasant news. A new arrangement concerning your career could upset you: avoid discussions with coworkers. Don't lose your sense of humor, and take it easy if others don't share your opinion on the 24th–26th. Don't forget a promise made some time ago. **My advice:** An immediate success won't be likely, but there will be a very good chance in the future. Keep your eyes open.

Leo *July 23-August 23*

Very good Jupiter and Mars influences bring pleasant happenings, interesting information, and negotiations concerning financial and professional matters. Personal success occurs on the 5th–6th; lovely for your emotional life are the 22nd–23rd. Afterward, a misunderstanding could arise with friends. Don't overspend during the second part of the month, and don't be too generous with people who don't deserve it. On the 1st, someone may discover your Achilles' heel: don't be upset. Stick to your opinion on the 7th–8th: never mind a tricky situation. On the 20th or 21st, co-workers may be unreliable. **My advice:** Don't trust people who are too friendly to you. They could be hypocrites.

Virgo *August 24-September 23*

It will be worth your while to continue with a project which you began during the last days of January. Work together with a partner or good friend. Success comes your way during the first part of the month. A matter concerning contacts abroad is still up in the air; you had best wait while things develop. Small obstacles could be annoying on the 9th–11th: don't be aggressive, and go on calmly. You're in danger of losing your temper on the 22nd–24th, when bad Moon and Mars influences combine. The Moon and Venus will send you lovely days on the 7th–8th and 24th–26th. Slight tensions arise on the 2nd–3rd and 29th. **My advice:** Don't get upset over trifles or let yourself become overtired. Take care of your health.

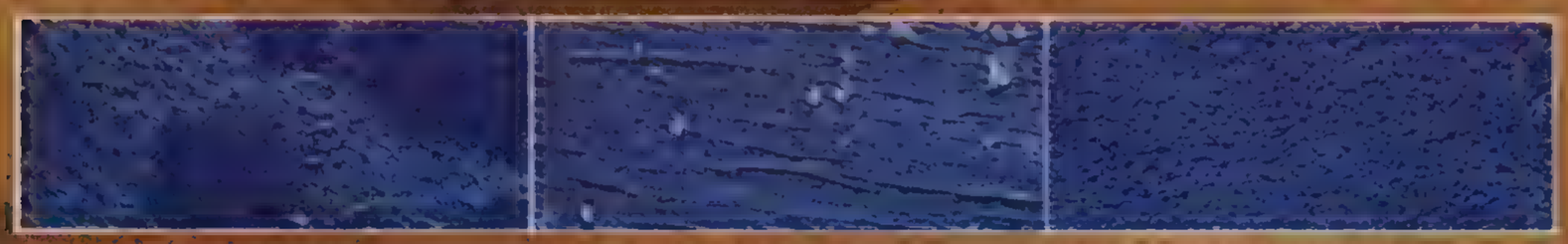
Libra *September 24-October 23*

There will be a tendency for you to exaggerate emotional matters and to take things too seriously this month. Toward the 20th, life becomes clear again, and an excellent Venus influence will make up for your worries. The 1st and 9th–11th bring you the chance to strengthen some weak points in your professional situation and to put an end to an unpleasant business affair. The month ends with two lovely days on the 27th and 28th, when Venus, Mercury, and the Moon are all in your favor. A friend will be very helpful, and energy and initiative bring progress in several fields. On the 12th–13th and 24th–26th, you shouldn't rush matters. **My advice:** Until the 15th, you should sign no document of any importance without first proving that it is valid.

(Continued on page 74)

The Incredible Blue Mask.
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"Designed for the Woman
with a Style of Her Own"

—Hubert de Givenchy



Vogue HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 72

Scorpio *October 24-November 22*

An unquiet and somewhat restless month occurs. Concentrate on professional and economic questions which now require your full attention. Don't be diverted by your private life; you could neglect your work. The danger is in a fascinating encounter during the last ten days of the month that might complicate your life and put you in trouble on the 27th–28th. Your best days are the 2nd–3rd and 12th–13th: use them wisely. Rather nasty are the 1st and the strange weekend of the 14th–15th. An unexpected setback may, in some curious way, result in an ill-starred business affair which leads to difficulties. A lack of decision would be very unfavorable to your plans. **My advice:** Don't play fast and loose with people. You could put yourself in an extremely embarrassing situation.

Sagittarius *November 23-December 21*

Good aspects favor work, contracts, and legal questions. Financial matters are progressing well. The last ten days of the month will bring pleasant events in your private and emotional life. You are set for success on the 4th–6th and 14th–15th. An enterprise calls for caution and preparation. Be rather passive on the 2nd–3rd, 16th–17th, and on the last day of the month—critical Moon and Mars influences exist. Hold your temper in check and stay calm when discussing a certain affair. You'll enjoy good cooperation with partners or superiors. **My advice:** Take care of your health and be very prudent when traveling in order to avoid little accidents.

Capricorn *December 22-January 20*

Past difficulties are coming to an end. It is wise, though, to wait with financial matters and important decisions until the end of March. This month is a good time to deepen a sentimental tie and to plan for the future. Enjoy the weekend of the 7th–8th and lovely hours on the 16th–17th. Some new possibilities will soon come along. Widen your knowledge in a chosen field which will bring you success. Don't be narrow-minded on the 5th–6th and 18th–19th; be careful not to criticize other people's opinions and convictions. Many Capricorns will be offered new partnerships. Don't hesitate too long: this alliance will turn out to be a financial plus. **My advice:** Go out, be together with friends. You will make pleasant and interesting acquaintances that will be very useful for your future.

Aquarius *January 21-February 18*

Thanks to your good humor and optimism, you will be successful in all your undertakings during this very positive month. Start a new enterprise now, while you still enjoy a promising Jupiter aspect. The second part of the month is excellent, with Venus and Mercury in your sign. Your emotional life will be fascinating. See your loved one on the 18th–19th and 27th–28th. For communications and business affairs, the 9th–11th are your best days. Fortunes prosper, thanks to a strong, energizing Mars influence. Days when you must be rather reserved and diplomatic are the 7th–8th and 21st–22nd. **My advice:** This period is a good time for travel to renew old business contacts.

Pisces *February 19-March 20*

Steady progress marks your activity, but be careful in business and financial dealings. The first part of February favors a happy romance —your best days being the 12th–13th and 20th–21st. These are also the right days to have guests, to accept invitations, and to make important telephone calls. Beginning on the 19th, the Sun causes slight nervousness. Be careful on the 9th–11th and 22nd–24th not to quarrel with anyone. Friends will exercise a very important influence on a decision you have to make. Listen to their reasoning and don't forget their advice, which is to your best interest. Be determined to concentrate on your work: it will give you great satisfaction. **My advice:** With a bad Mars aspect, a little extra care should be taken of your health.

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It's here at last! The Virginia Slims Tennis Sweater or Whatever You Want To Call It Sweater. It goes anywhere with anything. It's made of 100% acrylic and is completely machine washable. "You've Come A Long Way, Baby" is embroidered across the front. Call it what you may, but wear it where you will. Send for your Virginia Slims Sweater and find out why people are calling it the "Gee, What A Nice Sweater For Only $9.00 And Two Pack Bottoms From Virginia Slims Regular or Menthol Sweater."



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Please send me my Virginia Slims Sweater in the following size(s).

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For each sweater, I enclose $9.00 and 2 pack bottoms from Virginia Slims (regular or menthol).

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17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

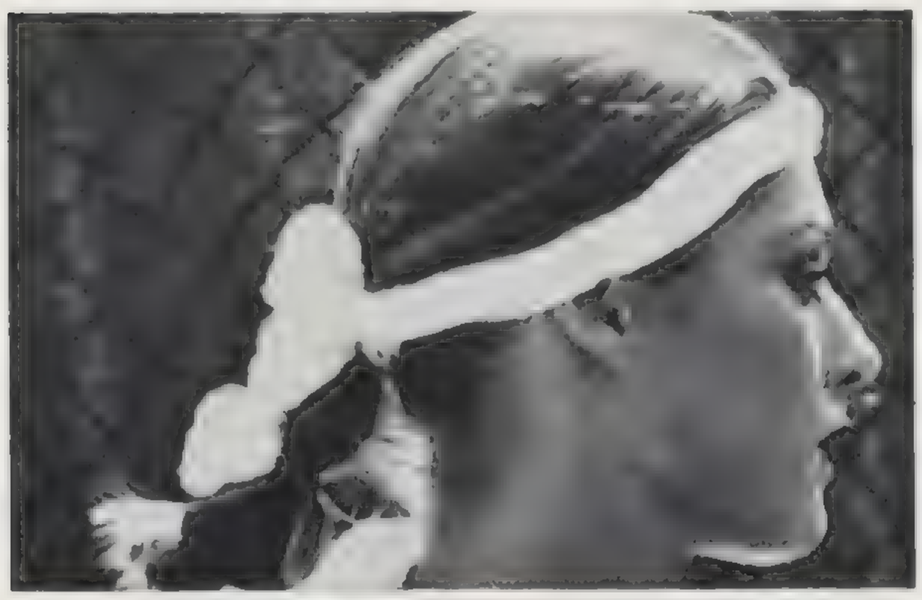
Vogue

HAIR NOW

PLAY PRETTY

Easy ways to tame your hair, for sun and sport

"Just because you're playing golf or tennis, doesn't mean your hair should be forgotten," says Rick Gillette, deviser of the hairstyles on this page. "What I try to do is to keep classic look. There are lots of easy things you can do that look beautiful so that when you're done with your game you still look like a woman." For an active sportswoman, the solution Rick dreamed up, *below*, combines both style and practicality: Pull hair back and make one loose braid. Twist a soft cotton or terry scarf into a rope and wrap around head just at hairline (good way to catch perspiration). Twist scarf so that it becomes part of braid.



"For sports, a classic look to hair is the best—very free, nothing fancy, but still hair that doesn't get in the way of having fun."
—Rick Gillette



BOB RICHARDSON

The idea that short hair must look severe is vanishing with a new wave of soft, sexy short cuts. The style above, originated by Suga, gives the impression of an abundance of hair . . . and extra-long bangs provide great versatility in styling.

Headbands updated



"Whenever I tie something in the hair," says Rick Gillette, "I like a bit of softness. Try twisting two small scarves together for a great effect *[left]*. Never slick hair back — keep it loose."



For the style at left, Rick pulled hair back in a twist. "I like a bit of softness around the temples, so I loosen hair slightly with the tail of a comb and push if gently into waves. Baby hair around the hairline usually is enough to keep it from looking too slick."

Margaux gets new color

"They wanted her hair to be elegantly blond," explains Robert Renn, master colorist for New York's Pierre Michel Salon. He is describing the new hair coloring he developed for Margaux Hemingway's new movie *Lipstick*. Artistic director Francesco Scavullo asked Robert to "tone down" Margaux's sun-worn hair. "I used several of our new spring Tea Tone shades—cool, with a great deal of ash in them. Actually, her hair just needed brightening to make it look more alive. I've found that the most effective way to do this is to highlight on the bias. Instead of lots of little streaks lined up against the part (which immediately show when hair grows out), Margaux's highlights are staggered and contoured to the shape of her head, as if you were cutting a piece of fabric. One highlight overlaps another, so when the hair moves, you see only the source of light, not obvious streaks."



It's sometimes hard to tame naturally curly hair; Rick Gillette has found the style above to be both easy and effective. First, roll hair at sides and back, fasten with bobby pins, and add combs for extra hold. Then roll hair at nape—hold with a five-inch curved comb.

Body-builder

The scientific-looking assemblage, *right*, is actually the new packaging for a high-performance conditioner, L'Oreal's Hair Fixer. Known also as Ineral, the Hair Fixer is amazingly effective at giving body to limp, fine, or damaged hair. It works on the amino-acid groups in the hair, building a network of strong bonds that L'Oreal says restructure the keratin linkages in each strand. Whatever the reason, the Hair Fixer does indeed add body and volume without giving a sticky or stiff look to the hair.



REYNOLDS ROLLES

Top it off with white terry

Since time immemorial, white has been a favorite sun-country color. Aside from the freshness of its look, it's great at bouncing off those debilitating heat waves. This season, terry adds its wonder to white—in the form of super hats for sport. *Far right*, a visor from Tennis Lady, over a wrapped head. *Below right*, tennis hat from Don Marshall. *Top right*, pull-on hat by Don Kline.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

ARTHUR ELGORT



"Splits, breaks, frazzles are your hair's way of telling you it needs 30 minutes with condition*."

Nicholas Modlin

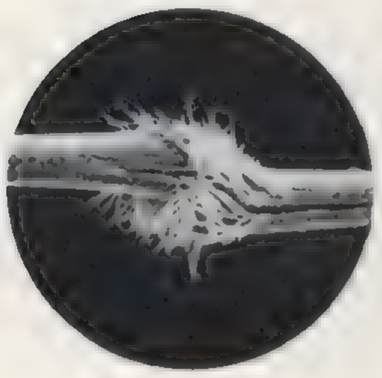
Bergdorf Goodman Salon

"It's very easy to damage your hair. You can cause it to split, break and frazzle just by doing the things that make your hair beautiful—brushing, combing, perming, setting.

You see, all those normal things you do to your hair break down its protective coating—called the cuticle. The hair gets weak, dull and worn out, and it lets you know by splitting, breaking and frazzling.



A split.



A break.



A frazzle.

And once hair is split, broken and frazzled, it's vulnerable—to even *more* splits, breaks and frazzles.

That's why I use condition*, the 30-minute treatment.

condition* is specially formulated for damaged hair. Its protein-rich formula sinks into the hair shaft, seeking out the damage. It fills in the empty spots, to help restore lost body.

And condition* actually smoothes down the roughed up cuticle, so it helps prevent further damage.

Helps prevent any more splitting, breaking, frazzling.



It takes 30 minutes—good things take time.

At the same time, condition* gives hair fullness and bounce, plus a great, glossy shine.

Now, I can think of less expensive conditioners. And I can think of faster conditioners. But there's nothing like condition*.

If you want your hair to look really good and healthy, remember that good things take time."



condition*

The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.



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LONE STAR INDUSTRIES IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76



Liza, above, before her new cut.

We discover once again how one haircut can lift your image from plain to pow!

Liza Lloyd was bored with her leftover college cut. Ready to start out on a new life, she wanted a look that would live up to it. Benjamin Moss, hair and makeup expert, took on the challenge, the results of which can be seen at right. Explains Benjamin, "Liza has a round, wide face, so bangs would be out—they shorten the distance from brows to chin. Instead, I cut her hair all one length to elongate her face (blunt cut for thickness at base—a good balance to the jaw). Keeping a straight line behind ears is also lengthening. In her makeup, I used shading to bring out bone structure. Below her cheekbones, I put a neutral dark brown and blended it out with a rosier blush. A touch of dark brown on the sides of her nose fined it down to widen the space between her eyes. I like defined lips—outline with an ash-colored pencil and fill in with colored gloss."





ISHIMURO

TWO VARIATIONS ON BENJAMIN'S BASIC CUT FOR LIZA.... FAR LEFT: FIRST COMB HAIR DOWN, THEN LIFT SIDES BACK AND SECURE WITH COMBS. NEAR LEFT: TUCK HAIR BEHIND EARS AND SECURE WITH CLIPS. "IT MAKES A NICE LINE TO DRAG HAIR BACK ACROSS THE EAR," SAYS BENJAMIN. "CLIPS ARE ALSO GOOD WHEN YOU DON'T WANT TO WEAR EARRINGS—THINK OF THEM AS ORNAMENTS INSTEAD OF TOOLS."

Frills

Designed by Kim Lepine of La Coupe (New York and Montreal) for Scott Barrie's spring fashion collection . . . tiny, tiny waves, sketched here . . . wisps, twists, twirls, whirligigs.



SPA-IN-THE-CITY

Where else but in Beverly Hills could you find a fabulous new salon that offers everything from electrolysis to belly dancing? This haven of comfort and conditioning is EDJ's Beauty Spa at 9671 Wilshire Boulevard. Designed as a spa-in-the-city for men and women who don't have the time to enjoy beauty and health facilities normally available at remote spas and resorts, EDJ's is a luxuriously complete face, hair, and body beauty shop.



New spray system

For professional salons, Helene Curtis has introduced an innovative new spray system, left, called Airdo "Unimist," which dispenses firm-holding hair spray without chemical propellants. For the ecology-minded to use at home, there's also a Airdo Non-Aerosol hairspray.



Helena Rubinstein announces a new cosmetic science: the Science of Beauty Protection. The Protectors.

They help protect your skin and hair from the environment in a way no moisturizer or conditioner can.

You're surrounded by harsh light. Chapping wind. Abrasive dirt and pollution. Heat and air-conditioning. A total environment that damages your delicate skin and hair. But now, you have the broadest protection available against the environment—Helena Rubinstein's extraordinary breakthrough—The Protectors.

New Skin Dew Face Protector shields your skin from environmental hazards in a completely different way. Its ingredients form a unique protection system which, with continued use, actually keeps skin looking younger. Use it daily under makeup, or simply alone, and you'll notice a fresher look, a smoother surface, a softer feel.

New Skin Dew Hair Protector, unlike conditioners and cream rinses, protects your hair from fading. Leaves your hair less vulnerable to splitting breakage and moisture loss.

Use it regularly after shampooing, and you can expect reduced color fading. Added manageability, body and bounce. Another feature: Hair Protector, like Face Protector, is pH-stabilized.

The Protectors. New. Necessary. And so different it took a new science to make them: the science of beauty protection.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Use the Protectors for 21 days. If you're not completely satisfied that they're working for you, send unused portion to Helena Rubinstein, 300 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 and we'll refund your money.



Skin Dew Protectors
Helena Rubinstein

© Helena Rubinstein, Inc. 1975

TIP-OFFS

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for

movies

BY REX REED

★★★ One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest

America's best screen actor achieves his most lyrical, knockabout tour de force in this human and compelling black comedy about life in a nuthouse. Jack Nicholson, with his lopsided grin and his Teddy Boy's rowdiness, wipes his platter clean in the banquet of a role Ken Kesey's famous underground best seller sets before him.

Nicholson is R.P. McMurphy, a lovable reprobate committed to a state asylum for observation. The ward he finds himself in is policed by a Fascist nurse (quietly and sinisterly played by a powerful actress returning to films, Louise Fletcher) and inhabited by the dearest, dandiest loonies since *Arsenic and Old Lace*. With electric speed, he's soon gambling in the john, busting his buddies out beyond the bars in a stolen school bus for a fishing expedition, sneaking in booze and broads, waging a war against authority, and rousing the audience to tumultuous applause.

There are frank and horrifying things in this film—a shock-treatment scene that will fry your hair and a heartbreaking finale including a suicide and a lobotomy—but it is mostly warm and wonderful. The asylum is a metaphor that symbolizes the plight of the individual caught up in a computerized and inhuman system of incarceration where humans are numbers and lives are filing cabinets.

Nicholson wrecks the system and pays dearly for his spirit in the end, leaving a bitter and sad aftertaste. Still, there are marvelous things to see and think about in this film. It has an energy and a heart as unbeatable as Nicholson's scruffy attitude toward life. There are times when Nicholson liberates the inmates from the grip of their tranquilized routine, when the film literally soars like a paper hat tossed high above a cheering crowd.

The performers manage to achieve a rare balance between individuality and ensemble acting; and Czech director Milos Forman has synthesized their roles with precision and flow, giving the film an unusual rhythm. But it is still Jack Nicholson who charges this cuckoo's nest with the freedom-loving cry of an eagle. He soars above the rest and literally carries the film aloft under his firm but friendly wing.

★★★ Hedda

Gabler, not Hopper, though both laid claim to power over life and fed like vultures on the carnage. Lambs as we are to the slaughter, there's no denying that monsters and fiends like Hedda Gabler and Macbeth go on entertaining us forever.



As Ibsen's self-tormenting Hedda Gabler, England's Glenda Jackson works herself into a lather of sexual frigidity. After icy, un-nicy Hedda, Glenda in her next movie is a passionate Sarah Bernhardt

Henrik Ibsen's praying mantis probably will continue to be resuscitated as long as there are actresses brave enough to tackle her, and I have yet to hear anyone call Glenda Jackson a coward. She's a ferocious Hedda in this film version by England's Royal Shakespeare Company, declaring from the start: "I have only one talent, for boring myself to death!"

A general's frigid daughter, unhappily married to a puttering scholar who ends every sentence with "wot," Hedda is rude to relatives, insulting and abrasive to friends, flirtatious and scheming—as she stiffens at the mention of approaching motherhood, destroys an ex-lover, drives everyone around her to despair, and eventually commits suicide.

Trevor Nunn's production is a gloomy affair, Douglas Slocombe's camera work is as icy and cold as the fjords of Norway, and at the center there is Glenda Jackson's seething, marvelously impartial performance. She works herself into a pinched, constipated lather of sexual frigidity, working inwardly to suggest torment rather than spraying it over the screen. Her dry, cool vocal mannerisms are perfectly suited to Hedda's malice; sterility of mood and emotion are punctuated by a voice like the crack of a crab's claw.

★★ The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' *Smarter* Brother

This film seizes the Conan Doyle craze and wrings its neck like a dead chicken's. Gene Wilder, a much overrated comic with eyes like raw eggs and hair by Westinghouse, wrote and directed this farce, playing the famed sleuth's insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson.

When Holmes pretends to leave London in an attempt to baffle his arch-enemy, Moriarty, Sigi turns Victorian England topsy-turvy with results that are often flabbier and clumsier than they are amusing. The gifted Madeline Kahn delivers some badly needed extra sock; but these adventures could have better benefited from the sage advice of another, funnier Wilder—named Billy.

—★ Inserts

In a deserted neighborhood being demolished to make way for the Hollywood Freeway, a once-talented boy genius wrapped in a Japanese kimono sits alone in his Gothic mansion at a white baby grand playing "Moonglow" and drinking himself into a state of brandied stupefaction. Once considered a comer, he is afraid of the advent of talking pictures; so the boy wonder is reduced to grinding out porno flicks for the stag circuit with the aid of a bootlegger boss, a drug-addicted starlet, and a hustler who also works as a gravedigger at Forest Lawn.

Into this raunchy, festering sideshow of 'thirties Hollywood freaks wanders a starstruck tartlet, fresh from finishing school, named Cathy Cake. Can Miss Cake cure the Boy Wonder's impotence in time to direct a new film starring a potentially talented newcomer called Clark Gable? There's no reason for anyone in his right mind to stick around to find out. Despite references to Von Stroheim, Griffith, Gish, DeMille, and Wallace Reid, the historic flavor of the 'thirties sets and costumes is about as authentic as that of a costume party in Bloomingdale's window.

There are endlessly talky discussions and depictions of nudity, masturbation, alcoholism, and early pornography. What it proves, I guess, is that pornography is all in the mind, in the way you feel about it, since nothing much happens in *Inserts*. The pornography is all in the talk.

With movies costing so much money and good movies about real people getting harder to finance, it's a sickening shame to see this rot. Richard Dreyfuss, a fine young actor, is fat, unshaven, and repulsive in his attempt to impersonate a young Orson Welles, yet he gives the movie the only energy it's got. It reminded me of those antiseptic, one-set, slow-moving conversation pieces on controversial topics young British playwrights are so fond of staging on rainy, experimental afternoons in upstairs rooms above the Royal Court. *Inserts* was filmed in three weeks; they should have thought about it for three years, then flushed it down the loo.

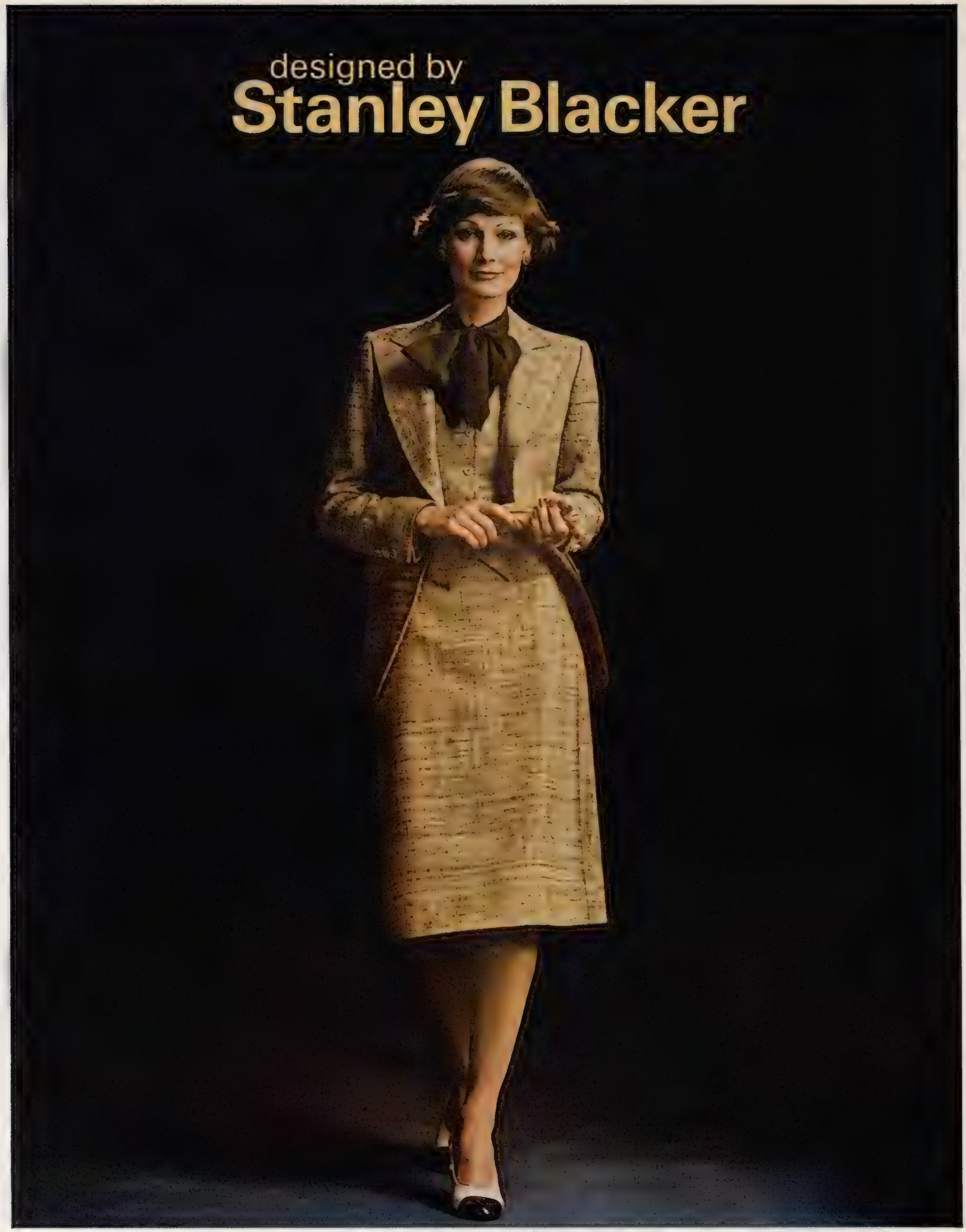
books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

★★★ The Rockefellers: *An American Dynasty* by Peter Collier and David Horowitz (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). A sad book. This is neither a smarmy official myth account nor another beat-up on John D. Rockefeller, senior, the inventor in Standard Oil of corporate

(Continued on page 82)

**** Do anything to hear, see, or read it *** Definitely worth your time and money ** Good work, deserves attention * Take note, if it suits your taste —* You have been warned



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The Potion of Love.

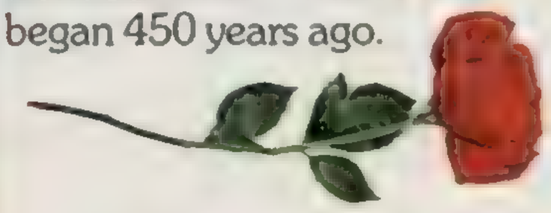
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History has lost most of the answers—even her name—leaving us nothing but Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And...her





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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

trusts. Instead, it is a beat-up of the Rockefeller brothers, whose lives were distorted by the name, the money, and the power.

In five words the brothers are, according to the book: incompetent, lonely, imperious, hollow, and disappointed. Not all the time, not simultaneously, but enough. Although that sounds like parody, the conclusion stems from hundreds of interviews with the entire family and friends, employees, lawyers, and financial aides, plus access, rarely given, to the Rockefeller Family Archives. The Archives babble.

Although this version of the brothers, John D. III, Nelson, Laurance, David, and Winthrop, is startling—since two have been governors (one a Vice President); one, head of Lincoln Center; one, a resort industrialist; and one, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank—it is less startling than the lives of their children. In all, there are twenty-one adult Cousins, as they call themselves. On the whole they feel the name, the money, and the power are oppressive when not embarrassing. They resent their childhoods, especially many of the women. Some of the money that went into radical efforts—the SDS, the film *Millhouse,* underground press, et cetera—belonged to these young women.

When the Cousins gathered at the great Rockefeller place, Pocantico, after the 1972 Presidential election, they learned that a bunch of them, male and female, had voted for Senator George McGovern of South Dakota. That would not have surprised their great-great grandfather, William Avery Rockefeller, born in upstate New York, a con man selling cancer cure in a bottle. A laughing rebel, he deserted his wife, living his last forty years under another name in a bigamous marriage in South Dakota.

Not political, although politics comes in. Not muckraking. Not pious about Rockefeller money and power: the book is about submission and rebellion. Riveting.

★★★ Mr. Wrong
By Elizabeth Jane Howard (Viking). In these nine short stories, picked as clean as skeletons, Miss Howard's people live the good life, more or less, until they are attacked by the jaguars of fundamental emotions.

English and a novelist, married to Kingsley Amis, Miss Howard gives at times a spooky entertainment, especially in "Mr. Wrong," "The Devoted," and "The Proposition." Neither lyrical nor disgustingly sensitive, the nine stories contain a deal of activity, affection, and anxiety. *Note:* Miss Howard, like the last four novelists I have read, subscribes to the novelists' convention that people are not hungry after sex but *ravenous.*

★★ Enterprising Women:
Their Contribution to the American Economy, 1776-1976, by Caroline Bird (W.W. Norton). An extraordinary collection, these women were not considered unique in their time—there were other women doing more or less the same. What many of them did was to escape history books and books on economics.

Sarah Todd Astor (1762-1832) allowed her husband, John Jacob Astor, to pay her $500 an hour to evaluate furs, a proper figure for a man. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose Vegetable Compound for Women contained roots in 18 percent alcohol, kept ladies stoned and made herself millions. Catharine Beecher, sister of Harriet, created "a paid profession that enabled millions of respectable women to declare their economic independence of men": teaching little children.

The accepted common wisdom, believed then and now by both sexes in spite of evidence to the contrary: women can organize but not think. Adept at finding vacuums, Caroline Bird has again done a masterly, factual book without arguments, in her low-voiced, effective way. A source book.

★★ Dateline: White House
By Helen Thomas (Macmillan). In this war book with ambushes and truces, Helen Thomas, chief of UPI's White House Bureau, details the essentials of the conflicts between Presidents and the Press. It gets bloody. She watched four Presidents—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford—try and sometimes succeed in seducing the press and then yell murder. Nothing maddens Presidents and their hired hands more than leaks, especially when the despised original leak came from somewhere inside the White House—like the Oval Office.

Light-hearted and serious minded, Thomas has written a shrewd, easy-reading, flicking story of beset Presidents, their staffs and their families. Documents, not gossip.

(Continued on page 84)

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Vogue-Rated Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

★★ Cooking with Colette
By Colette Rossant, edited by Lorraine Davis (Scribner's). This by-blow of a PBS television cooking series for children is a friendly, gentle book. No orders, no brusk Cordon Bleu, no snobbery, no recipes complicated as watches. Ms. Rossant not only explains what to do but maps out what to do when things go wrong.

Although she is an expert chef, Colette likes to tell simple matters: bisque is a cream soup with tomato in it. Her detours are marvelous except that she keeps saying "tasty." Meant for children and other beginners, the book is not junket; it includes quiche, *pâte à choux*, and a terrific Cape Cod recipe for Fresh Codfish Balls. Keep it.

art

BY BARBARA ROSE

★★★★ John Constable
A major retrospective of one of England's greatest painters, John Constable, opens this month at The Tate Gallery in London. A pioneer of the modern landscape, Constable in his sketchy, light-filled views of Salisbury Cathedral and its environs inspired such Impressionists as Monet and Renoir.

More than three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings, including such familiar masterpieces as "The Hay Wain" and "Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows," as well as works on loan never before publicly exhibited, are included in this comprehensive show, which promises to be one of the exciting events of the spring art season. Some previously neglected phases of Constable's development from 1790 to 1837, the year of his death, will be shown—among them, little-known portraits and religious scenes.

An unlikely pioneer, Constable was firmly grounded in an academic landscape tradition that traces its roots to Venetian and Dutch painting; nevertheless, he explored new ways of introducing light and atmosphere into his rolling fields and brilliant skies that seem now, in retrospect, to announce a new modern conception of landscape as the subject for pure painting.

★★ The Age of Louis XV
For those who missed the blockbuster exhibition of neoclassical painting called "The Age of Revolution" organized last year by the Louvre and The Metropolitan Museum of Art, "The Age of Louis XV: French Painting 1710-1774" is a more closely focused show of works from the immediately preceding period, organized by curator Pierre Rosenberg of the Louvre. Twenty paintings from the Louvre together with ninety works from museums and private collections in France, many never seen before in North America, supplement our constantly changing view of French painting on the eve of the Revolution.

Shifting the emphasis from the sentimental genre for which the period is primarily known, the exhibition features historic and religious paintings, as well as still-life and court pictures that recall the glory of the still glamorous waning days of the *ancien régime*. At The Art Institute of Chicago until February 22, the show will travel to The National Gallery of Canada.

★ American Drawings
In New York, inaugurating The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Bicentennial Program, a survey of twentieth-century American drawings includes a sampling of works by leading abstract and Pop artists from Stuart Davis to Robert Rauschenberg.

At the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, a show of "Drawings by Five Abstract Expressionist Painters" features works of the Abstract Expressionist school that adds to our picture of drawing as an important if not essential force in American art.

★ Changing Visions: The Canadian Landscape
Following the heightened sense of its own history now emerging

(Continued on page 98)

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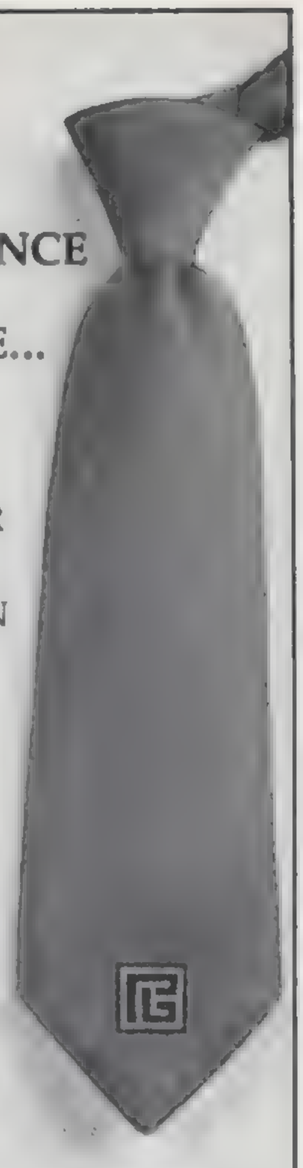
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The pro's way to blow-dry your hair ...and fresh advice on makeup

VIDAL SASSOON'S BEST BLOW-DRY METHOD

One of the biggest tangles any woman can get into happens when she tries to duplicate the look of professionally blown-dry hair at home. One man who's got all the answers when it comes to hair is Vidal Sassoon who, with his wife Beverly and Camille Duhé, has written a book, *A Year of Beauty and Health* (Simon & Schuster). It includes literally thousands of tips on everything from diet to the best blow-dry method we've found. Here, step-by-step instructions from Vidal on how to get a terrific turn-out every time.

DRYING: "Always hold the drier about six inches away from your head . . . and keep it moving," says Vidal. **1.** Section hair with wide-toothed comb into several small sections—sides, front, and back. **2.** Dry hair around the head section by section, leaving the front section for last. **3.** Starting at one side, brush hair across top of head. Brush and dry hair *against* the natural growth direction—this gives you more volume. Start at the top and pick up hair layer by layer with the brush. **4.** When hair is dry, bring it down the side, layer by layer, twirling the hair like spaghetti. **5.** At the back, start near the top and brush upward. **6.** Bring hair down, layer by layer, starting at the bottom, with the drier following the brush. **7.** Side sections: hold drier in your left hand when drying left side, and vice versa. **8.** Dry bangs, or top front, last . . .



brush them back while blowing them dry. Next, brush them down, following with drier.

FINISHING: 1. To turn ends under, twirl hair in the brush, pull it through, aiming drier at bottom of the brush. Start at the side and work your way around the head, finishing with hair at the front. **2.** To prevent frizziness on the top layer, turn the drier to "cool" setting. If your hair tends to frizziness, you may want to repeat entire Finishing process with drier on "cool."

NAOMI'S NEW MAKEUP TIPS



ARTHUR ELGORT

"It has been estimated that there are at least thirty-five color divisions for the Black race," says former model and makeup expert Naomi Sims in her new book, *All About Health and Beauty for the Black Woman* (Doubleday). To help the Black woman solve the problems of finding the right makeup colors for her individual complexion, Naomi, *left*, gives general tips to follow when shopping.

Foundation: "This should match your facial color as closely as possible . . . to make a close match you must choose a tint very slightly darker than your own. This will even the skin tones." If you don't find one foundation color that does it, Naomi suggests you buy two: one, the nearest shade to your own skin on the light side; the other, the nearest on the dark side. **Test the blend on your face.** If you find you still don't have the right color, experiment with mixing different dark shades of cream lipstick, cream eye shadow, and cream rouge in with your foundation. For example, a woman with very dark black skin might take the darkest brown foundation available and add a dab of charcoal-grey cream eye shadow to get the perfect tone.

Eyes: Naomi believes that with dark skin and dark-brown eyes, eye-shadow shades such as pale blue, light green, lavender, and rose make the eyes appear to protrude. For colors that complement your own eye color, try black, dark brown, charcoal gray, navy blue, bottle green, or deep purple.

With liners, Naomi suggests that you avoid all blues and greens, stick to browns, blacks, and charcoal greys.

Cheeks: Only the lightest of Black complexions can take red, pink, or orange blushers. Better colors for Black skin, says Naomi, are natural shades of plum, bronze, and umber—colors that have no red in them.

Lips: Again, Black women should avoid pinks and oranges. According to Naomi, "Almost any other color can be used effectively on the lips if it matches the tone of your own skin." It should not be too much lighter or darker than your complexion. If a lipstick color does not come immediately to hand, mix a little foundation with lip color on the back of your hand. Keep experimenting until you find the most natural one for you.

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Donna Karan talks Anne Klein





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Donna Karan talks S&L



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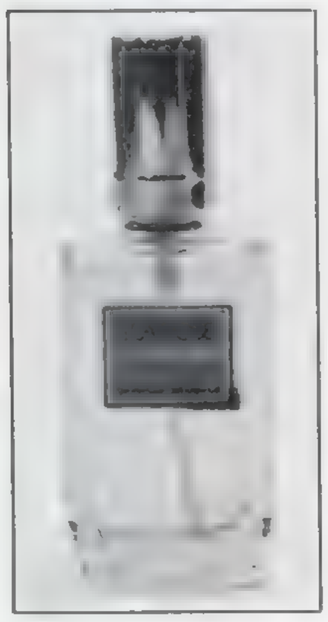
MARTHA VOUTAS

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A better way to go to bed? How else would you describe moisturizing night treatments with just enough light makeup color to make you forget the waxy-pale past of night creams. Nightlight Cosmetics thought it up . . . mascara, eye shadow, base, blusher, lipgloss, all in a protection-plus-color kit. $14.99 and $1.25 postage at Nightlight, Inc., 157 East 57th Street, Dept. C/11/1, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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Picture the perfect bath . . . water, a Bahamian blue . . . endless bubbles to bat around . . . and all the revitalizing benefits of a mineral spa. Simply too good to be true, until now . . . Village Bath has come up with Minnetonka Mineral Bath Salts and Bath Gel, (each, $3.75), pictured *right*, formulated to give a muscle-soothing, eye-pleasing lift to your bath or shower.



REYNOLDS ROLLES

Maybe, your squeaky clean hair is really crying out for help.



We're not against washing your hair. We're just against weakening your hair.

Shampooing. Everybody's doing it. Once a week. Once a day. And the truth is just about everybody's doing it wrong. And doing their hair a lot of harm.

The wrong way to shampoo. The way the TV commercials have it you get into the shower and lather. Big, billowy headfuls of lather. Once, twice, even three times. Then when all natural oils are stripped away, when hair is weak and most vulnerable, wide open to splitting and breakage—then, and only then, is your hair supposedly "squeaky" clean. If hair could talk, it would say it's in pain.

The right way to Shampoo de Pantene.* Pour just a bit of Pantene into your palm. Work it into scalp first, then into hair. Leave the lather on 30 seconds. Rinse. That's it.

Don't expect a big, billowy lather. You generally get those when harsh, inexpensive shampoos absorb air. From Pantene you get a rich, creamy lather made up of thousands of tiny bubbles which surround the hair's cuticle and gently lift out dirt. Leaving hair shiny and clean. Not squeaky. But clean. Not weak and vulnerable. But healthier looking than before.

The explanation. The Shampoo de Pantene is scientifically balanced to do the most good for hair. From its controlled pH to its proper blend of exclusive Swiss Conditioners:* Pantyl to add spring and bounce; Phytantriol to maintain hair's moisture balance.

Then there's Panthenol. It's Pro-Vitamin B_5 which penetrates each hair shaft, adding pliability and sheen.

More on shampooing. Handle wet hair gently. With a wide tooth comb. Never a brush. Wash it as often as you like but always with Shampoo de Pantene.

And yes, Shampoo de Pantene is more expensive than ordinary shampoo. But isn't that the only head of hair you have?



*Product made in U.S.A.

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Your hair never needed Pantene® like it does today.

Medically tested products from The Pantene Company, Nutley, New Jersey 07110 — Div., Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., one of the largest laboratories devoted to health.

"What's the most you can do for your naked skin?"



Noted biochemist says you can delay age signs and look younger longer with just 2 simple steps.

"I love beautiful skin in a woman, but I hate the nonsense women are told about how to get it." The speaker is Frank Panzarella, Ph.D., skin care authority and president of Doak Pharmacal Company. His revolutionary Formula 405 two-step skin care concept, originally developed for dermatologists' patients, takes only minutes to follow, yet it can help skin look more supple, smooth and fresh in as little as 10 days!

Facts vs. Fancy

How can Formula 405 care do so much for your skin? Because it works scientifically, not with fancy promises. And scientifically speaking, what skin needs to look great is . . . deep-action cleansing with mild epidermal abrasion . . . and deep-action moisturizing. Now Formula 405 gives you both. With two simple products, two easy steps.

A New Kind Of Clean

You begin with Formula 405 Cleanse Pac—a whole new kind of clean that skin really responds to. The soap-free lotion, used with water, reaches down into pores to get skin scrupulously clean without drying. While the patented, gently abrasive mitt whisks off that rough lifeless film . . . lets your "new" skin's glow and radiance show through again. An amazing difference is often seen the very first time it's used!

Breakthrough Formula

The uniquely effective deep-action moisturizer for the second vital step is famous Formula 405 Cream. A breakthrough, it contains special water-loving agents which attract and bind needed moisture down in the cells of the stratum corneum where the "age look" of your skin begins. As these lifeless cells absorb and retain the exclusive moisturizers, dry lines tend to "fill out," new freshness and pliability can be seen. And it takes only a little of the cream, smoothed on nightly, to keep your skin's moisture needs balanced.

It's The Most

That's all there is to daily Formula 405 care—a simple, scientific routine that adds up to the most you can do for your naked skin. And it *works!* The Cleanse Pac and Cream are at leading drug and department stores, $5.00 each. If not available locally, write directly to Dr. Panzarella.

DOAK PHARMACAL CO., INC.

Cosmetic Dermatological Div., 700 Shames Drive, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

Baked Potato Peels

six to eight servings with drinks

2 large Idaho potatoes
3-4 tablespoons butter, melted
Coarse salt (sea salt or kosher salt)
Freshly ground pepper

Scrub potatoes clean, then dry. Bake at 375° for an hour or more, till tender. Remove from oven, turn oven heat down to 275°. Cut potatoes in quarters lengthwise. Scoop out almost all the pulp, but leave a bit clinging to the peels. (The pulp is excellent for mashed potatoes, beaten with milk and butter.)

Cut potato peels into strips approximately 1½ inches long by ½ inch wide. Put them, peel side down, in a buttered shallow baking dish with sides, such as a jelly-roll or pizza pan. Drizzle melted butter over them, sprinkle liberally with salt and pepper. Bake at 275° for 10-15 minutes or till crisp and browned. Serve warm with napkins.

Tip: When you bake a potato, do not trick it out in aluminum foil—which makes the peel soggy—but let it reach the natural crispness that a long stay in a hot oven will give it.

Western Sandwich

two servings

3-4 tablespoons butter
½ cup finely diced uncooked potatoes
2 tablespoons finely chopped scallions
2 tablespoons finely diced green pepper
1 teaspoon thyme
3 tablespoons ham, salami, or mortadella that has been cut into small pieces
4 eggs, beaten lightly with a fork
Salt, freshly ground pepper
Dash or 2 of Tabasco sauce
4 slices toast (or 4 slices bread fried in butter on both sides till browned)

Sauté potatoes in half the butter. After a minute or two, add scallions and green pepper. Cook over low heat, stirring till potatoes are tender. Add ham and thyme, cook for a minute. Remove from heat, let cool.

Heat remaining butter in an omelet pan till sizzling. Combine cooked vegetables with eggs and seasonings. Mix well. Pour into omelet pan; cook till "set." Cut in half; serve each half between two slices of toast or fried bread. Effete Easterners may trim the omelet to fit the toast.

Variation: Substitute 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped fresh watercress for the thyme.

Black-bean Soup

six servings

1½ cups black beans, soaked overnight (or as indicated on the package), available in health-food stores
2 onions, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons olive oil (or bacon drippings or salt-pork fat)
1 teaspoon tomato paste
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon each powdered thyme and sage
¼ cup Madeira or sherry
Salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
6 slices lemon

Drain beans, put into a pot with 6 cups cold water. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, and simmer. Sauté onions over low heat just till translucent but not brown. Add them to the beans along with the tomato paste, parsley, bay leaf, thyme, and sage. Cook 3 hours or longer, till beans are completely done, adding more water as needed if soup becomes too thick. Add Madeira or sherry, simmer 5 minutes. Remove bay leaf. Add salt and cayenne pepper. Puree in a blender. Return to heat for a minute or two and serve garnished with lemon slices.

Oyster Stew

six servings

1 quart shucked oysters with their liquor
1 quart half-and-half (or 2 cups each milk and cream)
2 tablespoons butter
Salt, celery salt, and freshly ground white pepper

Drain the oyster liquor into a saucepan; bring to a boil, then reduce heat to lowest point to keep warm. In another pot bring the half-and-half to the boil, add oysters, reduce heat, cook 3 minutes or just till oysters begin to curl at the edges. Add the hot oyster liquor, butter, and seasonings. Serve with oyster crackers. (Continued on page 101)


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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

in the United States, Canada is beginning to see its own art history in perspective. At the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto, a broad survey of contemporary Canadian landscape emphasizes Canada's traditional "rock-pine-water" landscape heritage, as well as its latest expressions in such new media as fiber glass and acrylic. An occasion to define the special characteristics of Canadian art, the exhibition chronicles the awakening to the heroic landscape of this continent by our Northern neighbors.

★ Ed Ruscha, Prints and Publications

"It's just as Surrealist in Los Angeles as it is in Texas," says Nebraska-born artist Ed Ruscha, whose prints and books are being shown this month beginning February 26 at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London.

Seemingly without prejudice about what is or is not art and its materials, Ruscha has used axle grease, caviar, and tobacco as media. Ruscha was probably the first artist to popularize the idea of personal publication; his photographic essay *Crackers*, which featured fellow artist Larry Bell tossing a girl into bed with a salad, remains a classic of the genre.

Ruscha's droll, laid-back mid-Western wit is constantly entertaining and amusing—you've got to love it.

theater

BY LEO LERMAN

★★★★ Travesties and The Norman Conquests

It's jubilation time now on Broadway, what with the theaters jammed and a regular old pile-up of shows waiting their turns to rise and shine. Meanwhile the British are victorious this Bicentennial year—at least in and around Broadway, with Tom Stoppard's intellectual razzle-dazzle, *Travesties*, and Alan Ayckbourn's time-toy, *The Norman Conquests* (a trio of full-length social-sexual comedies). And the performances! *Travesties* confirms John Wood as the greatest actor of his generation. And in the Ayckbourn trilogy, Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley make high comedy into the glorious raillery it was in the halcyon days of Ina Claire, Lynn Fontanne. ▽



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Designer Dresses, 84

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Melting Pot Ham and Cheese Sandwich

Combine thick slices of baked Virginia ham with imported Swiss cheese, spread with imported French Dijon mustard, and serve on German rye bread and you have a great American sandwich. Enjoy it with ice-cold Japanese, Mexican, German, or American beer and a kosher dill pickle.

Peanutini

sixteen servings with drinks

1 cup drained canned chick peas
Juice of 3 lemons
3 cloves garlic, put through a garlic press or very finely chopped
Salt to taste
Dash of cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup Skippy's creamy peanut butter

American peanut butter can be transformed into a homely but flavorsome version of *tahini*—exotic, highly seasoned sesame-paste spread popular in the Middle East. Serve with crackers or as a dip with drinks.

Put all ingredients into bowl of blender or food processor; blend on high speed, adding some water, if needed, to make a creamy consistency. You may have to stop the machine and scrape down the sides of the bowl with a rubber spatula. Spoon into serving bowl, sprinkle with a little additional paprika, and arrange some whole peanuts in a decorative pattern on top.

Virgil Thomson's Roasted Wild Turkey

ten to twelve servings

A native dish older than the United States is wild turkey, introduced to the Pilgrims by the Indians. Catch one in your butcher's deep freeze and try roasting it the way Virgil Thomson, America's great composer and gourmet, does. Let the frozen wild turkey thaw in the refrigerator; ask your butcher how long it should take for the size you've bought. (Frozen wild turkeys are available in New York at the Maryland Market, 1072 First Avenue, between 58th and 59th Streets, telephone 595-1223; and at Ottomanelli, 281 Bleecker Street, east of Seventh Avenue, telephone 675-4217. They should be ordered a week in advance. *Fresh* wild turkeys are available at Lobel's Prime Meats, 1096 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street, telephone 737-1372. They must be ordered a week and a half ahead of time. In all cases, ask the butcher for larding pork to cover the turkey.) Wild turkeys range from 6 to 14 pounds. An 8-pound turkey serves 10-12 people.

A frozen wild turkey
½ pound butter
Coarse pepper
The turkey liver
1 medium-size onion, peeled
1 or 2 hearts of celery with leaves
Herbs: thyme, tarragon, sage, and a few juniper berries
Larding pork
2 cups chicken broth (jellied chicken consommé at room temperature is very good; see Tip)

Remove the package of innards inside the turkey; rub turkey inside and out with about ¼ of the butter. Season it generously with coarse pepper but no salt. Wash and trim the liver of any yellow bits and place it inside the cavity with the onion, celery, and a bit of any or all of the herbs. Cover the breast and all exposed parts of the turkey with the strips of larding pork and secure them with string.

Roast the turkey on a rack in a pan for 1 hour at 400°. Remove from oven, reduce heat to 350°. Warm the chicken broth and the remaining butter till the butter melts. Remove the larding pork and return the bird to the oven for another hour, basting it with the broth-butter mixture every 5 or 10 minutes. When the turkey is done (the leg should move easily), transfer it to an ovenproof platter and return it to the oven; turn off oven heat; but leave the bird in the oven for 10-15 minutes longer. Remove as much fat from the pan as possible. Reduce the gravy over lively heat for 5 minutes, stirring. Correct seasoning. Discard the onion and celery, but carve the liver into thin slices and serve them and the gravy when you carve the bird.

Tip: Better than the chicken broth or consommé is a broth made with 2 cups water; 1 onion (cut in half); the heart, neck, and gizzard of the turkey; and a little salt and pepper.

Virgil Thomson suggests, as accompaniments to the turkey, pureed fresh chestnuts, braised celery, wild rice, and cranberry sherbet. Another delicious possibility is Candied Lemon Yams.

(Continued on page 112)



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Or, having worked into the early hours, you may require a little supper at 3 A.M. Perhaps a half-dozen icy Blue Point oysters to clear your palate, a plump broiled lamb chop brushed with shallot butter, a bottle of Saint-Émilion or California Cabernet Sauvignon. Just press your bedside call button.

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THE RITZ-CARLTON
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By Despina Messinesi

Like to ride high? play hard? lie low? This high-country resort has everything you want

At Stallion Springs, people and animals dine vis-à-vis—guests on one side of the Lodge's glass-walled dining room, foxes on the terrace outside. You would expect to find this scene on an East African safari, but hardly at a California resort 118 miles northeast of Los Angeles.

Away from cities and industry, Stallion Springs stands on top of a small, wild world of its own, four thousand feet high. The air is pure. You catch yourself taking deep-deep breaths to smell the trees, grass, wildflowers.



At Western sport-stop Stallion Springs (top, right: air-eye view), riding's easy: "up-mountain" from the stable (above) through untamed brush—but always with your own guide, who carries lunch in his saddlebags.

In this vigorous outdoors, the resort provides all the comforts and sports that tenderfeet want to find. Built, both outside and inside, of natural local wood combined with granite from the Tehachapi Mountains (circling the Valley) and vast spans of glass, the Lodge spreads low and long on a cliff. From the wing of balconied rooms, very early risers often see deer nibbling below their balconies.

Rough it in California: swim in the heated pool

From anywhere at the Lodge, even while swimming and sunning in the heated pool, you can look down on the red Equestrian Center as well as on a startling enamel-blue lake like a super-sized swatch of sky color in the broad Cummings Valley.

In this untamed country, riding is a treat. Following a guide, you ride over narrow trails, go across diamond-sparkling streams, ride "up-mountain" brushed by branches, and every now and then get a potent whiff of sagebrush growing abundantly on the paths. You see elk, deer, and rabbits in the undisturbed wilderness—hawks on treetops.

The Equestrian Center rents horses with Western saddles and always with a guide ($4 for the first hour, $3.50 after that, or $16 a day). The Lodge packs picnic lunches that the guide carries in his saddlebags. At a special lookout point—on horseback or by car—you have a tremendous view of the San Joaquin Valley.

A three-minutes' drive from the Lodge down the mountainside takes you to the red-tile-roofed Horse Thief Golf and Country Club, a membership club open to hotel guests. Though nostalgically named for an area called "Horse Thief Flats" (thought to be an 1880's hangout for outlaws), the Club is a streamlined sports center.

The challenging eighteen-hole P.G.A. course, following the natural contours of the rolling terrain and studded with wonderful old oak trees, goes up and down and around textured granite outcroppings. The club's pool is heated, both tennis courts are lighted for night games.

Inside the clubhouse, there are saunas for both men and women (particularly soothing after a day of riding), golf and tennis pro shops. Around lunchtime, Lodge guests as well as players head for the buffet luncheons served at the far end of the lounge dominated by a massive fireplace.

Heartiest "sodbuster" American food

Guests who usually breakfast on a cup of black coffee find themselves ordering hearty "sodbuster" specials: pancakes with eggs, sausage, and fried potatoes. The Lodge's plain American cooking served in generous portions goes with zesty air and exercise. Dinner special: man-sized serving of prime ribs.

Evenings are quiet and early. Guests aren't tied to any formal entertainment: they sit in the lounge by the blazing open fireplace nursing spiritous nightcaps. Over the weekend, a small country band adds musical flourishes, but the delight of Stallion Springs remains its peace and the joys of the great outdoors.

Pack for the mountain/desert life

At Stallion Springs the temperature changes from cold, crisp nights to chilly early mornings to hot sunny middays to cool afternoons. Layered fashions suit the climate: a heavy bulky sweater over a pull-on sweater over a cotton shirt—a bright Western one, maybe—to peel off as the sun climbs, to put on as it sets. Take boots and/or sturdy walking shoes for the vigorous country; sandals to wear by the pool. Don't forget sunglasses, sun block, moisturizers, lip salve.

In the evening, women go all-out feminine in long skirts, pretty blouses, jumpsuits. A shawl is a must in all seasons, even in midsummer, for dining on the patio under a star-crowded sky. Sensibly, no ties or jackets are necessary for the men in the dining room, and they love this. They shine in open-necked shirts with an ascot or kerchief, fresh jeans, and boots.

From Los Angeles, most guests driving the two hours over good roads stop for refreshments—a cold Coors beer—at the town of Mojave on the edge of the Mojave desert. People arriving by commercial planes land at Bakersfield, an hour's drive away from the Lodge; those flying in on private planes (many Californians do, piloting their own aircraft) use the Tehachapi airport serviced by the Lodge's limousine for the sixteen-mile drive.

Single rooms at Stallion Springs are about $23 a day; double rooms, about $29; meals are extra. To reserve, write: Stallion Springs Lodge, Star Route, Box 800, Tehachapi, California 93561; telephone: (805) 822-5581.


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Vogue Travel **By Rosemary Blackmon.**

How to see Turkey, Egypt, Greece—and unpack only once!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Vogue contributing editor Rosemary Blackmon and her husband feel cheated if they don't go somewhere every year. For the Blackmons, "going somewhere" can mean banana-boating it to Honduras, freighter-cruising back from Europe in mid-winter. Recent trek: a three-week archaeology-odyssey on board the MTS *Argonaut* to Turkey, Greek Islands, Egypt. Also on board: "resident archaeologist" Iris C. Love—author and newsmaker-discoverer of an Aphrodite believed to be a Praxiteles.



Iris C. Love—archaeologist, author, cruise director par excellence

Istanbul: Byzantium! Constantinople! Theodora dancing! The terminal of the Orient Express! At first flash all this high romance is simply a very busy harbor with a high proportion of mustachioed men heaving things about.

Our group had been prepared in words for the architecture so characteristic of the city which imposes the dome on a cube or, in some instances, supports a central dome by surrounding half-domes. Nothing can quite prepare one for vast floating bubbles and spearing minarets that make the Blue Mosque.



Istanbul's Blue Mosque with sky-soaring minarets

After a short passage over chilly marble, we found ourselves on rare Turkish carpets covering the vast dim interior illuminated by dozens of branched chandeliers with what seemed like a hundred candles flaming in clear teardrop holders. Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tiles in splendid, joyous blues and mystic greens cover walls and pillars, representing hyacinths, tulips, carnations, and peonies—it is from this wealth of blues that the mosque takes its name. Four impressive pillars, each fifteen feet in diameter, support the central section; but it is the ambience, that certain strangeness of Islam, that penetrates the soul, proving more potent than details.

Across a square plotted with heartsease, marigolds, and marguerites stands Saint Sophia, outermost Christian stronghold in the Roman Empire. There is a somewhat lighter feeling to Sophia's interior, less of the massiveness of the Blue Mosque, though it is said to hold twenty thousand people. Since it is now a museum, the Christian mosaics have been uncovered and there is every evidence to support the claim that the Emperor Justinian wanted to outdo Solomon when he built it.

Our one-day whirlwind of Istanbul left time for a visit to the Topkapi palace and museum—masses of jewels and kitchens where four hundred cooks labored to feed the entourage of the sultans, including Suleiman the Magnificent who first installed the harem within the walls. (Don't miss the Chinese porcelains.) And then on to the great covered bazaar where three thousand or so shops compete for your money and your life. Some streets are all jewels; others, all leather and suède—the coats were sensational bargains.

Pergamum: In the early hours of the next day we sailed past Gallipoli, through the Dardanelles and anchored about noon at Dikili to travel overland (we took buses) to Pergamum. The landscape was like a rough cut of Provençe, with some hilly stretches, some rocky and fertile plains with olive trees and wild flowers in glorious abundance.

(Continued on page 106)


There
she
is
again...
Dalton
Woolite

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

The remains of the city itself —rather like fractured dentures —are reached by a high-climbing road fetching one to the top via corkscrew turns. A few standing columns seen at a distance conjure up what was in the time of Alexander the Great an immensely powerful city that attracted wealth, scholars, artisans, and writers. Its library was grand enough that Marc Antony made a present of it to Cleopatra to atone for the burning of hers.

Lying below Pergamum is the Temple of Asklepios, sacred to the god of health and an intriguing forerunner of the spas of today with a fair share of psychotherapy thrown in. Inscribed at the entrance was the slogan, "Death cannot enter here"; according to our guide, this cheered the "patients" and was probably borne out by the fact that the "priest-doctors" saw to it that there were no acknowledged deaths on the premises.

Incorporated in the Asklepion is a small, perfect theater where patients and worshippers performed their own plays—psychodrama?

What seemed to be the initial step in treatment was rather successful: the patient was led to a pool where the water level was controlled by the priest-doctors who spoke to them through an opening near the top as if to convey messages from the gods. Then there was a long, dim tunnel, through which we walked, where square outlets in the coffered ceiling permitted light to enter along with the continuing instruction from the therapists.

If all went well, the patient then emerged into a "pump room" where he drank health-giving waters from the local springs. In the same area as the pump room were incubation rooms where patients were left to opium-induced dreams which therapists then interpreted.

Patmos: On that island we encountered our first donkeys but eschewed them in favor of walking up the winding town streets to the Byzantine Monastery. Iris Love, our attractive classical archaeologist, cut a dashing figure riding sidesaddle on a donkey. She had briefed us earlier on the fact that in Roman times Patmos was a favorite place of political exile and is now dotted with pleasure villas which she guessed may attract certain Americans, a statement greeted with stony silence and occasional pleased smirks by the tourists. . . .

In 1088, the island was given by the Emperor Alexis to St. Christodulos, who founded on a site of an altar to Artemis the Monastery—still tended by sixteen or twenty bearded monks in straight-sided black hats and flowing black habits. Within it are beautifully silvered Byzantine altars, a library containing one of three fragments of the Gospel of St. Mark in his own hand, and an exquisite small museum that contains an eleventh-century mosaic icon of St. Nicolaos, dulled but lustrous and so very small in itself that it must have been executed by a very shortsighted monk.

As we left, we saw a niche presumably attached to one of the monks' cells where there rested in peace a bottle of *ouzo*, a bottle of shampoo, and a couple of empty Scotches. One of the more worldly of this band is said to have an apartment in town where he may ask you to see his icons —a monk *du monde*, which is quite acceptable to the Greeks.

After a non-landing at Knidos' archaeological digs and a look at the Iris Love finds in the museum at Bodrum, we debarked on the Island of Rhodes.

Rhodes: When another Greek ship sloppily rammed our stern removing a sizable hunk of ship, all hands hit the deck—and, as someone pointed out later, the women were in nightdresses but had their hair combed.

After landing, Oyvind and Bente, our Scandinavian cruise directors, sent us to Lindos, a charming town at the opposite end of the island, with promises that things would be worked out when we came back. The route took us through the residential section of Rhodes itself—lush with gardens, windows shuttered against the morning sun—and then into pleasant roads bordered by maritime pines, groves of oranges and giant lemons we could practically reach out and pluck, with intermittent fig and olive trees.

In the village of Lindos, some people opted for a pure curve of beach and a swim and others had a go at the Dorian acropolis. We had a bit of that and a fine time wandering about the streets with fifteenth-century Gothic

(Continued on page 108)

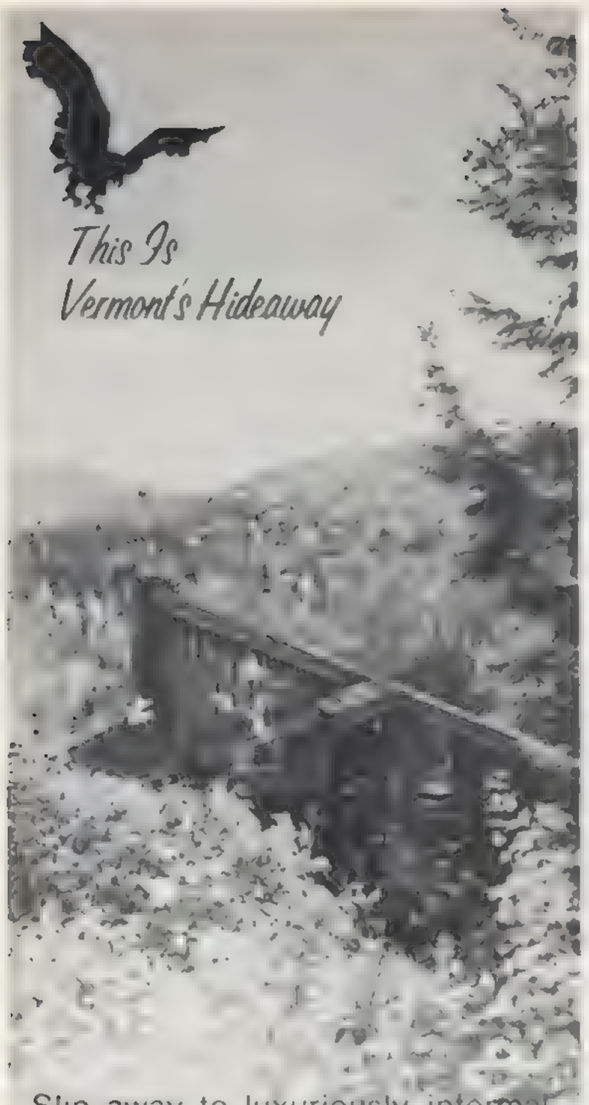


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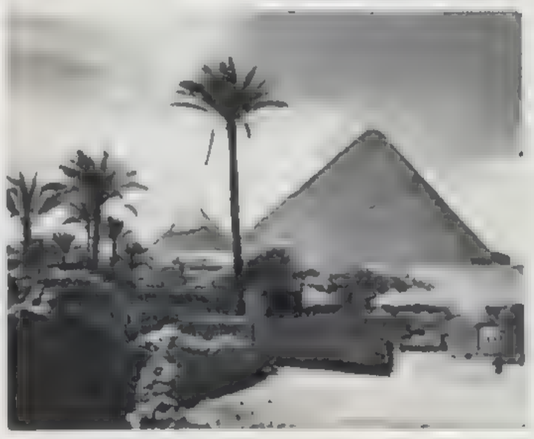
The Cloister



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

"The Sphinx is a Munchkin compared to even one of the smaller pyramids"

houses here and there and charming pebble mosaics paving the dooryards; and, as always, there were the shops, excellent here.



Egypt: 5,000-year-old pyramids

Back at the Jason bar speculation ran rife about our crippled ship—was the captain of the rammer in chains? Suspense died a beautiful death after lunch when Oyvind summoned us all to the main lounge and said we would transfer under cover of twilight to another ship of the same line, the *Apollo*.

Perge: Jaunty trippers all—well, there were a few gripes—we were on the *Apollo's* deck next morning, back again on the Turkish coast, and off by bus to Perge.

Perge, a mesmerizing ruin, was sumptuous from the time of Alexander till the Turkish invasion in the 1500's, its life enhanced under both Greeks and Romans by pilgrims to the Temple of Artemis, no longer visible but surely one of the reasons for its magnificent agora with a long pool down the center and lines of Roman portrait sculptures.

In the adjacent arcades, fronting each of the shops, were mosaics (and some of these endure) indicating the specialty of each, its name, and nature. There was the grand agora for luxury shoppers; a smaller one with a fine round temple to Fortuna was made of granite brought from distant islands and was the place to go for daily needs and gossip.

An abundance of springs provided every house with running water. . . . But for me it was that pool and the portrait busts, almost resembling the spectators, that made it big. The next delight was the theater at Aspendos, then off to Egypt.

Alexandria, Cairo: We were to spend three days and two nights ashore in Cairo. As we drove toward the city from Alexandria, we passed through a fertile agricultural plain with water buffalo turning wheels, men in fields using Biblical scythes and hoes, and the strange unexpected sails of large feluccas plying the irrigation canals with produce to sell at destinations unknown.

At Cairo, a *long* drive from the pier, the Sheraton and Hilton where our group was quartered provided superb service. In the afternoon, still hot and dusty, we proceeded to get much hotter and dustier doing the Pyramid tour. Funny thing about the Pyramids—from five or ten minutes' drive away, they're everything you ever thought; but, when you snuggle up close to one, it disappears—as one man said, "I've never been so had."

Then there's also the discovery that the Sphinx is sort of a Munchkin compared to even one of the smaller pyramids. I liked the Sphinx. . . . And I was dazzled when we stood ankle-deep in desert and looked across the verdant Nile Valley to more desert, part of the 95 percent of sands that compose all Egypt.

The Egyptian Museum was a joy, a horror. Bad light; dreadful labels in three languages, none of them readable; and general dusty gloom. But still there were things to be savored—a statue of the boy-king Ikhnaton of wood, painted and gilded, possibly the most beautiful of all. After Cairo, we cruised back toward Greece.

Santorini: Known in ancient times as Thera, this is one of the most dramatic of all Greek islands; sailing into the harbor is a voyage into the enormous volcanic crater that constitutes this rise of lava, red cinders, and pumice where only grapevines and tomatoes grow. Not surprisingly the wine produced is a heady draught.

Buses zigzagged like behemoths to the peak where the new excavations are proceeding. Among their riches are a series of superb frescoes, some of the best ever uncovered, which are now on display in the Athens Museum—we had seen them, and our memory was greener than the island was barren. Nonetheless, seeing a dig in progress is a source of matchless pleasure.

Our final stops were Taormina on Sicily's eastern coast, reached by sliding through the Corinth Canal at midnight; the astonishing city of Tunis; and a glimpse of Palermo, Sicily, before the flight home from Rome.

Would I, a jealously independent traveler, take a guided tour-cruise again? Yes, definitely, and I know now why many of my fellow passengers were veteran cruisers. ▽

VOGUE to GO:

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

Candied Lemon Yams

eight servings

8 yams (or sweet potatoes), peeled and sliced in ¼-inch slices
1 stick butter
1½ cups sugar
4 lemons, thinly sliced
4 oranges
Salt and freshly ground pepper
½-⅔ cup maple syrup or ⅔-1 cup dark brown sugar
1 cup orange juice

Boil yam slices for about 15 minutes or just till beginning to be tender. Drain. Butter a deep baking dish generously, sides and bottom, with some of the butter. Boil ¾ cup water and the sugar together, stirring till sugar is dissolved, for about 5 minutes or till a thick syrup is formed. Cook lemon slices, a few at a time, in the boiling syrup till they are transparent and "candied." Drain on a cake rack over waxed paper. Peel and slice the oranges. Arrange yam slices in the baking dish, alternating them with candied lemon slices and fresh orange slices. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Pour the maple syrup (or sprinkle the brown sugar) over all, pour in the orange juice, and dot generously with the remaining butter. Cover with aluminum foil and bake at 325° for an hour or till potatoes are well cooked. Remove the foil for at least 5 or 10 minutes of baking to glaze the tops of the potatoes.

Ham Baked with Rum and Coca-Cola

eighteen to twenty servings

9-pound precooked ham
Whole cloves
20 dried figs
4 tablespoons dry mustard
1½ cups brown sugar
Juice of 6 lemons
1 cup rum
2 cups Coca-Cola

Score surface of ham in diamond shapes, stud with cloves. Soak figs in very hot water 30 minutes. Combine rum and Coke. Make a paste of the mustard, brown sugar, half the lemon juice, and just enough of the rum and Coca-Cola to make a moist paste. Reserve the remaining rum and Coca-Cola. Spread the paste over top and sides of ham. Put in a roasting pan with the remaining lemon juice and half the remaining rum and Coca-Cola in the bottom of the pan. Bake 30 minutes at 350°, basting occasionally with reserved rum and Coca-Cola.

Drain figs, set around ham, and bake 45 minutes longer, basting more frequently. Carve the ham and arrange the slices on a warm platter surrounded by the figs. Reduce the pan sauces and pour a bit over the ham slices. Serve with scalloped potatoes and succotash.

Scalloped Potatoes

six servings

1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 stick butter, softened
Salt and freshly ground pepper
4-5 medium-size potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
1 teaspoon dried thyme
Half-and-half, 1 cup or more

Sauté onions in 2 tablespoons of the butter till translucent but not brown. Salt and pepper them. Butter sides and bottom of a baking dish. Put in a layer of potato slices, seasoning with salt and pepper and a sprinkling of thyme. Spread some of the onions over the potatoes, dot with butter. Continue making layers in this way, ending with a layer of potatoes seasoned and dotted with butter. Pour in enough half-and-half almost to cover the potatoes. Bake, covered with aluminum foil, for an hour at 350°. Remove foil, bake 15-30 minutes longer, till potatoes are completely cooked when pierced with a fork, well-browned on top.
Variation: In Minnesota we have been given a marvelously Scandinavian version of scalloped potatoes. Simply distribute 8 *gaffelbitar* (Swedish herring bits, available in delicatessens and specialty shops), coarsely chopped, between the layers of potatoes and substitute 2 teaspoons dried dill or 2 tablespoons chopped fresh dill for the thyme.

Succotash

six servings

1 package frozen lima beans
3 ears fresh corn
3 tablespoons finely diced green pepper
4 tablespoons butter
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 teaspoons chopped fresh chives

Cook lima beans, following directions on package, till just tender. Drain. Cut kernels off uncooked sweet corn, sauté them with the green pepper in 2 tablespoons of the butter for 3-4 minutes or just till corn is tender. Add the cooked lima beans and the remaining butter, heat through. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with chives. ▽

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HEALTH

From the experts: what to do about the big estrogen/cancer dilemma . . . plus warning of an ant invasion, news of most popular pills

ARE HORMONES GIVING YOU CANCER?

Caution, not panic, seems the best response to the recent shocking news relating the use of estrogens for menopausal therapy to incidence of cancer of the lining of the uterus, according to medical specialists who know the most about hormones and cancer.

A study, reported in *New England Journal of Medicine*, at the University of Washington in Seattle by Dr. Donald C. Smith and his colleagues—in obstetrics, gynecology, and biostatistics—compared women with uterine cancer with those who had other cancers, found that women being treated with estrogen ran four-and-one-half times more risk of adenocarcinoma of the endometrium—cancer of the uterus lining.

At Kaiser Permanente Medical Center in Los Angeles, Harry K. Ziel, M.D., and William D. Finkle, Ph.D., compared women with endometrial cancer with similar women with no cancers. They, too, found evidence of a strong link between use of conjugated estrogens for menopause treatment and the chances of developing endometrial cancer.

Why take estrogen anyway? Doctors have prescribed the hormone for more than a generation to relieve symptoms—hot flashes, night sweating, palpitations, jumpy nerves—that seem to come as the ovaries cease to supply estrogen. Replacement hormones also relieve shrinking, thinning vaginal tissues and seem to ward off osteoporosis, the thinning of bones that can cause broken hips and collapsed spines in older women. If women give up conjugated estrogens, will they have to live with these symptoms?

Cancer authority Dr. Gregorio Delgado, director of gynecologic oncology at the Lombardi Cancer Research Center of Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., believes that doctors must make individual decisions for each patient. "So far," he said, "we do not have solid evidence to say that conjugated estrogens do cause cancer of the endometrium. But these new reports lead to this conclusion: estrogens should be used only with clear-cut medical indications, and the patient on estrogens should be very carefully followed by her doctor."

High-risk factors, any of which might cause a doctor to stop estrogen treatment, are these, according to Dr. Delgado. Blood relatives who have or have had endometrial cancer. Overweight. High blood pressure. Diabetes. Dr. Delgado believes that estrogen-replacement therapy should be reserved for women with severe hormone deficiencies who are not in the high-risk group. He also thinks that high-risk patients should be regularly tested for endometrial cancer along with any patient with unexplained uterine bleeding—"even one drop of blood."

There are several tests for detecting estrogen deficiency: measuring estrogen in the blood plasma, urine testing, examination of mucus from the vagina under a microscope.

What can be done for high-risk women who do have distressing menopausal symptoms *without* using estrogens? It is well to remember that many "menopausal" symptoms may *not* be caused by estrogen deficiency at all. Nervousness, insomnia, upset digestion, palpitations, depression, and other troubles may need to be tracked down and treated separately. Nervousness and insomnia can be helped by sedatives and tranquilizers, Dr. Delgado said. For vaginal tissues that are shrunken, dry, and thin—prone to frequent infections—Dr. Delgado suggested the use of vaginal cream containing estrogen. He said, "The amount of estrogen used in these creams is quite low, not enough to cause a systemic response."

For several years, Dr. Delgado has treated women who already have endometrial cancer with progesterone, which he calls "the opposite hormone to estrogen." Could progesterone help menopausal women without cancer? "I don't see why it would not work," said Dr. Delgado; but such therapy has not yet been developed.

Dr. Robert W. Kistner of Harvard Medical School's department of obstetrics and gynecology, and associate chief of staff at Boston Hospital for Women, strongly supports estrogen-replacement therapy. "Endometrial cancer is a preventable disease," he told us. "It is true," he said, "that an overdose of any estrogen can produce endometrial cancer in almost any woman." Constant exposure to estrogens causes hyperplasia, a precancerous condition of the lining of the uterus, he pointed out. Careful testing and monitoring of the patient and an interrupted dosage cycle to prevent buildup of precancerous cells are Dr. Kistner's answers to the problem. "I have had only one patient contract endometrial cancer in twenty years," he said. "She had been taking too much estrogen. It was necessary to remove her uterus, but she is now quite well." The interrupted dosage cycle that Dr. Kistner recommends for patients whose estrogen deficiency has been medically diagnosed and who are eligible for hormone replacement calls for estrogen on twenty-one days of each month, the balance without; this should be combined with examination and tissue testing.

Before definite answers about the safety of hormone treatment are in, a great deal more research and reviewing of clinical records must be done. Dr. Noel Weiss of the University of Washington said, "There is little choice but to remain in the dark for a few years more." But one reason for more research, according to Dr. Kenneth J. Ryan, Boston Hospital for Women, is that possibly the *untreated* menopausal state is itself a cause of cancer. "There is every reason to believe," he said, "that effective and safe hormonal replacement therapy can be made available."

BEWARE THE FURIOUS FIRE ANT

A Florida team of allergists are warning the U.S. about the menace of the South American fire ants *Solenopsis richteri* and *Solenopsis invicta*. Why? Because a fire ant's sting can cause such severe allergic reactions as giant hives, difficulty in breathing, nausea, and unconsciousness. Fortunately, people who are susceptible to the ant's sting *can* be desensitized by a series of injections; but the fire ant seems to be in a class by itself, so that desensitizing for other types of ant stings may not protect against that one.

At the University of Florida, Dr. Robert B. Rhoades and Dr. Heinz J. Wittig, backed by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, have been working to develop better medical protection against the fire ant, which now has invaded thirteen Southern states and a total of one hundred fifty million acres of the United States. The fire ant is the only insect in the country with a sting that raises a pus-filled eruption. Therefore, an informed physician can easily identify the fire ant's bite. If you get in trouble with a fire ant—and especially if you feel an allergic reaction coming on—do seek medical help immediately.

OUR DRINKING DAUGHTERS

California statistician Lilian Blackford sadly predicts an alarming increase in women's use of alcohol and cigarettes over the next ten years. A study of high-school students in San Mateo County showed that the use of alcohol by eleventh-grade girls has more than doubled since 1970; and alcohol use has risen by more than half in boys. Ms. Blackford fears there will be more problem drinkers among women in the future because of this trend.

At the same time, cigarette smoking also has increased among high-school girls, while it has decreased among the boys—possibly, Ms. Blackford thinks, because health warnings on smoking are directed primarily toward men.

LATEST FASHIONS IN DRUGS

Developing, testing, and approving new drugs for prescription by doctors is going on at a somewhat faster rate than ever before, according to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, though more than two-thirds of our prescriptions are for a tried-and-true group of only two hundred pharmaceutical products. Newcomer trends: The largest class of new drugs is the mind-altering group—tranquilizers, psychostimulants, and hypnotics—accounting for 18.8 percent. Next are anti-infective products such as antibiotics, with 17.2 percent. Third biggest group is of drugs used to treat heart problems.

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10,000 Second Prizes:

Two tickets for the picture *Lucky Lady.*

Two things about this sweepstakes are extra cool. One is the great taste of KOOL cigarettes. The other is the 63-foot, $100,000 yacht "Lucky Lady." It's the yacht sailed by Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds in the production of the sensational new 20th Century-Fox movie *Lucky Lady.* And the yacht, or, if you prefer, a cool $100,000 in cash, just might become yours if you win the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. To enter, follow the official contest rules and mail in the entry blank. Then you'll be eligible for the drawing of the winner of "Lucky Lady," or two tickets for the film. Who knows? You may be sailing over cool waters or counting all that cool, green money. It's one of the coolest sweepstakes ever from the coolest cigarette ever. That's KOOL—Filter Kings, Super Longs, Milds and Box.

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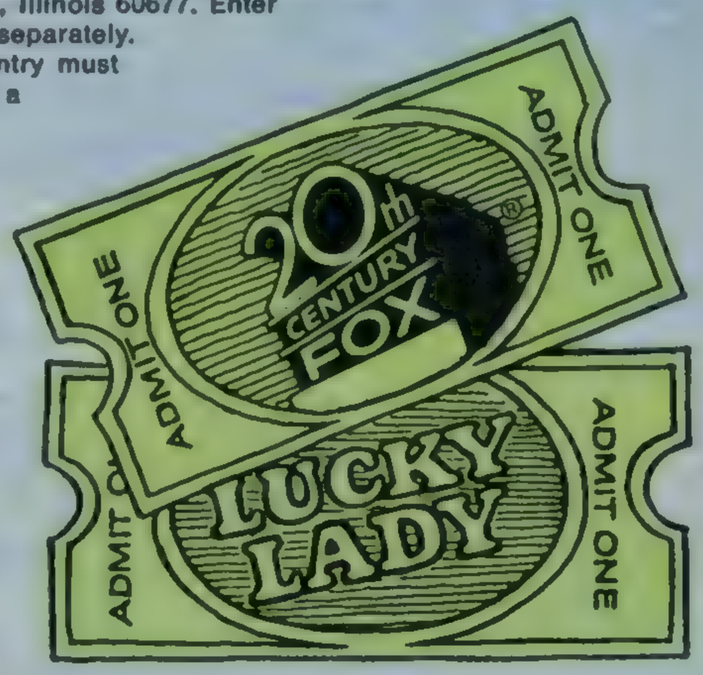
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The sweatshirt, the Pretty Dress, the ultra-alluring top, the take-it-all cardigan, the non-stop denims—all pet clothes, American-style. Our choices here: the best, newest, up-to-the-mark versions we could find at shops from N.Y. to L.A.



◂One of the prettiest, sexiest tops in all New York

Left: White, satin-striped silk chiffon with ruffled sleeves, drawstring waist. Most alluring over a little white silk crêpe de Chine bra and pants. Blouse, $150; bra, about $15; pants, $125. Julio, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10021.





MANY-COLOR SWEATSHIRT

What a buy! The easiest, most comfortable of sweaters, the sweatshirt *(above)* in half a score of colors: red, banana yellow, bright green, black, grey, maroon, orange, navy, royal blue. In cotton and acrylic, in men's sizes S, M, L, XL; $4.50. Goldberg's, 902 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

◂ **For romantic evenings.** . . . *Left:* A flutter-of-a-dress in the softest silk chiffon, watercolor-washed with a peach and white floral print. Two-tiered (as if its own tunic floated over it) and scarfed. A fresh white rose added for charm. Dress, $450. By and at Dinallo, 9627 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210. Also at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street, New York 10019.

BARBARA BERSELL

Super sweater

Left: Bravely striped in navy-and-white, a wool knit jacket that can hold its own with or over almost anything, $85. At Chuck Jones, 246 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla. 33480.

Denim—all-time American winner



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Just when you thought you'd had it with denim, up it comes (you can't keep a good fabric down!) in fresh, new shapes. **1.** Easy blue cotton denim wrap-dress, pocketed and collared, with short sleeves to roll; the kind of dress you don't have to think twice about, $42. At Moon, 143 Highland Street, Worcester, Mass. 01609. Tan-and-white print furoshiki, $4.95. At Azuma, 415 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016. . . . **2.** Blue-jean blazer—now there's a jacket to live in! slim, classic, and forever. By Ms. Lee, Division of the Lee Company, $30. Tan cotton poplin button-front skirt, by Cinnamon Wear, $29. Both at Henri Bendel. Blazer at Capwell's, 20th and Broadway, Oakland, Ca. 94612. . . . **3.** Classic! A denim wrap-skirt handily pocketed—its life-line stretches on and on, $45. At the East Side Kid, 1268 Madison Avenue, New York 10028. . . . **4.** New look for jeans—very Spring '76; denim cropped short, with drawstrings at waist and legs. U.F.O., $25. Bloomingdale's, Lexington at 59th St., New York 10021; Joseph Magnin, 59 Harrison St., San Francisco, Ca. 94105. With the pants: white linen gym shirt. Ralph Lauren, $34. Henri Bendel. White canvas espadrilles, $7.50. Pampero, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 10016. Makeup, Sophie Levy; hair, Bree; both of Xavier Coiffures.

JOE EULA

Why the rich look different from you and me.

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Super Hydratante B 21: An extra-ordinary night moisturizing cream that helps your skin retain vital moisture it would normally lose.

Specially formulated with unique and costly ingredients, Super Hydratante will balance the moisture level of your skin while imparting a radiant glow to your complexion. 1.76 oz. $45.

B 21 Crème Fluide for Body & Buste: An unparalleled beauty treatment for those areas where muscle tissue tends to sag first. Applied on the breast, upper arms, inside thighs, and stomach, it will help firm and beautify your skin while smoothing away dryness. 7 oz. $45.

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The new ease of American Style— The secret is KNOWING WHAT TO LOOK FOR

New ease??? What can be new when ease is, and always has been, almost a one-word definition of American style?—the easy glamour of the casual, sportswear attitude of dressing; of hatlessness and hair blowing; of fresh, unpretentious, *easy* good looks. It's the classic image of American style that we've all grown up with . . . and vice versa. Meaning: it isn't a static image. It's still the sportswear attitude and pieces are still the key. But it isn't the old hit-or-miss world of separates-y separates; it isn't welt-seamed jackets with razor-edge collars; and it isn't the days of whipped-cream sportswear with chiffon scarves floating from everything. . . . There is a trimmer turn to dressing this spring: you have a narrow line; thin, soft fabric; and clean, pale colors blending together—nothing is floating around or cluttering up or weighing down. Today, you can be in a jacket and skirt. And the jacket is as unconstructed as a silk shirt—or it *is* a shirt—and your skirt is a slim little wrap of a skirt with the meagerest waistband. And your coat is a raincoat—a thin, unlined shell of silk or cotton or ciré. The whole feeling of it is pared and weightless, and the putting-together is crisp: you don't want a great big piece of chiffon wrapped around your waist anymore; you want the trim hold of a narrow little ribbon belt that slips through rings. You want a beautiful shoe. It can be a pump or a moccasin, canvas or leather, but it is super, super soft—as light and small on your foot as your jacket is on your shoulders. The only big thing in the picture now is a bag—a big, soft squash of a bag with nothing inside but what you put there—you sling it over your shoulder and you go. That's what the new ease means—what American style stands for this spring—and what this entire issue is about, starting next page. . . .

THE LOOK OF AMERICAN STYLE NOW





American Style '76—the word is EASE

There is a way of dressing—a way of looking—that to American women is like a way of life. It has to do with a certain free-wheeling casualness and dash that goes through and through and up and down . . . it's hair that moves, it's makeup that lets skin show through . . . it's clothes that are so easy in and of themselves and give off such a feeling of ease, they relax every gesture. None of it happened overnight: in spirit it goes all the way back to classic sportswear. And in the hands of the best American designers, it keeps moving ahead . . . becoming not just more easy but easy in a different—more sophisticated way. . . . Starting here, with Geoffrey Beene, the designers who say it all—do it best: the ease of American style in '76. Photographed where the Bicentennial starts—Washington, D.C.

Best example of the casualness of American style: the easy, straightforward good looks of the girl. And of the Geoffrey Beene clothes—the perfect little T-shirt in navy cotton jersey; the soft, wrap-and-button pewter cotton skirt; the charm of a big, squashy, *unconstructed* shoulder bag in magenta burlap. Simple shapes; honest fabrics; no clutter—nothing added but what has to be: a pretty makeup, the sparest touch of jewelry, a good watch. Beene Bag T-shirt, about $28; skirt, about $86 (both, Saddler fabrics). Mid-March, at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels watch, designed by Pierre Arpels. The pretty Germaine Monteil makeup (with an especially pretty shade of Acti-Vita Emollient Lipstick—Sunflower Coral), done by Sandra Linter of Xavier Coiffures. Hair, Harry King.

ARTHUR ELGORT

SPRING
COLLECTIONS
ON-THE-SPOT
REPORT

You have never seen a collection like it! Pared down to just a few basic shapes that were repeated over and over again in a few basic fabrics—thin, weightless fabrics, all unlined—and a few basic colors—soft, almost face-powder colors. And it was the sensation of Seventh Avenue . . . for its total versatility—the fabrics and the colorings are so close in texture and in hue that almost every piece is interchangeable; and for its total simplicity—he eliminated every lining, every extra button, hook, zipper, every bit of hard-finish, of bulk, of weight—every extra *anything*. The way you see it here—the way we showed it: with just a beautiful makeup; and a shoe to walk in.

The modernity of American Style comes through at JOHNANTHONY

1. In soft mauve, three of John Anthony's key basic shapes—the unlined, super-supple gabardine blazer; the narrow trousers; and the shirt-collared, button-front crepe de Chine shirt. Watch them!—they run through the next 15 pictures. **2. The shirt-collared button-front shirt** in taupe cashmere as a "suit" jacket over the collared shirt in a paler taupe crepe de Chine, and a taupe cashmere wrap-skirt with gathers—one of his two basic skirt-shapes. **3. The trousers as a perfect jumpsuit** in rust gabardine . . . over the pale-taupe crepe de Chine shirt. **4. Basic coat-shape number one:** his narrow, unlined reefer in oatmeal tweed, swung over the jumpsuit in taupe gabardine, taupe crepe de Chine shirt underneath. **5. If you bought this whole look**—the chestnut poplin raincoat, the blazer in pale rust tweed with a matching pleat-front wrap skirt (his other basic skirt-shape), and the collared crepe de Chine shirt in rust—you would have almost every new thing you could want for spring/day! **6. To put on right now and wear till it's really warm,** his "sweater"—a weightless V-neck pullover of pale-taupe mohair—to slide over (naturally!) the pale-taupe crepe de Chine shirt, oatmeal tweed trousers. **7. Pieces of palest peach crepe de Chine**—John Anthony's take on a restaurant/theater evening: the collared shirt and pleat-front wrap skirt as a two-piece dress, and his other basic coat-shape—the narrow, unlined, side-slit cardigan that he did in every length, every fabric (q.v., 8, 9, 10)—here, as a ⅞ coat. **8. Restaurant-dressing for a cooler day**—the ⅞-cardigan-coat as a thin little mohair sweater-coat in écru, over a matching matte jersey dress that's based on one of his basic shirt-and-skirt shapes—the shirt-top soft-tied. **9. The easy little dinner suit** in super-thin champagne matte jersey—the cardigan over a cowl-necked top, plus the basic wrap-skirt with gathers. **10. Exactly the same pieces you saw in number 7** but different fabrics, different color . . . a whole different, casual mood—perfect first-day-of-spring dressing! The cardigan full-length, in mohair; classic shirt; the pleated wrap skirt in gabardine—all in pale taupe. **11. John Anthony pyjama-dressing**—in thinnest, softest écru matte jersey, a soft-tied shirt *without* buttons (the later the hour, the fewer the fastenings), as a little bedjacket over a strapless top and soft tucked-front pants—his basic evening pants shape. **12. The shirt-collared buttonless crepe de Chine shirt** that just ties at the waist, over the soft-tucked pants in rose silk—another take on his pyjama-dressing, for evening. **13. Wafts of palest peach crepe de Chine** at night—bare, and incredibly beautiful. The cardigan extended to the ankles, a cowl-necked halter, and the basic evening pants. **14. Very easy, and very glamorous!**—the unlined blazer in grey flannel, over the buttonless shirt and the pleat-front wrap skirt to the floor, both in softest grey crepe de Chine. **15. In palest peach chiffon** (his luminous peach-tones are wonderful for skin), the collarband shirt (the last shirt-shape!) closed only at the neck, tucked into the long wrap skirt. **16. Finale!**—one beautiful print, one beautiful "big" (i.e., un-big!)-evening dress—a swirl of confetti dots on kimono-topped black silk—nothing but a drawstring waist to keep it from drifting into the air. All hair and makeup—which was especially designed for this collection by Estée Lauder—by Richard Hartenstein for Estée Lauder. **All fashion details and stores, next to last page.**

JACQUES MALIGNON


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ARTHUR ELGORT

The dash of American Style comes through in the look of a jacket and skirt at RALPH LAUREN

This is this season's hacking suit—not what a suit used to be, but what it can be now, the way Ralph Lauren does it. The zip-front jacket and fly-front trouser skirt in lightest chamois-color brushed cotton gabardine—neat as a pin and easy as jeans. To wear with a little ginger sweater now, T-shirts later; the extra-pretty touch of a scarf instead of a belt at the waist. Jacket, about $164; skirt, about $76. At Lord & Taylor; Lazarus; Dayton's; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz; Swanson's; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Accessories, next to last page.

American good looks come through—naturally—in clear, definite see-through colors that work with pale, soft clothes—chamois, peach, ivory, et al. Here, an Apricot eye, a Copper mouth, over a base of Countess Isserlyn Creme Makeup in a Medium Light Beige. Makeup, from Alexandra de Markoff, by Sandra Linter; hair, Harry King. . . . The perfect round watch—paper-thin and *big enough* (you used to be able to find it only for men!): designed by Pierre Arpels for Van Cleef & Arpels; Concord movement.

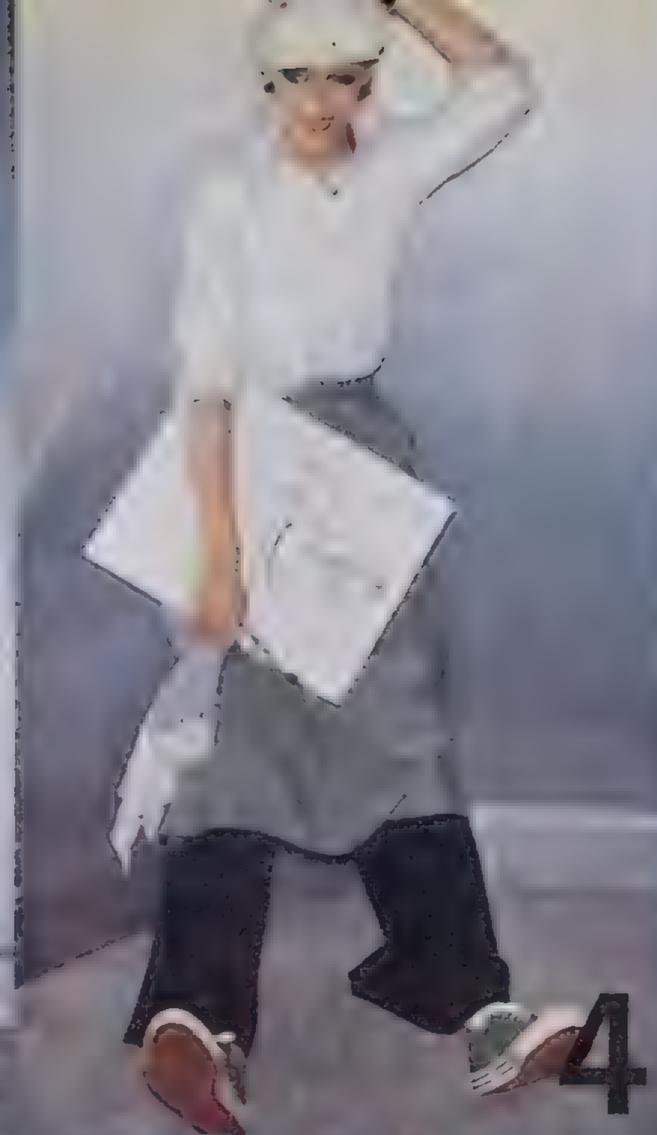
Imagine a silk blazer—an unlined silk crêpe de Chine blazer in a tiny floral print—cut entirely on the bias so that it moves against the body. That's Geoffrey Beene's spring!—scaled-down, racy, with all the inventiveness and luxury that have become Beene trademarks. . . . The fabrics!—when you put on something of his, the first thing you respond to is the way it *feels* . . . the extraordinary sense of coloring . . . his eye for "just proportions"—the perfect length of a tunic, of a top with a skirt, a sleeve turned back over another sleeve. And his *layering*—thin, thin layers of blending, melding colors and patterns—nobody does it like Geoffrey!

The inventiveness of American Style comes through at GEOFFREY BEENE

1. The essential Geoffrey Beene!—the layering of one soft weightless thing over another, over another; the mingling of pale prints in tangerine-tinted silks—a striped crepe de Chine shirt, the bias-cut unlined crepe de Chine blazer and pants in a tiny bookbinding print. And the unlined shell of a raincoat—leitmotif of the whole collection—in plaided paper-thin silk taffeta; to swing over this, over anything, any time, any season. **2. Warm-weather "grey flannels!"**—grey cotton knit T-shirt and grey cotton poplin pants, with an unlined chopped navy poplin blazer. **3. His natural cotton string sweater** that goes over everything—over a charming little two-piece cotton dress in grape-and-white striping. **4. Work clothes!**—the perfect garden/kitchen/knock-around pieces—a simple pullover shirt in pale grey Oxford cloth (that feels as if it has already been washed soft), navy poplin pants, pewter-grey cotton apron—which also works as a skirt. **5. Another charming little dress-look**—a smock-dress of grape-striped cotton with a chopped "middy" top pulled over it. **6. Above-the-ankle pants**—the pants length to watch!—in grape cotton striping, with a soft shirt-top of violet-grey. **(Tip:** if you look down this row, you'll realize that almost every piece here works with almost everything else—if you're in the market for a basic spring/summer wardrobe, this Beene Bag group would do you very, very well.) **7. The putting-together of a pants look for day—for rain!**—chopped navy blazer, trim as a sailor's, and pants in supplest wool gabardine, under a gunmetal "slicker"—ciré version of his unlined raincoat. **8. The two-piece dress at night:** nothing but a breeze of copper silk gauze—and a beautiful sliding neckline. **9. The two-piece dress for day**—the perfect shirtdress!—narrow shirt, a skirt that's small on the hips, all softness and swing around the legs. In grey wool jersey with clean dashes of white. **10. The modern turnout of navy-and-white for spring:** the ease, dash—and versatility!—of an unlined navy wool gabardine coat with a matching skirt, plus a little white cotton knit sweater. **11. Nobody does a small dress the way Geoffrey does**—the tiny little T-shirt of a top, the narrow ease of the skirt: two pieces of silky black matte jersey with a matching lace-hemmed shawl for covering (or to tie around the hips). If you have *any* kind of evening life, this is the "dress" to own. **12. Grey tweed printed silk crepe de Chine at night**—the simplicity of a soft, opening shirt and wrap skirt, with all the luxe in the fabric, all the seduction in the way it moves (and feels!). **13. Newest version of his own classic tunic-pyjama**—the shirttail-hemmed top with streamers in bisque shantung crepe de Chine; the pants in black silk crepe de Chine . . . seasonless pyjama-dressing! **14. Everyone wanted this pyjama**—the extra-easy two-piece "jumpsuit" in navy silk crepe de Chine. And to own it with a celery ciré raincoat—weather or not, you are dressed! **15. The knockout!**—an unlined jacket and trousers in hammered white silk satin, with a silk jacquard crepe de Chine shirt the color of pink cream—soft and *glamorous.* **16. Nowhere else would you find layering like this**—a mocha silk georgette pyjama; over it, an unlined blazer in pink cotton; over that, a silk faille raincoat striped in tones of mocha and pink . . . his colorings and fabrics are the end! . . . Hair, Xavier and Edward; makeup, Sandra—all of Xavier Coiffures. **Fashion details and stores, next to last page.**

JACQUES MALIGNON


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SPRING COLLECTIONS

The sharpness of American Style comes through in HALSTON'S *red spring coat...* KASPER'S *navy pullover*

This is a rare find, *far left*—not just the kind of spring coat you haven't been able to find in years, but the whole new thing of color—the kind of real color-color American women have been yearning for! Halston's narrow, unlined red wool reefer of a spring coat, double-faced, double-breasted . . . all clean, sharp line over all-white . . . American (Halston!) unbeatable! Halston III coat, about $340, and Halston Ultrasuede culottes (Springs Mills fabric), about $140, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Ballet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Halston Ltd. silk shirt, about $140. Accessories, both pages, next to last page. Photographed at the Lincoln Memorial.

Nothing but a perfect navy sweater pulled over a slim white skirt, *above*—and nothing can top it! It's what happens when you get the whole look together, which is what you get from Kasper—everything weighed, balanced—all the right pieces already put together. By Kasper for Joan Leslie; acrylic knit sweater, Fibranne skirt (rayon). About $126. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Higbee's; I. Magnin. Other stores, page 217. Photographed at the Jefferson Memorial.

American good looks come through, *center*—via makeup. Because the makeup that looks good to us now is the makeup that leaves you with a sense of skin underneath. These do: Clairol's Sheer Tawny cheek gel and Spiced Wine lipstick. Makeup, Sandra Linter of Xavier Coiffures; hair, Harry King. New Van Cleef & Arpels watch, designed by Pierre Arpels.

ARTHUR ELGORT

SPRING
COLLECTIONS
ON-THE-SPOT
REPORT

Instant attractiveness—it's what Halston stands for! You look at his things—the easy, classically simple day clothes in cashmere and Ultrasuede; the pure shapes for evening in wonderful silks and crêpe de Chine, the marvelous shawls—you understand them . . . as fashion, as clothes. And you want to wear them.

The attractiveness of American Style comes through at HALSTON

1. Where there's Halston, there's always Ultrasuede—and always a reason to own more. This year, there were *many* reasons; it was the springboard of his entire collection. . . . Here, the new Ultrasuede pants suit—the short-sleeved, *unlined* shirt of a jacket with a soft little yoke in back; the narrower pants (a narrower line to *everything* at Halston!) in a clean, upbeat turquoise blue. A great way to look for casual evening, resort/dinner. **2. '76 version of Halston's best seller**—his button-front Ultrasuede shirtdress (we showed it to you first in August '72) with a new narrowness to the line, in colors like peach, apricot, chamois, rose, and (as here) palest buff. **3. Shirt-and-skirt dressing at Halston**—the soft crepe de Chine shirt, the button-front Ultrasuede skirt . . . the pale, tint-of-mauve coloring. Easy, casual, luxurious—a Halston signature. **4. The longer, unlined jacket, the narrower trouser,** in thin white wool, with a little black ribbed silk T-shirt—the new look of a pants suit for town. **5. Basic Halston!**—pale grey cashmere cardigan, white crepe de Chine shirt, and his new bias-cut Ultrasuede skirt, diagonally zipped across the front. The way everyone loves to dress for day! **6. The great new pants look for evening**—the subtle sexiness of a buttonless chiffon shirt in paler-than-pale yellow just tied at the waist over a matching Ultrasuede trouser . . . and Elsa Peretti's wisp of a gold mesh bra peeking through. **7. Wonderful, wonderful coverings**—big and soft and beautiful—Halston is the master! Here, over his buff-color Ultrasuede culotte (over *anything*—day, night, any season!), the scarlet shawl in thin, thin wool jersey. **8. The navy wool-jersey jumpsuit**—the arrow-narrow, super-straight legs!—with a bare little tank top, left slightly unzipped. To wear at night with a touch of gold at the waist—and the dash of his scarlet jersey shawl. **9. The runaway dress-shape**—the small, simple, sexy wrap-dress for dinner—the kind of thing Halston does best! This, silk crepe de Chine in a squiggle of white-on-navy print. **10. The spring coat**—the *wool* coat that a lot of women have been wanting for years! Double-breasted, double-faced wool in an ivory-and-rust windowpane print; here, over his white wool sleeveless dress. **11. Shirt-top version of the narrow-leg jumpsuit for evening**—navy-and-white silk crepe de Chine, sash-wrapped . . . with his over-the-shoulder red jersey circle for a bite of color. **12. The essence of Halston at night:** seductive, sophisticated, perfectly simple—the one-shoulder red matte jersey evening dress that spiral-wraps the body and ties at the waist. **13. The caftan, the hand-painted print**—*always* at Halston! Extra-pretty this spring: his string-tied silk caftan in hand-painted stripes of raspberry/orange/pink/white. **14. The delectable evening dress**—simply a narrow, bias-cut fall of silk crepe de Chine and the appeal of turquoise and white for warm-weather evenings. **15. The look of a Halston jumpsuit at night**—the ease of pants, the presence of a dress. Halter-top black chiffon slit almost to the waist, with a tiny ruffle along the edge and a black chiffon shawl to slip over bare shoulders. **16. The perfect warm-weather evening dress:** the classic plunge-top, waist-wrapped shape; the really, really pretty coloring—Halston's breeze of raspberry-and-lilac silk chiffon with a matching shawl. (Whether it comes with a dress or you buy it separately, you always find the perfect covering at Halston. One of his great strengths is that he knows what women need, and he provides it.) **All fashion details and stores, next to last page.**



JACQUES MALIGNON

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The trimness of American Style comes through in a sweater and pants at CALVIN KLEIN *...in the T-shirt dressing of* VICTOR JORIS

A great new look for a great American classic, *left:* a perfect little pullover from Calvin Klein with a small narrow-line, a clean-trim look from high squared neckline to the [illegible] wrapped at the waist—the whole thing says fresh! Sweater, of acrylic, about $32. Pants, of polyester and cotton (Tandler Textiles fabric), about $68. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Higbee's; Jacobson's; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson; Liberty House, Hawaii. Photographed at the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D.C.

The new pulling-together of a T-shirt, *right,* from Victor Joris. It starts with a new T-shirt—the *trimmest-fitting* white cotton T-shirt with little cap sleeves, a low V-neckline. To wear with his new narrow navy side-slit skirt, scarf-wrapped waist—the small, body-revealing line American women love best! Victor Joris for V. & J. Design. T-shirt, about $28. Skirt, of Dacron polyester and wool, about $60. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Photographed at the Jefferson Memorial, Washington, D.C....The makeup is from Elizabeth



The nonchalance of American Style comes through in the new look of a "suit" at... JOHN ANTHONY! *at...* BILL BLASS

The newest jacket is a shirt!—a taupe cashmere collarband shirt at John Anthony, *left*. To slide over one of his shirt-collared shirts, in paler taupe crêpe de Chine and the front-pleated wrap skirt in matching cashmere. (If you can't believe that you could be really "dressed" in a shirt and skirt, *believe:* this is as dressed as you'd ever want to be for a casual day in town—and easy—and modern.) Jacket and skirt (Amicale). Polyester shirt. All, about $445. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; L.S. Ayres. Makeup, Ariella. Photographed at the Jefferson Memorial.

Instead of a suit with a jacket, a "suit" with a shirt, *right*—Bill Blass's mocha silk collarband shirt worn as a jacket over a matching soft-collared silk shirt, a hand-knitted camel-striped vest, tweeded in black and white, a narrow cream-colored gabardine skirt—everything hangs together...everything works. Jacket, vest, shirt, and skirt, about $820. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Claire Pearone; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Watch: Van Cleef & Arpels, designed by Pierre Arpels. Hair (both pages), Harry King. Makeup, Sandra Linter of Xavier Coiffures. Photographed at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

ARTHUR ELGORT



SPRING COLLECTIONS

The polish of American Style comes through in the look of pieces at...

JOHN ANTHONY *at...* GEOFFREY BEENE!

The easy pulled-together look you get from a jacket and skirt at John Anthony, *left*—his narrow one-button unlined jacket of putty gabardine, over a putty crêpe de Chine shirt, and his basic front-pleated wrap skirt in oatmeal wool tweed. It is tailoring in the most modern sense of the word: the polish is there, but without a hardedge, without a trace of rigidity. Each little piece is as soft as a shirt—it is the essence of ease! Jacket (of wool and polyester Anglo fabric), skirt (LaFitte fabric), and shirt (of polyester), about $400. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz. Photographed at the Jefferson Memorial.

Best new look of a two-piece dress, *right*—Geoffrey Beene's tiny little grey jersey polo shirt tucked in a matching breeze of wrap-and-button skirt... Best new turn on a raincoat: his "everything" shell of a coat; here, in thinnest vanilla ciré. And if you wanted to slide another thin little layer of shirt underneath, or a thin little layer of jacket, there's room enough—it's the way Geoffrey Beene pieces are planned to work! Shirt and skirt, of silk and rayon (Jasco) jersey, about $425. Raincoat, of rayon and polyester (Lang Goree fabric), about $400. At Bonwit Teller; Hovland-Swanson; Ballet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Photographed at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

The great American look of hair, *right*—the look of good hair and a good haircut. You wash it, you run a comb through, and you forget about it—it just moves, free and easy. These pages: hair, Harry King; makeup, Sandra Linter for Xavier Coiffures.

ARTHUR ELGORT





The allure of American Style comes through in the simple, sensuous evenings of
MARY McFADDEN



SPRING COLLECTIONS

Dressing in Mary McFadden at night means dressing with perfect simplicity—pureness of line, pureness of color; the most seductive fabrics—thin, soft silks and satins, floaty chiffon, all cut very small, very narrow on the body. (The narrowest: her fantastic tiny-pleated skirts!) And she gives a woman a total look, putting everything together with her own accessories—the only place the word "big" applies: her hammered brass bracelets, discs, and nuggets, Eastern or African in feeling. Her twists of silk cording in marvelous, unexpected colors, to wrap at the waist and throat—from beginning to end, Mary McFadden is totally original.

A beautiful black chiffon evening top, *near left*—sheer, floaty, and held by tiny side buttons. Underneath, the super-narrow, tiny-pleated skirt in black satin-crepe and her waist-wrap of black silk cord with brass—as the top blows about you see flashes of gleam and the narrowness of the line on the body . . . the most unobvious kind of allure! Top, of polyester; skirt, of crepe-back satin (Kabat Textiles). Both, about $725. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone.

Pure line, pure color, *center:* the magenta cardigan, the pale-blue tunic and jade-green pants all in silk crepe de Chine. Everything pared to its simplest form—the seduction is in the color, the fabric, and the way it falls on the body. With added charm in the touches: the long pale-blue sleeves of the tunic showing under the cardigan, the waist-wrap of silk cording with a "Chinese brass buckle." American Silk Mills fabric. About $1,185. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Barton/Sligh's; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz. Bernardo sandals.

The most seductive "little" dress in town, *far left:* the narrowest-on-the-body halter tunic with a low asymmetric back, asymmetric diagonal-hem front. Over a long, narrow, tiny-pleated matching skirt in white crepe-back satin—for a small-boned woman, it is the *way* to dress at night. The surprise color: acid-green silk cording at the neck held by a flower of hammered brass. Both of crepe-back satin (Brochers Couture fabric). About $795. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz. David Evins sandals. Hair, Suga; makeup, Way Bandy.

AMERICAN IBEAUTY NOW

You get the best!
The largest, most creative cosmetics industry is right here, U.S.A. In countries with less abundance, an American lipstick is a treasure. For us, it's as daily as a toothbrush. Nor do you need to flounder in this muchness: scientists, artists, editors bring the news to one fine point: you—now. For you, now: a luscious new makeup, translucent in texture, sheerly but clearly colored, and apricot in tone. Why apricot? That's the tonality that lifts and looks right with the colors you'll be wearing: banana, dove grey, barely pinked beige, and the strong, almost tropical tones (with a bit of bite—you see some of them, *left).* What's more, apricot and its kin happen to be uncannily becoming to most skin tones.



APRICOT BY EVENING LIGHT

Terrific with the simplest, polished hair, the ravishing colors of Mary McFadden's evening designs, left. The tricks: ***For eyes:*** *take the red out of apricot and go to tawny amber, honey tones. Forget mascara: These innocent (ha!) eyes depend on color around them, not theater-curtain lashes. If you really need mascara, put a little on, gently wipe it off.* ***For cheeks:*** *color a larger area than you're used to, blending closer to the nose, well up toward the temple, down to the jaw—blend for luminous glow, not color patches.* ***For lips:*** *use a cocoa or almost skin-color lipliner—you want makeup edges softened.* ***For highlights:*** *instead of gold or silver, try apricoppery glints. For everything: a mist of apricot powder to melt all tones together. Key ingredients here: Roman Peach and Terracotta Pressed Eyelid Shadow; Apricot Gleam Tender Blusher; Cinnamon Fresh Air Lip Polisher; Dawn Beige Tender Matte Makeup. All by Estée Lauder. For fashion information, see next to last page.*

For fingernails, a range of shades (above), strong but not harsh, often with no more than a family resemblance to apricot—but a lot of rapport

MAKEUP SHOPPING INFORMATION, PAGE 218.

AMERICAN BEAUTY NOW

It's happening all over—the neat look of short hair has caught on with even long-haired holdouts. Below, a dozen beauties with the unmistakable look of the moment—caught unaware.


Mica Ertegün—a clean sweep of hair, rolled smoothly at the sides.


Iman—even a short cut can be sleeked into a tiny twist at the nape.


Pat Cleveland—very long hair swept up in a French roll—full crown.


Marisa Berenson—the softest of roll-ups, plus a small chignon at nape.


Chessy Rayner—the truly classic chignon—full and well balanced.


Cristina Pucci—easy-living short cut with layers for fullness.


Annette Reed—chignon with the perfect hair accessory—one flower.


Beverly Sassoon—short, but cut for thickness—easy line on forehead.


Carolina Herrera—the slightest uplift flatters and frames the face.


Lisa Taylor—simply styled long hair—tucked back for cleaner line.


ReginevonWangenheim—only for the perfect face—sleek and smooth.


Patricia Snaric—all hair pulled tightly into oval chignon at nape.

The short shape

When you think hair today, think shape—shape that conforms to the head, sometimes sleek, sometimes tousled, but always defined—never formless or frizzed. Hair can be long and have the look of short (see many versions above), it can be short and neat as a cap, or windblown and free. The key to remember is that, whatever the length, the shape is short.

Pierre Ouaknine, of Pierre Michel Salon, New York (responsible for styling Marisa Berenson's hair, *above*), is an expert at shaping hair. Pierre says, "When I did Marisa's hair, I left wisps hanging around her face to keep it from looking too severe. I think that pulling hair back very tightly can look very harsh—it's more becoming to frame the face with wisps, lifts, and soft waves. Whenever I make a chignon, I always leave a few lightly curled strands loose around the hairline. It looks feminine and slightly vulnerable."

Bree, of Xavier Coiffures, stylist of the short shape on Barbara Stiles, *opposite*, believes that hair today should be simple. Says Bree, "I love short, clean-cut hair—and I don't believe in wasting time on it. For day, this cut can be washed and pushed into slight waves to frame the face. Then, for night, I put Alberto VO5 on it wet and finish off with hairspray. When it's dry, you can either comb through or leave it stiff. For myself, I like to see the ridges from the comb—it gives a lot more depth and movement."

BOB RICHARDSON



Skin-care update

Reason to celebrate: the cosmetic people are responding to the American woman's demand for products that make sense, do what they promise, and help us maintain our skin at its optimum level. Here, and following, good news to make your skin better.

STRAIGHT TALK ON TREATMENT



"Here Dwells Youth," exclaims the headline of this 1926 ad "The magic of tired skins made lovely again! The magic of youth restored!"

"The era of snake-oil treatments has seen its day," says Dr. Earle Brauer, vice president, medical affairs, Revlon. "We are seeing fewer introductions of products that contain exotic ingredients which the manufacturer promotes as having special capacities to improve the skin. There's a universal trend toward a more scientific and honest approach in the research and development of new products—and also in the marketing of those products. Of course, I think that many people attribute to treatment products things that should never be attributed to them . . . which may come from the use of the word 'treatment.' By treatment we don't mean we're creating a physiological effect on the skin. Treatment is really an industry code word for non-makeup products—cleansers, toners, moisturizers—this is hygiene and maintenance, not treatment. If you want a dermatologist to turn green, just talk to him about a cosmetic 'treatment' product . . . to him a treatment is an antibiotic, a steroid. Maybe the word is wrong . . . *perhaps instead of treatment, we should call it skin hygiene or skin maintenance . . . because that's what it is.* And in this area there is much opportunity for improving the appearance and the integrity of the skin.

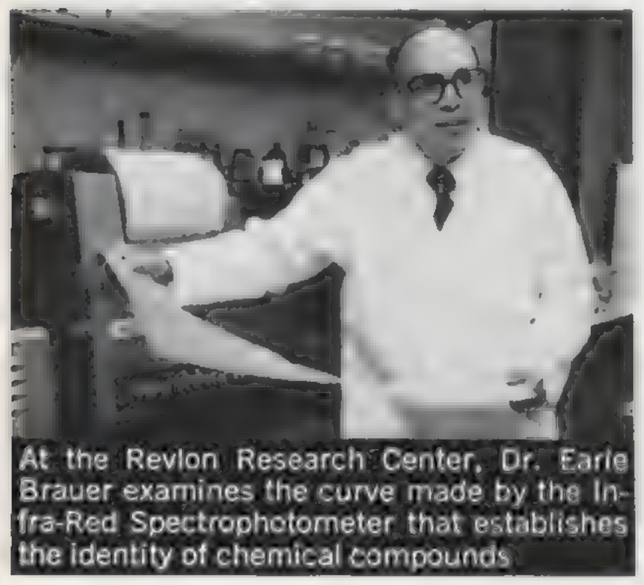
"Another thing we're seeing today is the popularity of lighter-weight creams. Today, women don't want a night cream that stays shiny, gummy, and glossy—not that those products aren't good—it's that the attitude of the individual has changed. She asks: 'Is it possible to get the benefits of that kind of product with something that doesn't feel so tacky?' And, of course, it is.

"I think it's a tribute to the scientific know-how of the cosmetic chemists that we have been able to develop such excellent lightweight products through new ways of integrating water and oil . . . actually, the emulsion technology of creams and lotions is so refined in the cosmetic industry that we are way ahead of the pharmaceutical industry. *There is no pharmaceutical company that can hold a candle to a first-rate cosmetic company in terms of making a cream or ointment vehicle.* In fact, they come to us for help. Not only Revlon's pharmaceutical company but others as well have come to us to ask if they can use one of our creams and lotions to have their active agent incorporated.

"It is interesting that the pharmaceutical companies have been able to tell the cosmetic industry nothing in the way of making more effective products. Why? Because the moment we make something effective, it is no longer a cosmetic. We're in a drug category. According to the FDA, *a cosmetic is a substance which you can pour, sprinkle, or dust onto the skin surface. And this substance must not create a physiological effect on the skin.* It can dress, it can camouflage, but it cannot alter the physiology of the tissue. If it does, then it is a drug. Now, there is a grey area—medicated makeups, antiperspirants, suntan products—products which can alter the skin.

"The big question is, what is a drug-cosmetic, what is a cosmetic-drug?

"To try to clarify this, the FDA has set up a series of panels dealing with over-the-counter (OTC) preparations or drug products. Each panel is made up of physicians and scientists who will be advised by people from industry and from the consumer end. The goal is to arrive at a moment when the OTC panel will feel they've acquired all the information they can on a group of products and will then prepare a monograph stating how much a manufacturer can use a particular product in such and such concentration. Manufacturers will be allowed to make only certain claims and write specific directions and each unit should contain specified cautions. If a product contains an active agent which is not accepted as safe by the FDA panel, then it will have to go the drug route. I don't honestly think these regulations will make a difference as far as most cosmetic products are concerned. Hormone creams, skin bleaches, and so-called wrinkle removers will undoubtedly suffer, but the great bulk of true cosmetic products are not going to be changed by this review panel. But what it does mean is that today *if you want to stay in the cosmetic business, you're going to have to be more honest than ever.* For that reason, I think it's imperative for a cosmetic company to have a strong scientific base upon which to build its products. The consumer has a right to an answer when she asks, 'What are you doing and why are you doing it?' It's no longer enough for us to say, 'We are giving you this new night cream, period.' She wants to know what's in it and why."



At the Revlon Research Center, Dr. Earle Brauer examines the curve made by the Infra-Red Spectrophotometer that establishes the identity of chemical compounds

The following products are but a few of the many treatment innovations the U.S. cosmetic industry has created during the past ten years. Are you up-to-date on all of them?

- instant hair conditioners
- moisturizing foundations
- protein skin and hair conditioners
- wide varieties of facial masks
- sophisticated sunscreens and sun blocks
- encapsulated moisture in lipstick, eye shadow
- facial saunas
- non-oily eye-makeup removers
- pH balanced soaps and shampoos
- non-drying nail-polish removers
- sloughing agents
- cleansing machines

FOR THIRSTY SKINS

The Dry-Skin Dilemma: how to use a truly deep-cleansing product without wrecking the skin. 'Ultima' II now has an answer: C.H.R. Creme Masque Concentrate, a unique cream-base cleansing mask. Creme Masque Concentrate provides the cleansing, buffing, and smoothing benefits of a traditional mineral or clay masque, but unlike them, does not strip moisture from the skin or leave a dry after-feel. Dr. Brauer explains, "It's the first cream-base masque with natural minerals added for cleansing that's gentle enough for even the driest skinned woman." Think about: diet. *If your skin is of the parched variety, you may be feeding it incorrectly. Unlike plants, people cannot synthesize their own proteins; and since we are composed almost entirely of protein, it behooves us to keep up an adequate daily supply—protein is not stored. Be wise, like the young woman drinking milk,* opposite; *eat and drink complete proteins, not incomplete ones . . . you'll find them in milk, eggs, liver, kidney, cheese, wheat germ, certain nuts, and soybeans.*

ARTHUR ELGORT

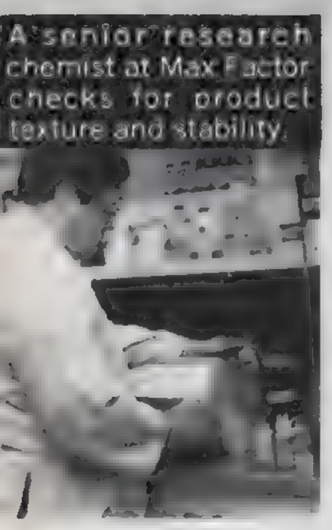



Scanning Electron Microscope at Elizabeth Arden Laboratories evaluates skin surface.

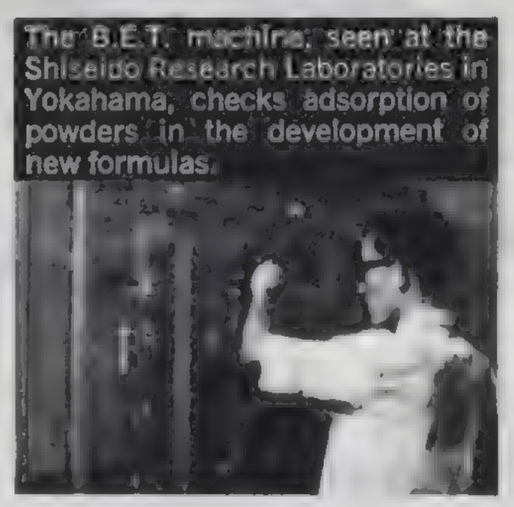
A daily routine, plus two products to use once or twice a week, is the concept behind Elizabeth Arden Skin Dynamics. Designed for busy young women, Extra Benefit Soaps—formulated for specific skin needs—and Everyday Moisture—a new product that provides the skin with an abundantly protective atmosphere of moisture—are to be used morning and night. According to Dr. John A. Cella, vice president, research and development of Arden, studies conducted at the Eli Lilly Laboratories, where Skin Dynamics was developed, showed that regular use of the regime actually raised the skin's ability to retain moisture. "The richer the moisture environment—on the surface and below—the fresher-looking, softer, all-around more attractive is the complexion," says Dr. Cella. Aiding in this cause, the two plus products of Skin Dynamics, to be used as the skin requires: Multiple Action Cleansing—its natural clays absorb excess oils and dirt; Complexion Renewal Lotion—helps slough off dry, dulling cells. *Think about: sleeping.* Are you a pillow hugger? If so, you may be increasing the likelihood of wrinkles. While you sleep, your skin is being pushed into folds by the pressure of the pillow—in children, the effects are negligible; but in adults, as the elasticity of the skin slowly breaks down, lines that are daily pressed into the face gradually become permanent. To help avoid them, learn to sleep on your back and try to give up that pillow—it's better for posture, too!


At Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz, the Gas Chromatograph fingerprints chemicals to assure uniformity of products.

A skin primer to enhance moisturizers and night creams, Countess Isserlyn Special Treatment has just been introduced by Alexandra de Markoff. Dr. Tom Smith, director of research services, Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz, describes it as "a new contribution to skin care, incorporating moisturizers to retard drying, humectants to establish a moist surface environment, and squalane, a derivative of the skin's natural emollient." Special Treatment primes the skin in advance, preparing it for products which follow, helping them to perform more effectively. *Think about: humidity.* Did you know that today's average home has a wintertime humidity as low as 10 to 15 percent, a condition actually drier than either the Sahara Desert or Death Valley? Since the ability of air to hold moisture varies directly with the temperature, cold wintertime air holds a far smaller quantity of water than hot summer air. When this air is heated to the equivalent of the summer's temperature, its ability to hold moisture is greatly increased, causing it to act as a sponge, drawing moisture from everything around—including your skin. If you suffer from unduly dry skin, it would be a good idea to add a room humidifier to your other beauty appliances.


A senior research chemist at Max Factor checks for product texture and stability.

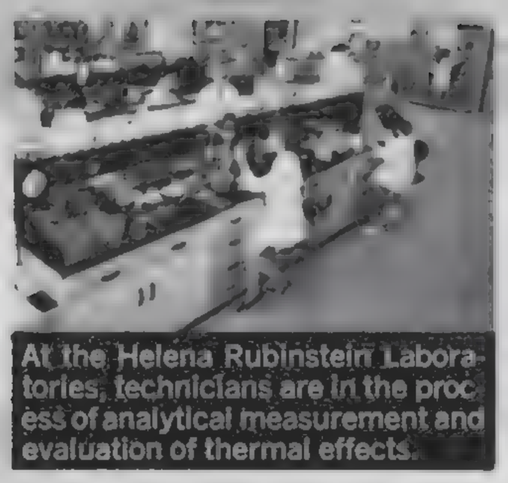
A regime with a choice of moisturizers is provided by Living Proof, new from Geminesse. Living Proof products give skin a distinctive, silky feel, via Hydracel, a synthesis of natural organic ingredients present in the skin. Dr. David Anderson, vice president, director of research and development at Max Factor, explains, "Hydracel is derived from a substance tested and used by dermatologists in treating severely dry, damaged skin. It creates a barrier to slow natural water loss in addition to increasing the skin's 'water-binding capacity.' " The Living Proof collection contains a sloughing Cleanser; a Toner; Cream Hydracel—a light, nonoily moisturizer for very dry skin, to be used day and night; and Hydracel Moisturizer—worn under makeup by normal skins and as a night treatment for oily to normal skin. *Think about: enemies.* Despite immediate, superficial indications to the contrary, the sun is your skin's worst enemy...and tricky because the damage done by its ultraviolet rays doesn't show up this year or even next—it's cumulative. So take precautions—wear a sun-protector, even on cloudy days; wear hats if exposure is long; use bronzing lotions to deepen a light tone. Smoking is another enemy. A recent dermatologist's study showed that heavy smokers had far more wrinkled and yellowed skin than nonsmokers. Heavy drinking is an enemy—alcohol leeches water out of tissues, aggravating dry-skin conditions—remember to drink lots of water after a big consumption of alcohol.


The B.E.T. machine, seen at the Shiseido Research Laboratories in Yokahama, checks adsorption of powders in the development of new formulas.

An eight-minute personal skin-care system with a special massaging cream, Benefique by Shiseido was formulated for all basic skin types. Benefique products contain Ramate (a new patented ingredient bearing a close resemblance to the skin's own lipids); amino-acid derivatives; and vitamins A, D, and E. The dermatological director of Shiseido Laboratories, Dr. F. Morikawa, states, "Continuous ongoing therapy is most important to control symptoms of dry skin. Every time you use these products, you are actually helping normal cell processes and promoting the beauty care of new skin cells." The skin regime recommended by Shiseido takes three minutes in the morning, five at night, and includes an evening massage with Benefique Massaging Cream. This light-textured cream comes complete with facial-massage instructions. *Think about: minerals,* vital for beauty. The answer to whether you are getting enough of them lies in the strands of your hair. Doctors today can test hair to discover what, if any, minerals you lack. Could be worth the query.

Moisture boosters

Sometimes our skins seem to echo the cry of the Ancient Mariner, "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink." It's an age-old problem...getting and keeping moisture in the skin. Not solved yet, but being helped mightily by some new products designed with just that purpose in mind.



At the Helena Rubinstein Laboratories, technicians are in the process of analytical measurement and evaluation of thermal effects.

Two products, essentially stimulating moisturizers meant to rev up circulation in dry, aging skin, comprise the Ultra Feminine II Radiant Action Line, new from Helena Rubinstein. "The total skin, apart from the uppermost layer, the stratum corneum, is absolutely saturated with water," explains Dr. Jack Mausner, vice president, research and development at Rubinstein, "but when it comes to the stratum corneum, it is generally recognized that the average content of the upper layer of the skin is about 10 percent water. The content of very dry skin has sometimes been found to be around 5 percent in that layer. As skin ages, it loses the capacity to bind water in the system; skin thins, loses elasticity and flexibility...thus the greater accumulation of lines, wrinkles, and the loss of good skin color and tone." In formulating the new Ultra Feminine II Radiant Action Cream and Moisturizer products specifically for women over forty, Rubinstein has sought to deliver to the skin specially developed moisturizing properties that you can really feel working, that awaken surface stimulation and create a visible "radiant action" on the skin. What that is, in actuality, is a natural flush brought to the cheeks of most women for about thirty minutes after application, similar to the glow you see after a vigorous swim, *above*, or any energetic activity. Radiant Action products induce a rush of surface blood providing a nourishing environment for skin cells which constantly travel from the dermis up to the epidermis. According to Dr. Mausner, "The development of the skin is a constant process of regeneration. This makes it one of the unique organs in the body as most organs, once formed, stay put. The skin, however, changes, shedding once every month on the average. That's why you really can improve your skin by supplying the proper nutrition to it and using the correct skin-care products for it."

ARTHUR ELGORT

What American women love best...

easy clothes

easy cars

favorites, cross-country

Motion. Action. Freedom to go and do . . . It's the American style—and it relies on automobiles, which now have lots in common with women: good-looking, hard-working, easy in their surroundings, and marvelously able to handle exactly what's needed of them. Starting here: six pages of **the season's best-selling clothes,** the kinds women who slip in and out of cars like to slip into. With them, cars of 1976. (Photographed on Roosevelt Island in New York.)

The story starts with four pages of an American Big Success: the fabric that isn't cloth, isn't leather, best-known under the trademark Ultrasuede. Ultra it is! Ultra-washable, comfortable, seasonless, unwrinklable, and in fabulous colors. For all which good reasons American women made it such a hit that European designers snapped it up. (P.S. Japan invented it; we put it on the map.)

This page: **Get something good and hang on to it:** a suit in turquoise Ultrasuede with a jacket like a shirt that's just as easy as a shirt to wear, and a skirt that sits, stands, and travels well. Suit (in Springs Mills fabric), with its own sash, by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, about $278. At Lord & Taylor; G. Fox; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Rich's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Higbee's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

Opposite page, top: **The blazer your wardrobe could get to depend on**—navy-blue Ultrasuede; the skirt that could mean as much, too—in grey Ultrasuede. The two, with a navy-and-white blouse, about $338. By Nat Kaplan. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Robinson's, California; Frederick & Nelson.

Opposite page, below: **What to reach for when you don't know what to wear**—pearly grey straight-legged pants and double-breasted blazer in Mori Suede, supple and easy-falling, with a pale-grey, printed silk sleeveless tunic and scarf. By Hanae Mori. The turnout, about $560. Early March, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sara Fredericks, Boston, Memphis, Palm Beach; Sakowitz. Hair by Harry King. Makeup by Daniel Demanjean for Max Factor, France. Accessories, next to last page.

The car: the classic classy Cadillac with all that luxury and power shaped shorter and trimmer into the Seville—new (and durable) proof that quality does not necessarily depend on great size.

BOB RICHARDSON

BY DANIEL LIST

The wheelsmart American woman



The car: Ford's Granada Ghia, a grand example of big-car quality tailored down to create a really new car, snappy and practical—the kind of car that we've wanted, will want for a long time.



The car: Chrysler's Cordoba, a whole lot of looks, performance, and comfort without the flash and tonnage that car-makers once loaded on—possibly before they started listening to women.

Any highlighting of the history of the American woman and the automobile should reserve a short prologue for a small, hardy cadre of ladies who early on attempted and succeeded in driving cross-country over unmarked routes (less than ideal), regardless of outrageous dangers and primitive conditions. The story really begins, necessarily, with the development of the simple electrical self-starter invented by one Charles Kettering of Ohio and installed in the winter of 1912 in a standard light Cadillac car.

It seems also laughable today to realize that for all practical purposes we are driving essentially, however refined, the same type of automobile available to our grandparents; only some of the busyness has been subtracted, including the necessity of crank-starting the auto, by muscle power, with a difficult device requiring great strength, fortitude, patience, and a cognizance of great danger—notable conditions indeed, any one of which kept the driving art more or less in the hands of a few determined sportswomen until Kettering came up with his starter. While this last is perhaps something of an oversimplification, the difficulty of getting the automobile engine started deterred women from expanding their horizons in this area until the First World War, a period during which cars equipped with the electric starter became more generally accessible.

The advent of the fairly automatic, self-propelled automobile freed Ms. America from sometime train schedules and/or the need for a ready-to-hand strong-armed hero. Behind the wheel, she became her own hero, free to go where she liked, to see whom she preferred, to contact new people, and, by the close of the 1917 War, to participate in a new way with the world around her, seeing for herself some fresh realities and eventually benefiting from the new mass production in which competition for sales soon had to contend (Continued)

easy clothes
easy cars

Continuing American success story: Ultrasuede and its likes in clothes that are surefire bestsellers. With them some more bestsellers—four-wheeled American heroines (seems to us, somehow, cars are female).

This page, top: **Just a perfect, basic chamois windbreak-jacket** (that's all) and pants cut like straight-legged jeans—the kinds of clothes Ultrasuede does awfully well. These and the little T-shirt, Blassport. Jacket, about $220; pants, about $190; of Springs Mills fabric. T-shirt, of silk and acrylic, about $26. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Higbee's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

This page, below: **From Halston who started the Ultrasuede boom** with a few thousand shirtdresses, a narrow, unlined coat and an easy skirt . . . *ne plus Ultrasuede*. Pretty with them, navy cashmere sweaters. Coat and skirt, about $890. Late March at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Higbee's; L.S. Ayres; Hovland-Swanson; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

Opposite page, top: **All in rose (a color with lots of good things to say for you)**—a coat shaped like an Ultrasuede shirt, epauleted, side slit; plus, fly-front crêpe de Chine shirt and skirt. You see the possibilities? Kasper for Joan Leslie. Coat, polyester shirt and skirt, about $400. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Lillte Rubin-South and West; Higbee's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii.

Opposite page, below: **Peanut, one of the year's great colors,** blouson in Kami (more like a chamois than a suède), pocketed like a sweatshirt and just as primal, with navy gabardine pants, navy crew-neck sweater, another tied around the shoulders. By Anne Klein & Co. Blouson, in Springs Mills fabric, about $210; pants, in Anglo Fabrics wool, about $92; Nyesta sweater of Antron nylon, about $34 (Roselon Industries). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Hair, these pages; Christian Quinet, Cinandre; makeup, Joey Mills. Accessory information, next to last page.

The car: AMC's Pacer, a nifty little economy expert with a lot of space inside for people or bags, a lot of mi./gal.



The car: a best seller, for all the right reasons—Ford's Pinto station wagon ...every inch works—easily—for you.



BOB RICHARDSON

The wheelsmart American woman



The car: another slant on the cool-looking, tough little Pinto, its hatch open.



The car: the neat little hatchback Chevette Coupe, efficient, thrifty, good at maneuvering, like smart women.

(Continued) with women's special needs and desires.

At that juncture of awareness, a growing group of manufacturers—having successfully sold cars through wide advertising of engineering excellence (then at its height), although color and design were not a paramount concern ("any color you like as long as it's black" was not an idle canard) and most automobiles were open to the weather (which was OK in, say, Los Angeles)—came smack up against what a brilliant innovator characterized as the "Lady Eve" factor. The innovator was Edward "Ned" Jordan, and he knew just enough about the automobile business to comprehend that future cars would need to be sold to both Adam *and* Eve.

In his slim autobiography, *The Inside Story of Adam and Eve*, published belatedly in 1945, Jordan noted that he had learned as a business apprentice that "A man is only half sold, until his wife is *all* sold," a cherished homily that ultimately led to his writing that successful advertising was a question of rhythm: it had to sound just right to sell right. He directed *his* writings to "Eve" and produced a continuing series of irresistible advertisements, through the 'twenties, to the new American woman, the first appearing even before he had a car to sell her—only the name: "Jordan."

Enough inquiries came in to get the financing for Jordan's car; but the story is not in the car, there was little to single out his product from the rest. It was honestly made from good proprietary parts, much as modern day cars are: a radiator from this place, wheels from that, seats from there—all good stuff and nothing special; simply made, simple to operate, easy to fix, given the technology of the time. What made the car exemplary was its *merchandising*. The car was made for "Eve" and her friends and men friends. Jordan's ads contained not one technical term. In publications as diverse as *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Vanity Fair*, and *House and Garden*, his automobile was extolled to "Eve" as a means for getting it on, to the young in heart of both sexes, and particularly to those whom we might just (Continued)

easy clothes
easy cars

This page, top: **Blouson jacket, that easy, classic shape,** goes on and on over everything. This soft, uncumbersome, snap-shut one is natural-colored suède . . . ditto the faultless trousers. Both by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Jacket, about $220; pants, about $180. Special order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hovland-Swanson; Bullock's.

This page, bottom. Out-and-out American success—**buff corduroy cut in the cleanest lines** of blazer, straight-and-true pants, worn with a little ivory T-shirt—each piece with other lives on its own. By Calvin Klein, master of classics. Blazer, about $120. Pants, about $56. Both in Crompton corduroy (cotton and Trevira polyester). Wool and viscose T-shirt (La Soie de Paris fabric), about $34. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Higbee's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz, I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson; Liberty House, Hawaii. Hair, this page, Harry King; makeup, Daniel Demanjean for Max Factor, France.

Opposite page. **Super! The white silk suit** that's as easy as separates and perfectly pulled together. The jacket, hip-length, collarless. Skirt, slightly tucked, front-pleated to move. The surprise: a dark-brown silk georgette blouse, mandarin-collared. By Bill Blass, about $750. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Rich's; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Hair: Christian Quinet, Cinandre; makeup: Gloria Natale. Accessory information, next to last page.



The car: this page: the Jaguar XJ-S—simply, and beautifully, a whole new vehicle some place between a sports car and a full-size sedan; doing so many things right, we bet it becomes a classic.

The wheelsmart American woman



The car: The Bill Blass edition of the Continental Mark IV, with the Continental's luxury scaled-down in size, and its deep-blue-and-cream coloring, the fine points of its interior masterminded by a master of fashion design.

(Continued) limn as the early feminists.

Although Jordan's first and best-known ballyhoo for his car, "Somewhere West of Laramie," was addressed to "a bronco-busting, steer-roping girl who knows what I'm talking about," the girl who can tell "a sassy pony that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits . . . ." he had words for "A Golden Girl from Somewhere," offered "A Million Miles from Dull Care" and "The Promise of Happy Days." Pretty heady stuff for the shop girls, flappers, and itchy housewives; but I'm minded to quote his "It's Vacation Time in Arcady," which really stirred them up, a poesy illustrated by a wash drawing of a young woman flying along in a racy open two-seater.

"I am sick of four walls and a ceiling—I have business with the sunshine and the summer wind. I am weary of dishes and doctors—I am bored by gas stoves and tired of thinking of meals.

"I am going somewhere if it is the last thing I ever do in my life—I want to start somewhere in the early morning and be somewhere else when it's time for bed.

"Give me a blue silhouette Jordan—summer days—vacation hours—mountains—landscapes—far stretching plains—freedom—relaxation—moonlight on the open road." A not-so-subtle heresy, given the times; and further:

"Put down the top and let me see all there is to see:—

"Let's bid farewell to everything for a few brief days and we will enjoy it more when we get back," and then the clincher . . .

"You can go lighthearted in a blue silhouette Jordan—now $1675."

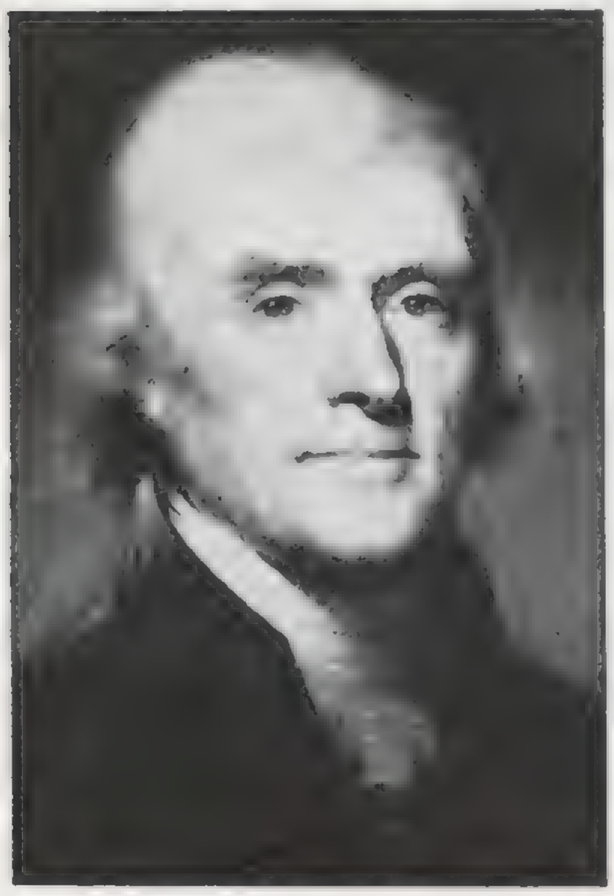
Finally, "It's a wonderful investment in individual transportation for your busy days—a charming companion for your free hours."

Free hours? What woman, except the pampered, had free hours in 1925? But what a hit. Those widely seen advertisements certainly sank deep into the consciousness of every woman who could read and into her daughter's: our mothers, if you will. Jordan went on to perceive that "there is a lot to be said for the right

(Continued on page 215)

People
are talking about...

Us, as in U.S.A.—our then and our now and the emergence of F.F. (Founding Father) Thomas Jefferson as the culture hero of the Bicentennial year, what with Jefferson, a good-looker, turn-of-the-eighteenth-century universalist, the timeless glory of our National Gallery of Art's vast on-the-way exhibit "The Eye of Thomas Jefferson." And this hope-for-the-quality-of-American-life from T.J. in 1785: "You see I am an enthusiast on the subject of the arts. But it is an enthusiasm of which I am not ashamed, as its object is to improve the taste of my countrymen, to increase their reputation, to reconcile to them the respect of the world, and to procure them its praise." . . . The shrewdie kids who, when asked by their teacher, "Why are we studying revolutions this year?" explained, "So we can stop them," and "So we can make better revolutions next time." . . . The surprise twist on Fine French Wine (the Bordeaux): said a great Paris cellarman, "You get the best buys in America."



THOMAS JEFFERSON
Good-looker, art-heart

NUDITY FOR DINNER

The emergence of Café des Artistes as the Manhattan restaurant where everybody wants to go. Already-wents (again and again) include the John Lindsays; the Douglas Fairbankses, Jr.; the Craig Stevenses—she's Alexis Smith. And all because this former fusty-musty landmark spot's suddenly face-lifted its menu, dazzle-lighted its unique Howard Chandler Christy murals—a rout of supernal, pinky-peachy, bare-assed 1930-ish nymphs and one male grinner who obviously knows a secret. . . . The bodyguard boom. It's American executives who feel they need inconspicuous strong-arms now—to cope with nabbers. . . . Candice Bergen, viewed through a different lens, the telly's; and the pleasure of her maturing beauty, her sure, humane, mother-wit way with such subjects as aging, rodeos, feminism—showing her photos as she talks it all out, on the *Today Show*. Candice has been taking pix since she was nineteen. . . . The increasing concern with the hazards of air travel and the realization that safety depends ultimately on the human factor—pilots, ground controllers, the monster mess of overcrowded airports. . . . The fail-safe Fritz Couderts' dinner parties. The Couderts back-to-backed a brace of dinners, each one planned completely from the New York Junior League's *New York Entertains* cookbook, thereby delighting guests and making the seventy who came to each dinner think about planning entire menus out of their individual cookbook favs. . . . **The hope-hope cancer news underscored by the growing awareness that carcinogens (cancer-causers) lurk about us at all times and that cancer is largely a preventable disease. . . . Sonny and Cher tubing it together again—and oh so Sunday-night glad, even though Sonny says, "It's just a business reconciliation." Says Cher, "I prefer to have more fun and half the glory."**

SEX: PLAIN-BROWN-WRAPPERED

Photography and its top-art-galleries takeover, with individual photographs soaring to fine-art-collectors' prices, and this sage advice from an expert, "Search your family albums for photos with atmosphere, unexpected documentary pictures—and you can still find wonderful old prints in junk shops.". . . Perversions, and the woman writer for cheapie men's sex magazines who confided, "What's coming up big *is* perversions. An editor gave me a list of them, and S-M was the *sweetest*. He told me to do a Pervert of the Month." . . . The return of old-old-old, you-just-can't-make-your-feet-behave tunes. They're all snazzied up with 1976 joy sounds, tempi—so that you get The Wing and a Prayer Fife and Drum Corps going disco wild, hit high with 1921's "Baby Face." And everybody's up and at it Line-Hustling or cheek-to-cheeking, even cutting in! . . . **Nannies for plant life in your home, with Manhattan's Greenleaves, a SoHo emporium bosky with green-leaf oddities, supplying on demand plants and plant sitters plus a new meet-you-at spot where meeters include Ertegüns (Mica and Ahmet), Perkinses (Berry Berenson and Tony), Byerses (Jeff and Hilary), Lanes (Ken and Nicky), Philip Johnson. . . . This scribble-scrawl on the wall of the men's loo in the Columbia University chapel: "Ques: Where have all the ecclesiastical graffiti gone? Ans: To Heaven."**

THE GIRLS' PEARLS

"Remember the Ladies: Women in America 1750-1815," the women-only, travel-everywhere exhibit of the Bicentennial year with Joan Kennedy and Nancy Kissinger going all out to make it glow-glorious, Jackie O. to help edit the catalogue, and Barbara Walters *and* Ann Landers right in there. On show: Abigail Adams' cookbook, Dolley Madison's ball gowns, Martha Washington's traveling trunk, and a bleeding machine. Says Joan K., "It is something all of us girls have put together." . . . The again-new farewell, "It's been real!"—LEO LERMAN



OODY AND ZERO

The knife-it-all, slice-it-all great American comicals go tragic in *The Front:* a little-you-laugh, a lot-you-cry movie about blacklisting

Funnymen Woody Allen (above, right) and Zero Mostel (above left) go deep, dark and serious in "The Front." It's a mind-shock, heart-clench movie about a deathly time in American history, the 1950's, when Senator Joseph McCarthy and the House Committee on Un-American Activities Red-hunted phalanxes of America's brightest—intellectuals, wits, entertainment darlings—into professional limbo. Some blacklisted writers did manage to continue to write TV, movie scripts by hiring "fronts"—people who said they'd written the blacklisted ones' scripts. When the big-three TV networks were recently asked would they eventually show "The Front," they answered a solid, sure "yes," with CBS summing up, "...it deals with a subject that's now comfortably historical."

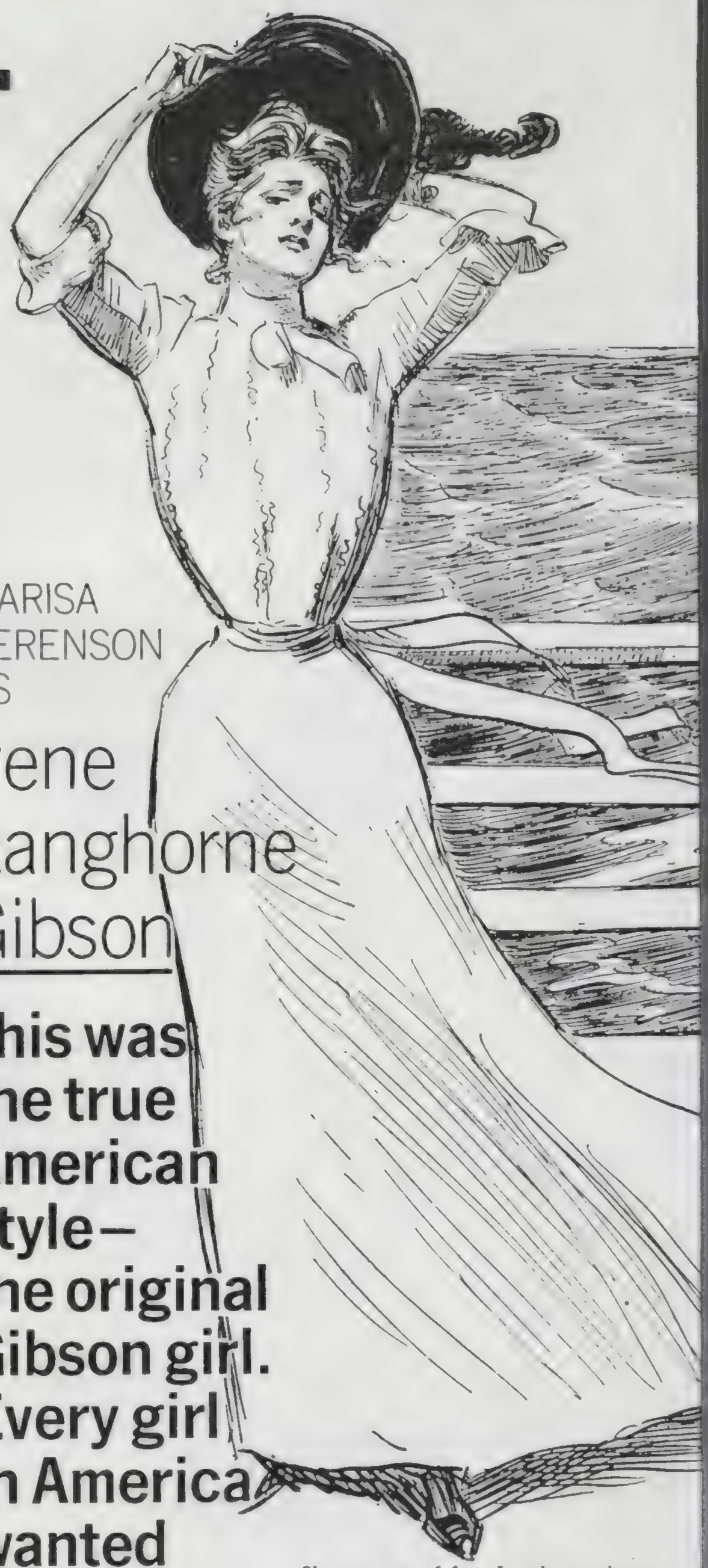
STYLE, THE AMERICAN WAY

THE HAVE-IT GIRLS

Ten of them, superbly original, uniquely influential women—the 1890's to the 1970's is their time. Now, what they wore makes up American Women of Style, an astonishing Bicentennial-year exhibit at the Costume Institute of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

American woman of style Diana Vreeland, consultant to the Institute, conceived the show, master-handed it, as she has its record-breaker predecessors Inventive Clothes: 1909-1939 and Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design.

On these pages, the next four, golden-girl star of the movie Barry Lyndon, Marisa Berenson, gives us four of the exhibit's glorious ten—recreating their auras, wearing fashions the Institute displays in its show.



MARISA BERENSON AS

Irene Langhorne Gibson

"This was the true American style—the original Gibson girl. Every girl in America wanted to be her. Every man in America wanted to win her"

She was one of four Langhorne sisters, ravishing Southern belles from Richmond, Virginia, until she married Charles Dana Gibson, a Massachusetts blue-blue-blood Yankee with a sharp, social-comment eye and a miraculous sketch-pen technique. Mr. Gibson repeatedly drew his enchanting, all-American, mischief-eyed, outdoorsy Irene; and a whole generation tried to look like the Gibson Girl.

Shirtwaist, The Costume Institute Collection. Gift of Mrs. Wanamaker Munn. Hat, The Costume Institute Collection. Gift of John H. Marsching.

Hair and makeup on these pages by Ara Gallant.

"The Northeaster." Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson from *The Gibson Book*, 1907. AVEDON



THE HAVE-IT GIRLS

MARISA BERENSON AS

Irene Castle

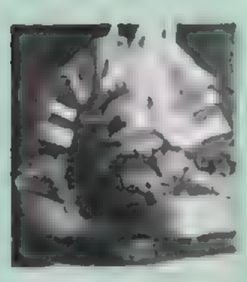
"She dressed like nobody else in the world. She was delicious"





The Castles gave the world danceomania

She was the hit of any show she was in, this classy girl from New Rochelle, New York. From the 1912 moment when she and her most-attractive-man-in-town husband ragtimed across the Café de Paris floor in Paris, she had everybody doing it—the Bunny Hug, the Castle Walk, bobbing their hair, wearing floaty-dotey "Castle frocks," throwing away cumbersome undies—going modern.



She twisted silver ribbon into her crown



Irene made this frock a 1914 rage



And on her feet: Castle Walking purple and white satin shoes

Dance dresses and satin slippers: The Costume Institute Collection. Gift of Irene Castle (Mrs. George Enzinger). Ribbon headdress: Lent by Cornell Costume Collection

LYNN KARLIN, CULVER PICTURES, GUY VENTOUILLAC

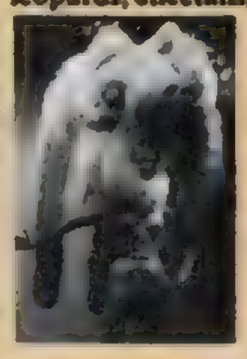
AVEDON

MARISA
BERENSON
AS

Josephine Baker

"She was the chic of Paris. She set the 'twenties style"

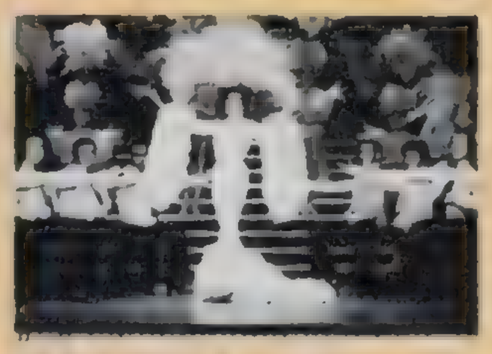
She was a poor girl from St. Louis who jazz-stepped to Paris the Harlem nightclub and revue route. In a string of bananas, she Charlestoned to prodigal wealth, world-fame. Whether she on-staged in a single flaming-pink flamingo plume or strolled the Champs-Elysées in her svelte couture ensembles, docilely accompanied by leopards, cheetahs, and a gaggle of big-spender admirers, she was the essence of elegant, jazz-baby style.



Four-foot-high headdress plumes, a trademark



Top hat, white tie, and tails made Josephine the sexiest girl in town



All that glitters is Josephine



She was a Resistance heroine, W. W. II

Banana costume: Kindly lent by the Directors of the Bobino Theater, Paris. Tulle and boa headdress and fishnet leotard costume: Lent by courtesy of Hank Kaufman & Gene Lerner – producers of the forthcoming motion picture on the life of Josephine Baker. Headdress of satin, ostrich plumes and feathers: Lent by Madame Marie Spiers.

Uniform costume: Costume was created for "Josephine," a show which opened at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club for the Gala of the Red Cross of Monaco and with the patronage of His Serene Highness Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco on Friday, August 8, 1974. Starring Josephine Baker. Author, director, and designer André Levasseur. Choreographer: Jean Moussy. Wigs by Alexandre de Paris. This show was produced by the Société des Bains de Mer of Monte Carlo.

THE HAVE-IT GIRLS

"Style has to do with the way you go to bed at night, with the way you eat, what you eat. Everything you do in life has style."



Diana Vreeland

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We asked fashion-pacer extraordinaire Diana Vreeland, consultant to the Costume Institute of The Metropolitan Museum of Art and creator of the* American Women of Style *exhibit, to talk with us and with Marisa Berenson, movie-star rising, young chic regnant, fashion-innovator Elsa Schiaparelli's granddaughter, about style, American women. Result: the following intimate talk-and-tell.*

Q: What is American style? What's special about it?

DV: It's no different from any other style. That's all. The show is *about* American women *of* style.

Q: But is there an American look?

MB: I wasn't brought up in this country; I came here when I was seventeen. But when I was little, and I would see my mother's American friends, or Schiap's friends, I always thought they were very chic and together women. They always looked very clean, and neat, and very chic. They had more of a sense of hygiene about them than European women. I suppose some Frenchwomen have marvelous chic, but they don't have that air about them of cleanness. Americans always seem very open, too. American women seem stronger than most; they come out with more oomph. European women are much more languid and they float. American women have much more pizazz to them, somehow.

Q: Today, are American women really looking for style? Or do they just want a uniform, something that's easy to wear?

DV: You're talking about clothes. We're not talking about clothes. How can style —any more than manners, manner, affection, love—disappear from the earth just because the times have a different number to them? I think Lord Chesterfield said something awfully good. A few years ago, we were looking up definitions of style, and out of all of the books that we found, there was only one explanation that wasn't just to do with fashion and its vapid, nonsensical quality. How it's gone tomorrow if it was anything today. Then Chesterfield comes up with: "Style is the dress of thoughts. A well-dressed thought like a well-dressed man appears to great advantage."

MB: Style has to do with the way you go to bed at night, with the way you eat, what you eat. Everything you do in life has style.

Q: But is it that real a concept today? Do women really want to make a statement, to stand out in the crowd?

DV: Often a person's style stands out in a crowd. But not immediately. You may find it there. You are aware of something. But they don't necessarily knock you over as they come into a room.

MB: I don't think, today, that most people look at you. They don't care what you look like, what you have on.

DV: They see you, though. They don't miss *you*, Marisa.

MB: You know, it's difficult today to find really beautiful, beautiful clothes. You have to have a lot of money to dress up the way women once did, a lot of places to go. Today, it's not as easy to go around and get all dolled up all the time.

DV: Women used to be very little seen. At the beginning of the century, no one was in public who was any kind of an individual. You traveled, you saw beautiful places, you were with your friends, you were with the people who pleased you—whoever it was—musicians, writers, sisters-in-law. Now today, life has changed. Probably healthier—I mean healthier for the system, I'm not talking about the mind.

Q: Marisa, you said cost. Do you think you have to have money to have style?

MB: No. But I mean, it does help.

Q: Is style, then, directed in a woman toward men, or at other women, or toward the self—pure?

DV: You have to dress to please yourself. You have to.

MB: You can't go out and feel that you've got something on that you hate, just to please somebody else. That's awful. You please yourself, but if you like the way you look, you hope you're also going to please the man you're with, or whoever.

Q: Do you think that style has to be consistent, an individual style?

DV: I don't think you can have it one day and not the next. You have it getting into bed. You have it when you have a temperature of 103° and are moaning. It's you—that's all your style is. Whatever you have comes out through your style.

Q: You don't put it on and take it off?

DV: Not a hat.

Q: You don't alter it?

DV: You maintain it. You radiate it. There are many things in this world that you can't *corral*. Style is, perhaps, in that class.

Diana Vreeland on:

Isadora Duncan: "She went all the *way*. She wanted the freedom of the earth, and she got it. And she led the way for many, many people. Looking at these women in retrospect, we realize what they evolved for the time in which they lived. They were all women of their own special aura. Who has that today? People come up to me and say, 'Why are you having Isadora Duncan in the show? She's not American.' And they're thinking of Vanessa Redgrave!"

Mrs. Lydig: "She was beautiful. She used a lavender and green powder—very, very pale. Her skin was the color of a camellia. Very matte, and she used a thick powder. This woman had a rake-y individual quality that put these things over."

The Gibson Girl: "It's very, very subtle, but it's all there—the coquetry, the disarming quality of those basically very flirtatious women who are really leading men on, but who are maintaining a very steel exterior. I think they're very sophisticated. And they accomplished something. That's what people forget today. They were strong women. And they were American summer—good fresh air. And big meals and a lot of activity. Good-natured families. Happiness and laughter."

Irene Castle: "She was terribly attractive. But then, I knew her. I first saw her in my mother's apartment in Paris. It was the days of the tea dance, so by five o'clock the place would be rocking. *Jumping* is the word. And the Castles were turkey-trot, turkey-trot. They'd do these things like the Bunny Hug and the Banana Split to amuse the children, because we always had a few little pals for tea. And, of course, we were intoxicated. They were so sweet to us. She'd have a little monkey and she'd have a little . . . like an officer's hat . . . with an egret, and a bolero. She dressed like nobody else in the world. I took dancing lessons from her, and I adored her. She was delectable, delicious, divine."

LYNN KARLIN, CULVER PICTURES

MARISA BERENSON AS Rita de Acosta Lydig

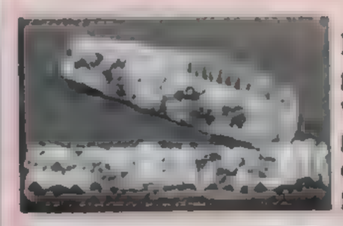
"She lived for elegance, love, and Women's Rights"

AVEDON



Mrs. Lydig was a Spanish-American beauty

Her life was dedicated to elegance, beauty, refinement, and independence. When she entered her box at the Metropolitan Opera House, flashed her big dark Latin eyes, twirled her black lace fan (she was mad about lace), and, with a half turn, showed her sumptuous back bare to her waist—scandal! But daring high-society darlings went bare-backed immediately. She was a gallant woman of deep passion about everything—dress to women's suffrage.



Her garters were garlands of silk flowers



Her hundreds of shoes, Renaissance-lace trimmed, traveled in plush-lined Russian leather trunks



Her nightgowns were medallioned in lace cupids



Her bags were covered in heavy lace

Overblouse and harem pants: Gift of Mercedes de Acosta. Lent by The Museum of the City of New York. Nightgown: Collection of The Brooklyn Museum. Gift of Mercedes de Acosta. Bag, garters: The Costume Institute Collection. Gift of Mercedes de Acosta. Shoes, trunk: The Costume Institute Collection. Gift of Capezio, Inc.

Wig of Kanekalon, styled by Ara Gallant for Vogue

WEDDED BLISS

BY LISA ALTHER

American romanticism: bridal veil, flings of rice....But this bride and groom are wearing snowmobile suits; their marriage takes some wide, wild turns. From an upcoming first novel by an unsparing new writer with a pen like a dentist's drill: funniest, most suspenseful sex scene



BILL OWENS FROM THE BOOK "SUBURBIA"

Lisa Alther, left, shows us America under Saran Wrap. Here, symbolic photographs akin to her exhibits—lifelike, horrifying, funny. Above, acreage of tract-able houses.

Hair rollers: the size of bed springs

Small-town Tupperware party: guests buy super-seal plastics, talk of weather, cooking, children, weather

FREDER CH CANTOR

The bride feeds the groom: first the cake, and then it's dinner at six sharp, every night

New England steeple: Town's center, churches ring the green

Superhighway: The automobile plays a strong role in America's erotic life

JANE MILNICK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Get the time capsule ready. The social history of America in the third quarter of the twentieth century has been prepared—in a mocking, funny, encyclopedic first novel—*Kinflicks *(published next month by Alfred A. Knopf)—by a woman of whom we know only that she lives in Vermont with her husband and young child.*

Everything is here—artifacts, languages: Ms. Alther gives us Southern teen-age, New England intellectual, Vermont farmer, hippy counterculture, radical feminist—she has mastered all these tongues and more. She also gives us raw chunks of philosophy, biology, physics, and especially medicine. The slow death of the heroine's mother from a clotting disorder is the grid on which Alther structures—with reckless shifts of time and point of view—her picaresque story.

The heroine, Ginny Babcock, is a Southern girl who, like Willie Morris, goes "north toward home." Sent to a Massachusetts girls' college by her Boston-born father, "the Major," she is leaving the Tennessee mill town founded by her grandfather, abandoning her high-school boyfriends: top school jock and town hoodlum. At college, she learns music and philosophy from a bluestocking teacher, falls in love with Edna Holtzer, the editor of the college daily.

When Eddie and Ginny move to a Vermont farm, their feed-store purchases of fifty-pound bags of soybeans for their own consumption earn them the name of "Soybean People" from the citizens of Stark's Bog. A weekend of radical feminist workshops on the farm brings violent conflict with the snowmobile-racing men of the town; and Eddie's jealousy of Ginny's friendship with native Ira Bliss ends with Eddie's death. Demoralized and alone, Ginny goes home with Ira. . . .

And so there she stood with her packed bags. I just looked at her. I couldn't believe she was leaving. Jesum Crow, she'd given me no warning. I thought everything was fine. I had no idea she was unhappy." Ira frowned and drew deeply on his cigar as he described the breakup of his marriage to a woman from New Jersey whom he had met during his senior year at the University of Vermont.

"What was she so unhappy *about?*" I asked in disbelief, gazing fondly at his sensitive face, which was bronzed from the winter sun.

He looked up. "I asked her that as she stormed out. She screamed, 'I'm unhappy because it's never occurred to you that I might be unhappy! You're so content that you make me sick!' I *still* don't know what she meant. I thought we had a very nice life together."

"So what happened?"

"She left me."

"You mean you didn't yell at her, or drag her back into the house, or beat her up or something?"

"Who, *me?*"

"Well, isn't that what she wanted from you?"

"Did she?" he asked, perplexed. "But I'm not *like* that, Ginny. I just wanted a quiet gentle woman to come home to after a hard day. I'm so *lonely* here in this big empty house all by myself."

There was nothing more appealing to me than a big empty house after the crammed cabin—unless it was the concept of myself as a

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"quiet gentle woman" after my years as a semiprofessional Valkyrie. I gave Ira a quiet gentle smile.

We were married on the beaver pond a month after my move to his house. He wore his best black quilted jumpsuit. I bought a violet one for the occasion, feeling that white would have been stretching credibility. The minister from the Community Church wore a navy blue Ski-Doo suit, as did Ira's best man, the loathed Rodney Lamoureux. Ira's sister Angela, in a pale green jumpsuit, sang the theme song from *Doctor Zhivago*.

* * * *

Mona and Atheliah lurked on the outskirts of the gathering on their skis. They hadn't wanted to come at all, had finally agreed to only as a personal favor to a misguided sister. I saw this ceremony, taking place on our very battleground, as a healing ritual for the community. Perhaps now the Stark's Boggers and the Soybean People could put behind them their mutual enmity and move on into a bright united future. I was the sacrificial virgin, as it were.

This was how *I* saw it. Mona and Atheliah saw it as a sell-out, a betrayal of the memory of Eddie Holzer. Nevertheless, as Ira and I roared off on his Sno Cat, hotly pursued by the wedding guests on their machines, Mona and Atheliah did deign to throw handfuls of long-grained unsprayed brown rice from a knapsack on Mona's back. I was touched. Symbolically speaking, they were signaling their wish that Ira's and my union would be fruitful.

On our wedding night, at a motel near the Granby Zoo in Quebec, Ira first made love to me. As he undressed, I discovered with a jolt that his handsome tan ended at his neck. His actual body was pasty white. He was a very proficient lover, though, screwing with an enviable vigor, as though he had a train to catch. His sensual good looks—his quivering nostrils and sweaty forehead and high cheekbones—had suggested that he would be good in bed. Unfortunately, I was not. After many minutes of vigorous activity, Ira looked down, gasping for breath, sweat pouring down his face, and panted, "I'm sorry, but I can't wait for you any longer, Ginny. Jesum Crow, I don't think a woman could expect more than three hundred and ninety-six strokes from *any* man!"

I was readily agreeing as he came into me in a great burst.

"What was I doing wrong?" he asked later.

"Nothing. You're a marvelous lover. But the first time with anyone is always difficult." How could I explain to him that my sexual activities in the past had always taken place under threat of imminent discovery by punitive authority figures? I was conditioned to associate sex with terror. Now that intercourse was allowed—applauded, *required* even—I was incapable of response.

Upon our return from the Granby Zoo, Mom and Dad Bliss flew up from Florida for a belated reception, which was staged by the Women's Friendly Circle of the Community Church. The Friendship Hall was a large bright open room with pine-paneled walls and a linoleum floor. Furnished with folding tables and chairs, it was identical to every parish hall, rod and gun club, Moose lodge, and civic center in the nation.

The Stark's Boggers clustered at one end, as far from me as possible. The minister, however, did come over and request that I call him Uncle Lou. He was a short round man with wispy white hair and pink cheeks and thick rimless glasses.

"I'm sorry not to have called on you yet," he began, tugging at his stiff white collar and stretching his chafed neck. "If you'll pardon my saying so," he whispered with a confidential chuckle, "it was around town that Ira's bride was of the Catholic faith."

I looked at him and said nothing.

"What church did you say you attend?"

I hadn't said. "I don't go to church." His face turned a brighter pink. Instantly I felt sheepish and apologetic, ready to assure him that I was Baptist, Methodist, Dutch Reformed, whatever he liked. "But I was raised in the Episcopal church."

"Oh, that's a *nice* faith."

"Yes."

"Sometimes these interdenominational marriages work out fine. Just fine."

Ira kept dragging friends and relatives over to meet me. He was anxious for me to like them, anxious for them to like me. After he'd introduced us, he'd rush off in search of a new victim, leaving the current one and me staring mutely at each other.

I asked one such woman, Ira's former high school English teacher, who had a jovial smile and frazzled brown hair, "Well, how are you?"

"Good."

"Nice supper tonight."

"It wasn't so bad."

"Well, I certainly do like Stark's Bog."

"I hope you're not like the *last* one."

Just then Ira whisked up with an aunt in tow—a large old woman in an aqua lace suit. "This is Ginny, Aunt Bernice. She used to live back on the Stockwell farm," he explained before racing away.

"He was a modern male, believed in equal orgasm for equal effort"

She said, "So *you're* the one."

"How do you do? I don't think we've met before."

"You don't, huh?" Her steely eyes glinted.

"No, but I've seen you in the store some."

"Could be. Could be." She stared at me, waiting to see what I wanted from her.

"Well!" I said in cheery desperation. "I think I'll just have another piece of this lovely cake, if you'll excuse me." I'd used this excuse four times. I had wedding cake crumbling out my ears.

* * *

By now we were well into our second spring of connubial delights. Bulldozers had appeared in the field outside the kitchen window. They were grading roads for the chalet section of the Pots o' Gold Vermont Village. Ira was now playing golf and/or riding his trail bike on Saturdays during the time he had devoted to snowmobiling in the winter. Trout season was also upon us. I spent three days making sixteen apple pies for Ira to take to his family's fishing shack in the nearby mountains. He was going for the first week of the season with eight assorted male relatives. He confessed that he used up all his vacation time each year in this fashion—a week during trout season, a week during bird season, a week during buck season, and a week during ice fishing season. In addition, he went for two weeks each year with his National Guard unit to Camp Drum in upper New York State. If I should want to go on a trip, I'd have to go alone. But if I did, what would his family say? But I was perfectly content in Stark's Bog.

Because of Ira's meetings and sporting events and job, I was finding myself with free time on my hands, even with that mausoleum of a house to clean. Consequently, I made a momentous decision: I would join the surprise shower circuit.

I had tried very hard to switch from high profile to low profile, for Ira's sake. I had packed away my army fatigues, my lumberjack shirt, and my olive air force parka, my Sisterhood is Powerful T-shirt, my combat boots. I had gone to St. Johnsbury and had bought some polyester pantsuits and jersey tops. I had unbraided my hair and now wore it pulled back and tied with a scarf. But people still crossed to the other side of the street when they saw me coming. At least they couldn't see the butterfly tattooed on my hip that Eddie had loved to nibble and kiss. Even so, only Ira's popularity prevented my being carried out of town on a rail.

At the weekly Wheelers 'n' Reelers square dances in the school gym, I would wander blindly, tripping and stumbling, through the intricate figures in my crinolined skirt and puffy scoop-necked blouse. The other dancers would push and pull me into position. The men in their cowboy boots and western shirts and string ties seemed to me to seize my hands for a promenade with great reluctance. The women, their full skirts swirling as we performed our "Birds in a Cage" maneuvers in mid-circle, eyed me with distaste. And each time Rodney was compelled to do-si-do with me, he would scowl back over his shoulder, his folded arms held high, and would snarl, "Don't forget, I'm onto you, *Mrs.* Bliss." I would fall into Ira's arms with relief when it was time for him to swing me as his corner lady. He would hold me tightly against his chest and would study my face. "Are you having fun, Ginny? Isn't this great stuff?"

"Wonderful!" I'd gasp gaily, twirling off to another do-si-do with Rodney.

But Angela, Ira's younger sister, had befriended (Continued on page 203)

GREAT AMERICAN COOK-IN

BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

American food style: simple, natural; best quality meats, vigorous vegetables—nothing to improve or to hide. That's why our *bifteck*'s a pet in Paris, burgers big in Japan. Here, Grand Old Recipes, with Bicentennial flip



All-American larder: Grab your favorite storable—these quick-fix wonders can appease an unexpected guest-rush or calm the ravening child



Drive-in: Eat-and-run is a national specialty; roadside beaneries, our date-palmed oases



Vending machines: Ultimate fast-feeders; all you need are coins, gambler's luck



Around the campfire: Everything tastes better with wood smoke on it—even the fried bananas

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS, BILL OWENS FROM "SUBURBIA"



Backyard picnic: Traditional food, traditional drink, and all the togetherness a neighborhood can stand

In this uncertain and changing world, basic American eating habits remain as constant as the Rocky Mountains or the Great Plains. Cowboys and Indians, bankers and bank-robbers, topless waitresses and nuclear physicists all seem to be "turned on" by the same food: shrimp cocktail, steak and baked potatoes, great hamburger, terrific sweet corn, fabulous franks and beans, or delicious homemade apple pie. So much for "you are what you eat"!

The word "provincial" has become a pejorative in art and music, but in cooking it is a glowing superlative. After all, what could be better than Boston baked beans or Southern fried chicken? Their originally local charms travel well. These dishes are relished from Walla Walla, Washington, to Key West, Florida; San Diego, California, to Bangor, Maine.

Of course, in recent years, many Americans have become passionately interested in sophisticated international cooking—some compulsively so, with results ranging from the inept to the sublime. We are no longer surprised when we get the best imaginable home-made *fettucine Alfredo* in Snowflake, Arizona, and only slightly startled when an after-concert supper in Odessa, Texas, consists of a superb *couscous*. When these ambitious cooks are asked if they eat so elaborately every day, they say with disarming American "cool": "Oh no, we just have a B.L.T. for lunch and a hamburger for dinner." It would be difficult to find as good a hamburger in Hamburg as the millions made daily in cook-outs across America.

Let us celebrate the Bicentennial with a Great American Cook-In, using dishes from two hundred years of good eating. Here are our recipes for the glories of American cuisine, some with a surprising twist. More recipes start on page 56.

Pan-Broiled Hamburgers

four servings

If you have a stove with a hood or a good kitchen ventilating fan, try the following method; it produces the perfect hamburger, although it may create a bit of smoke in the kitchen. It is essential that the ground beef be as fresh as possible; either grind the beef yourself or make sure that your butcher grinds it fresh for you.

2 pounds chopped chuck, as red as possible
Salt, regular or coarse
Freshly ground pepper

Remove meat from the refrigerator at least 1 hour before using. Cover the bottom of a heavy iron frying pan with a film of salt. Put pan over highest heat for at least 20 minutes before cooking. (Remember that the handle of the pan becomes dangerously hot.)

Shape meat into 4 large or 8 small patties. Place them in the red-hot pan; cook over highest heat for a few minutes, turning once. The hamburgers should be seared, in fact charred, on both sides and red in the middle. Season with pepper.

A bit of finely chopped onion and/or a little Dijon mustard can be mixed into the chopped meat before cooking. Or serve hamburgers with a simple sauce such as this primitive, uncooked *sauce béarnaise*.

Primitive Sauce Béarnaise

1 teaspoon finely chopped shallots
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar
1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh tarragon
6 tablespoons butter at room temperature

Mash ingredients together until well mixed. Chill 20 minutes. Cut into pats and serve each hamburger topped with a pat.

Similar but even simpler: Press generous amounts of very coarsely ground pepper into the hamburgers before cooking time. Serve them with a simple tarragon butter made by mashing together 6 tablespoons softened butter and 1½ tablespoons chopped fresh tarragon.

Pan-broiled Steak

four servings

2- to 2½-pound sirloin steak or porterhouse or T-bone, cut 2 to 2½ inches thick
Salt, regular or coarse
Freshly ground pepper

Trim *all* the fat off the steak. Remove steak from refrigerator at least 1 hour before using. Heat salt-covered heavy iron frying pan for at least 20 minutes over maximum heat; cook the steak on one side till well charred for about 5 minutes, then turn and cook for just a few minutes on the other side. Test for rareness or well-doneness by inserting a very sharp knife next to the bone or in center. Serve with either of the sauces for hamburger or with Simple Steak Sauce.

Simple Steak Sauce

four servings

2 tablespoons drained capers
6 anchovy fillets
½ stick butter
1 tablespoon sour cream
Freshly ground pepper
Chopped parsley

Very finely chop capers and anchovies together. Melt butter in a saucepan over medium heat until sizzling. Add caper-anchovy mixture, reduce heat, and cook for a minute or two till anchovies dissolve a bit. Remove from heat, stir in remaining ingredients.

French-fried Potatoes

two servings

Corn oil, such as Wesson, or peanut oil
1 package frozen shoestring potatoes, thawed
Salt, pepper, and lemon juice

Fill a large heavy iron skillet halfway with oil and heat till very hot (375° to 400°). Fry potatoes, a batch at a time to avoid overcrowding, for 5-7 minutes or till golden brown. Use a fine-net cover on the pan to prevent spattering. Drain potatoes on paper towels, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a bit of lemon juice; serve immediately.

Jeannette Kimmel's Southern-fried Chicken

four servings

1 frying chicken, about 2-2½ pounds, cut in eighths
½ cup flour
1 tablespoon salt
2–3 pinches cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon powdered ginger
1 tablespoon freshly ground pepper
Corn oil (such as Wesson) or peanut oil

Clean chicken, dry. Put flour, salt, cayenne pepper, ginger, and pepper in a brown paper bag and shake to mix. Put chicken pieces, a few at a time, in the bag; closing bag tightly, shake well to coat each piece with seasoned flour.

Fill a large, heavy iron skillet half full with oil. Put over heat until really hot (a temperature of 375° is about right). Fry chicken, a few pieces at a time so the pan is not crowded, in the hot oil. Begin with the dark meat and fry 5-7 minutes on each side or till crisp and well-browned on both sides. Remove to a platter lined with paper towels and keep warm in a low oven while you follow the same procedure with the white meat. The pieces of white meat will cook more quickly than the dark meat. Serve at once.

Optional: When all the chicken has been cooked, drop 12 dried apple slices and 8 scallions (the white part with a bit of the green) into the hot oil and cook for 30 seconds on each side. Then throw in some sprigs of carefully dried fresh parsley and fry for 10 seconds longer. Drain everything on paper towels; serve as a garnish with chicken.

Apple Pie

eight servings

Pastry:

2½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons butter, very cold
6 tablespoons Crisco
3-5 tablespoons ice water

Filling:

9-10 large green tart apples (Granny Smith apples are excellent)
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon
Juice of 1 lemon
3-4 tablespoons butter

Prepare the dough at least 30 minutes before using. It must be chilled that long before rolling it out. Of course it can also be made in advance and chilled or frozen. Sift the flour, then measure. Put into a large bowl and stir in the salt with a fork. Cut the cold butter into thin slices and work into the flour, using two forks, a pastry cutter, or your fingers, till the mixture resembles coarse meal. Work in the Crisco in the same way. Add ice water, a small amount at a time. Use only enough to make the dough hold together. Divide the dough into two balls of equal size, dust with flour, cover with plastic wrap or aluminum foil, and chill while you prepare the filling.

Peel apples, cut into quarters, cutting out seeds and cores. Slice them as thinly and as uniformly as you can. To us the secret of good apple pie is the tartness of the apples and the thinness of the slices. Put the slices in a bowl, sprinkling each layer with sugar, cinnamon, and lemon juice. Toss well to coat slices.

Roll out one ball of dough to ⅛-inch thickness and line an 11- or 12-inch pie pan with it. Put the apple slices into the pan using a slotted spoon to avoid getting any of the liquid that may have accumulated. Dot the apples generously with butter and shape them into a dome, higher in the middle than at the sides. Roll out remaining dough and cover apples. Pinch the sides to seal tightly. Prick the top with a fork to allow steam to escape, and bake at 375° for 45-60 minutes or till crust is well browned. You may, in fact, have to cover the pie with a sheet of foil to prevent the crust from burning.

This is the great classic American apple pie, like the one that Mom used to make if you were lucky. However, if you'd like to improve on perfection, try the same pie with a cheddar-cheese crust.

Cheddar-cheese Crust

Follow the recipe, but cut a cup of finely grated very sharp cheddar cheese, not the soapy packaged variety, into the flour when you add the Crisco. Before putting on the top crust, you can even sprinkle the top of the apples with an additional half cup of grated cheddar.

HOW WE GOT THIS WAY:

TV-STYLED AMERICA

Reality is obsolete—video is where it's happening. Who's watching? Everybody!

BY JERRY BOWLES

Andy Warhol says he does it a lot. So do Alice Cooper, rock star, and Phil Esposito, hockey player. Halston sometimes does it in the country, Francesco Scavullo does it in the studio, and Diane Von Fürstenberg admits she sometimes indulges in bed.

It's hard to say why, exactly, but all of a sudden a lot of fancy people are admitting they watch television. TV has become the latest "in" perversion, and confessing to an undue fondness for *Kojak* is almost as good as admitting you once spent a weekend in the Tropics Motor Inn in Seattle with a bisexual seal and the Ike & Tina Turner Revue.

And, why not? The chickees have simply stumbled onto something the Bud Set always knew. American television, at its trashiest, is light years ahead of the rest of the world. People who don't know any better point to BBC entries like *Masterpiece Theatre* as evidence of the motherland's superior efforts. Beans. A great deal of what is seen on British TV is made in America. The BBC plays soap operas in prime time that would embarrass Monty Hall.

In this country, according to the people who keep track of such things, most of us spend five hours a day, seven days a week sunbathing in front of the tube. Our habit is exceeded only by that of the Japanese, who, incidentally, also seem to have developed an inordinate fondness for the banjo.

Since regular network programming began in the late 1940's, television has become the dominant information element in American life. The medium has come quite a distance since those thrilling days of yesteryear when Buffalo Bob and Captain Corbett roamed the family Philco and Barbara Walters's job was performed—quite adequately, one might add—by a chimp named J. Fred Muggs.

What the emergence of television was to mean to the American pysche could hardly have been foreseen in those dark ages of Uncle Miltie and *Your Show of Shows*, but one thing was immediately apparent: things would never be exactly the same again. The big Hollywood studios were the first casualty, as they soon learned they couldn't compete with the small home invader. Radio changed totally to a music and news medium. Newspapers consolidated or closed. Adlai Stevenson lost an election because he came across on TV like a pansy. General Eisenhower ran the nation from the ninth green at Augusta, Georgia, and people stayed home by the millions. The white middle class—the group to whom programming was entirely directed—simply abdicated the streets to the young and the dispossessed.

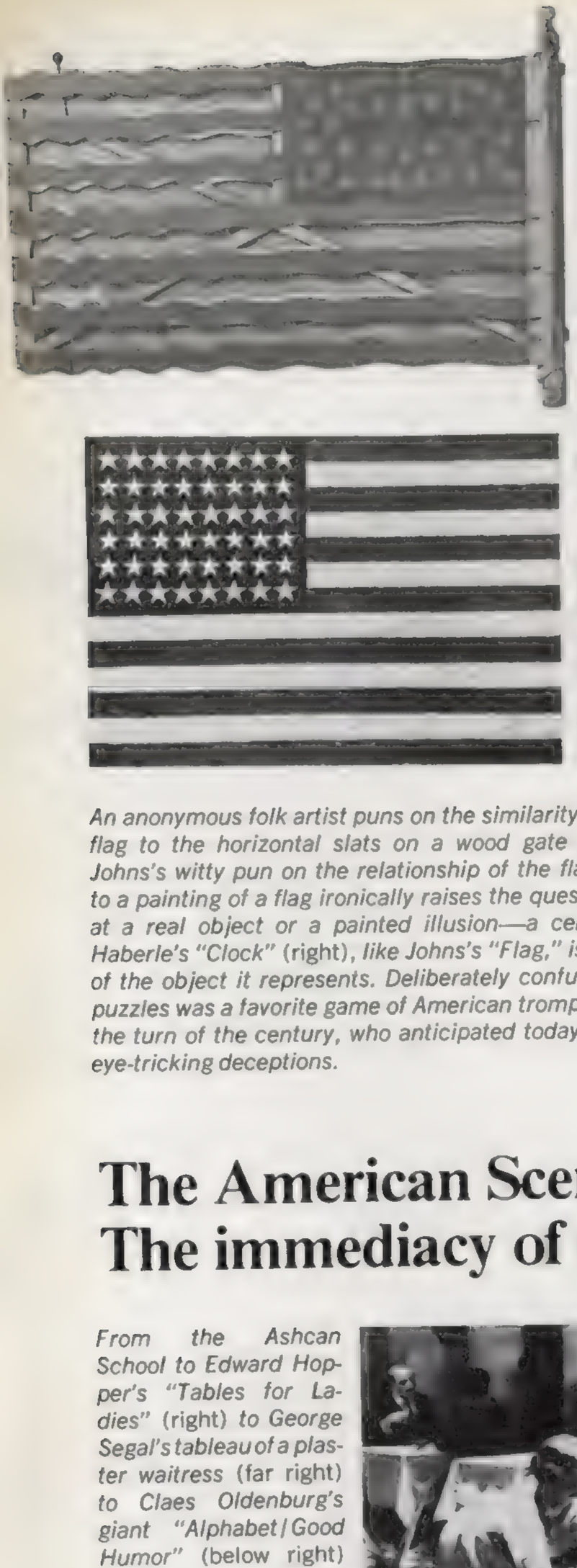
In the great overall scheme of things, television was the final and most important link in the alienated new world that Thomas Edison's light bulb had made possible—a world in which one never need be cold or hungry or afraid or bored. Every home could now become an Electric, Self-Contained, Automated, Protective Environment. E.S.C.A.P.E. turned us into a nation living behind drawn shades, peering into the world through the magic eye in the living room. TV made nature irrelevant, or at least unnecessary. Related protective environments like shopping centers and theme parks sprang up, all part of the television mentality. (If you don't think Walt Disney was a genius, consider this: the reason adults feel safe and comfortable at the Disney amusement parks is that they are surrounded by historical symbols of security, i.e., forts and castles and Main Street, the way it never really was.)

Nature, the real outdoors type, has been making a comeback in recent years. Some of the more hearty—inspired perhaps by evil-tasting breakfast cereals—have taken to Zen and organic farming. The less brave simply buy books with pictures of trees in them for the coffee table.

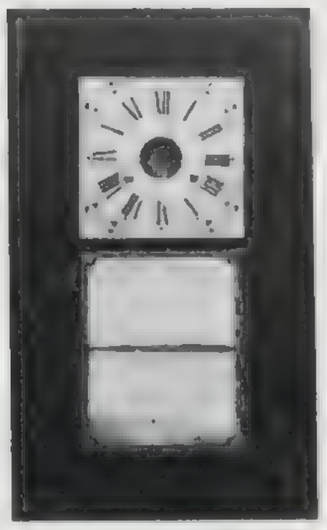
Television is a separate reality. Unlike the (Continued on page 208)

WHAT IS AMERICAN ABOUT AMERICAN ART?

BY BARBARA ROSE



Illusion vs. Reality: Puns and games



An anonymous folk artist puns on the similarity of the stripes of the American flag to the horizontal slats on a wood gate (top). Directly above: Jasper Johns's witty pun on the relationship of the flag as a flat rectangular object to a painting of a flag ironically raises the question of whether we are looking at a real object or a painted illusion—a central theme in American art. Haberle's "Clock" (right), like Johns's "Flag," is a painting in the literal shape of the object it represents. Deliberately confusing the viewer with mind-eye puzzles was a favorite game of American trompe-l'oeil realists working around the turn of the century, who anticipated today's Photorealists in their clever eye-tricking deceptions.

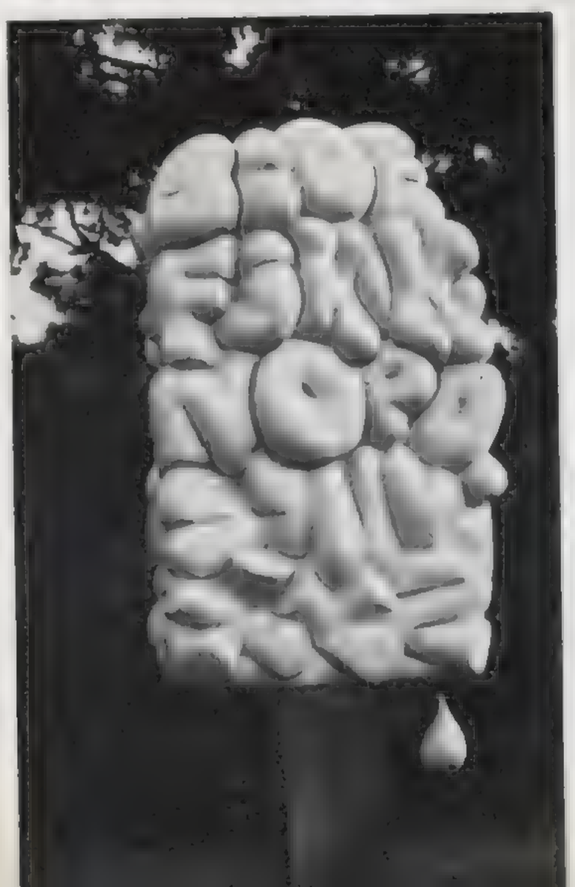
TOP LEFT, MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART. LEFT, PHOTOGRAPH, COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY. DIRECTLY ABOVE, COLLECTION OF NEWARK MUSEUM.

The American Scene: The immediacy of the everyday

From the Ashcan School to Edward Hopper's "Tables for Ladies" (right) to George Segal's tableau of a plaster waitress (far right) to Claes Oldenburg's giant "Alphabet/Good Humor" (below right) parody of the ubiquitous ice-cream pop (below), commonplace subjects have fascinated democratic American artists who relish the low-life vitality of the American Scene.









ABOVE LEFT, THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART. DIRECTLY LEFT, PHOTOGRAPH, COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY. DIRECTLY ABOVE, COURTESY OF SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY.

Early in the century, Ashcan School prophet Robert Henri counseled his students to study European art but not to copy it. This was the best as well as the most radical advice he could give to artists long enslaved by European models and intimidated by an academic tradition that was as foreign to them as the nuances of French cuisine. Out of this revolt against nineteenth-century academicism came a new image of the artist, not as a dandy or even a poetic bohemian but as a worker. Throwing in their lot with common manual laborers whose costumes they frequently assumed, artists borrowed techniques and materials from laborers as well, to the point that the Abstract Expressionists finally rejected fine sable artists' brushes for the thick, coarse bristles of the house-painter's brush.

Much that Henri lectured on decades ago remains true for American art today. Henri exhorted artists to look at the world around them, in place of using high-flown classical themes—essentially the same advice composer John Cage was handing out, which triggered the 'sixties' Pop Art revolution and encouraged happenings, performance pieces, mixed media, and many other novel forms aimed at effacing the boundary between art and life.

At first glance it appears that little links the successive revolutions that have made American art the most admired and imitated in the world today; but, if we examine its origins, we may remark a consistent prejudice against the art-for-art's-sake, ivory-tower approach to art. Americans, it seems from their art, have never wanted to separate art from life, preferring instead art understandable in everyday terms. Given this traditional prejudice, it is not surprising that abstract art met until recently with a hostility so massive that a remarkable number of American abstract artists either killed themselves or destroyed their art.

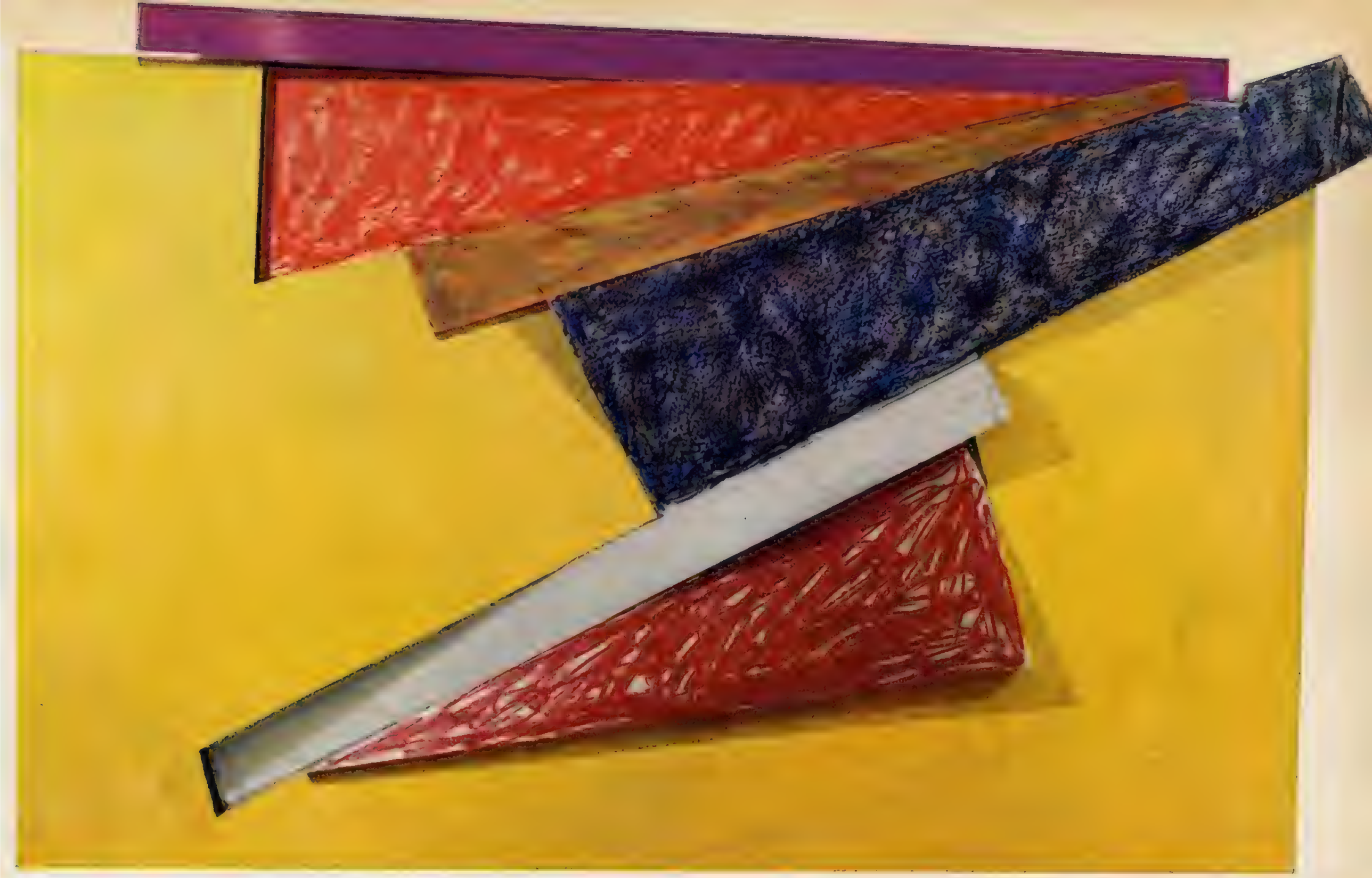
Popular antagonism to any form of pure art created an urge to appropriate the vitality of urban street life that connects the Ashcan School of the 'teens and 'twenties to American Scene painting of the 'thirties and 'forties to the Pop Art and junk sculpture of the 'sixties and 'seventies. So great was the romance with street scenes that when neo-Plastic painter Piet Mondrian arrived here as a refugee during World War II, his grids began to look like New York sidewalks.

Few major modern American artists, from Stuart Davis to Franz Kline to Frank Stella, have escaped the influence of the rhythms, patterns, and images of the city on their work. City junk and reproductions found in advertisements, comics, and other artifacts of urban culture have frequently excited the imagination of American painters and such sculptors as Robert Rauschenberg, whose (Continued on page 210)

Urban Sprawl: The continuing vitality of American art

Opposite, above: *A new metal relief by Frank Stella echoes the fast energy, garish color, and spontaneous scribble of New York subway graffiti* (opposite, below), *the latest additions to the melting-pot sources of American art.*

OPPOSITE, TOP, PHOTOGRAPH, COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM, FROM THE BOOK "THE FAITH OF GRAFFITI." PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN NAAR. TEXT BY NORMAN MAILER.


EAST 180 ST
ATLANTIC AV
BROADWAY
THRU EXP
SKI

The best American country houses: ample, easy havens with idea-quick personal style. Frontier wily, melting-pot mixy: home's a most diverting place

Pat and Bill Buckley: their own turf

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

We wanted something by the sea, which excluded my native green and beautiful Sharon, Connecticut, and within commuting distance of New York, which also excluded Sharon. My wife set out every day, at about the time I would go off to the office. We tried leaving the apartment at staggered hours, on the assumption that, that way, one of us would one day bump into our fellow-tenant Marilyn Monroe in the elevator; but we never did lay eyes on her, and about a month and thirty or forty houses later my wife approached me with some excitement. She had found it. "It" meant reasonably priced, on the water, and not further than an hour from Grand Central.

We came to it on a spring day—I remember Adlai Stevenson had announced that morning that the future of the republic required him, after all, to accept the Democratic Presidential nomination if proffered, even as, in due course, the republic decided its future was better assured under Dwight Eisenhower, who had begun his wet campaign at Abilene, Kansas. It was wet and cold, and the owner was not there to let us in; so I broke a tiny window, unlatched the kitchen-door bolt, and left a pleasant note of explanation.

We wandered through a house at once startlingly ugly and entirely captivating. Its immediate background was romantic. Cherie—as we refer to her—had recently been phased out, and her benefactor gave her nothing less than this squat, stolid, fifteen-room house—built sixty years earlier in an unsuccessful flight from Victorian excess—surrounded by beautiful trees, three acres of lawn, a four-car garage with upstairs apartment that, rented, would bring in the tax. The furnishings were startling. I remember mostly chairs, and pink plastic orchids on black wallpaper, and a total of six books—all of them *Reader's Digest* condensations. There was a bar full of shimmering mirrors and neon lights. There must have been chairs there to seat everyone in the county who voted for Adlai Steven- (Continued on page 209)

Here, Pat Buckley (1) tells her side: what she did and why, in re-doing her 1890's house. Her pattern-on-pattern, color-on-color approach: anything goes, American-style. "The house [2] *is not what you'd call an architectural gem, and the more you can hide it the better," said Pat. "This is really home, and in New York we have a* pied-à-terre. *We opened the house out to its main feature—the view of Long Island Sound. The stairs look like something out of Versailles, but they're just poured concrete with different colors added. In my rock garden* [5], *I love an enormous abundance of stuff. I like a garden that will go on into fall and still have color. I'm not a tidy gardener; I learned gardening just by getting in and digging."*

ERNST BEADLE

"The walls of the living room [3] came from a wallpaper that showed two tones of apricot color," Pat said. "I had the room painted these colors not knowing what would happen to it."

Tom Fleming of Irvine and Fleming, the firm that helped with the decoration, recalled: "Pat wanted to make this room look like an English country house. She is the ideal client. She comes with the main idea, how she sees the room. She doesn't care about fads, certainly not what people think."

"Bill took lessons on the clavichord and then went on to the harpsicord [4]. Really, music is his first love," Pat said. "When I got going on the sun-room, Bill decided he wanted a music room. We added it and the terrace. Bill loves it. He closets himself in there."





AMERICAN LIVING STYLE

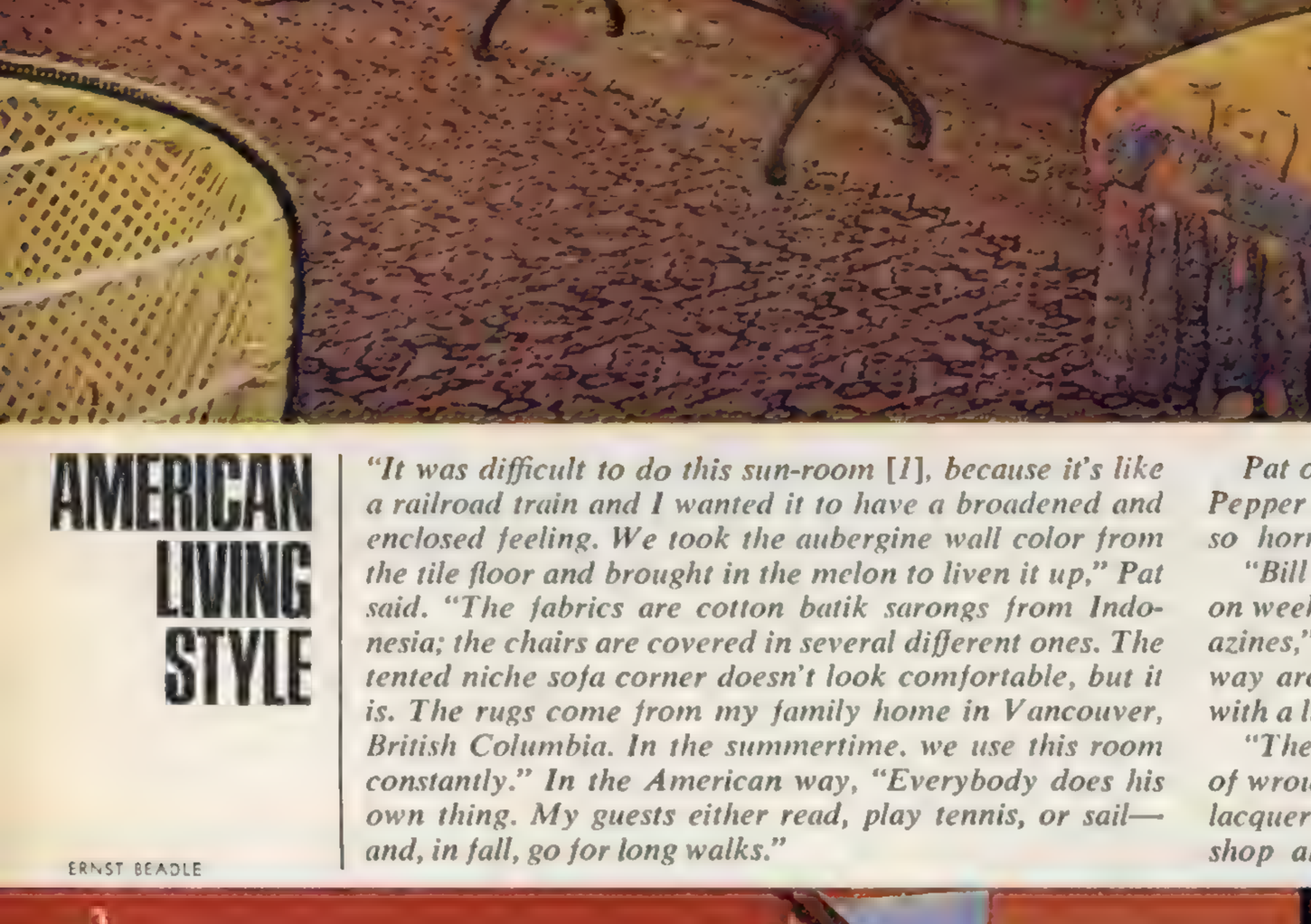
ERNST BEADLE

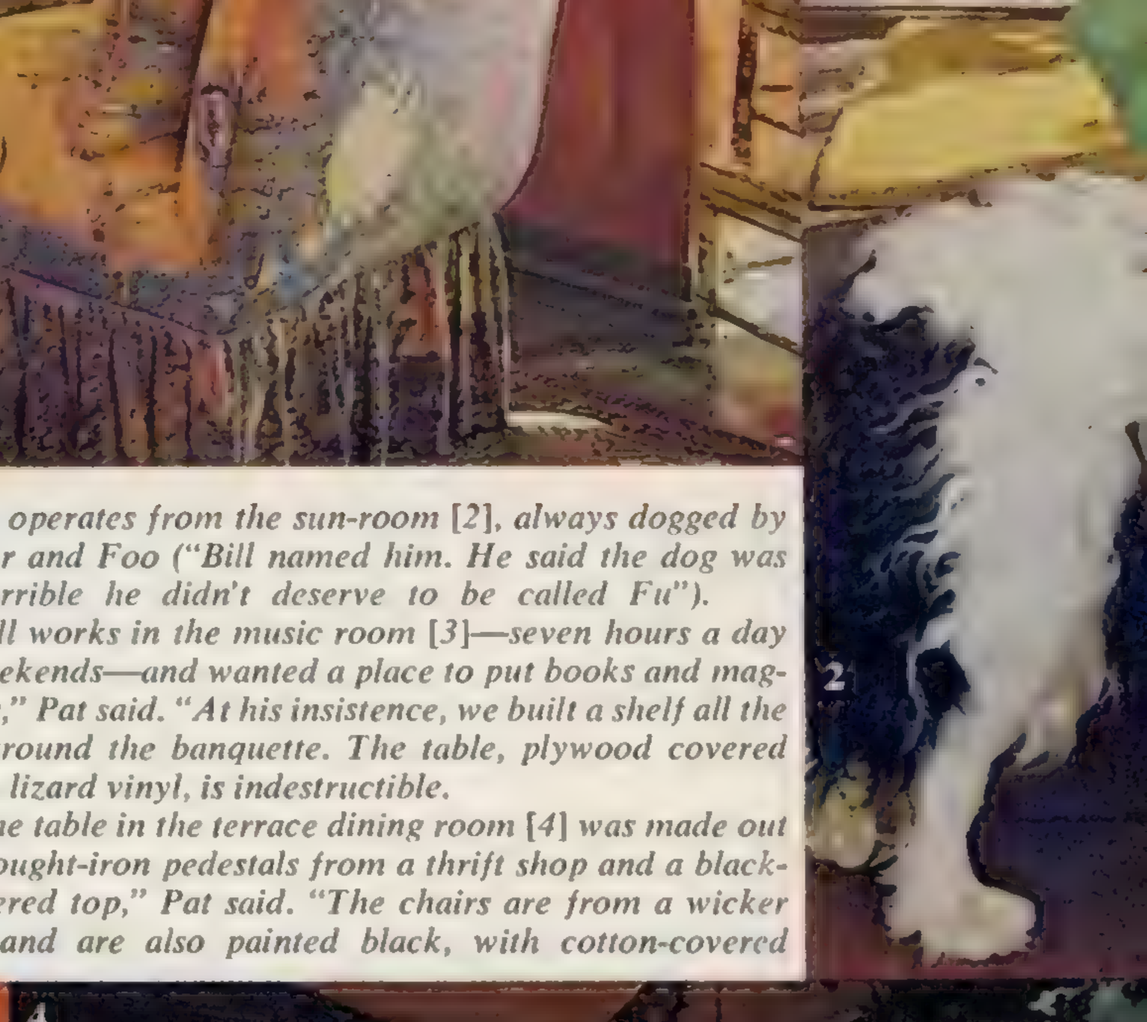
"It was difficult to do this sun-room [1], because it's like a railroad train and I wanted it to have a broadened and enclosed feeling. We took the aubergine wall color from the tile floor and brought in the melon to liven it up," Pat said. "The fabrics are cotton batik sarongs from Indonesia; the chairs are covered in several different ones. The tented niche sofa corner doesn't look comfortable, but it is. The rugs come from my family home in Vancouver, British Columbia. In the summertime, we use this room constantly." In the American way, "Everybody does his own thing. My guests either read, play tennis, or sail—and, in fall, go for long walks."

Pat operates from the sun-room [2], always dogged by Pepper and Foo ("Bill named him. He said the dog was so horrible he didn't deserve to be called Fu").

"Bill works in the music room [3]—seven hours a day on weekends—and wanted a place to put books and magazines," Pat said. "At his insistence, we built a shelf all the way around the banquette. The table, plywood covered with a lizard vinyl, is indestructible.

"The table in the terrace dining room [4] was made out of wrought-iron pedestals from a thrift shop and a black-lacquered top," Pat said. "The chairs are from a wicker shop and are also painted black, with cotton-covered





cushions. The pottery [7] *is Italian from San Francisco. When I have a lot of people—thirty to fifty—I move the table over and set up round tables. I want the atmosphere here to be informal.*

"We had green silk curtains in the dining room [5] *that had been there twenty years. When Bill asked why re-do, I yanked them down to show how they had deteriorated," Pat said. "The new plan started from the collage. We took all the colors—persimmon, purple, and orange—out of that. Orange is my favorite color. The local painter glazed the wicker chairs red. The reflective-foil ceiling heightens the whole room.*

"It was Bill's idea to put the pool [6] *here, overlooking the Sound," said Pat. "I wanted it totally out of sight. But, as usual, he was right."

America, hurrah! Fresh, easy, dashing—the American sportswear look.

The look of a man's collarband shirt, scaled-down, small, feminine—the way Ralph Lauren does it in soft cotton stripes of blue, green, red....Honest plastic—the best look of American costume jewelry—not fake anything, real style. A thick, shiny hand-sculptured red cuff that really holds on the wrist—this season's bracelet to collect. By Cara Croninger for Sculpture to Wear....The Spiciest Red lipstick is from the Moon Drops Collection by Revlon. Hair by Harry King; makeup by Way Bandy.

SUCCESS STORIES,

SPRING

Ribbon stripe belts and bands to wrap the waist...to strap a watch

The charm of something soft at the waist—the belt that's a ribbon with no backing, no stiffening, it just slips through golden rings—pretty with or without a watch. And ribbon stripes for the wrist—pretty Belts, Elegant. Bands, Hadley Kalbe.

The sneaker!—all-time, all-American favorite—comfortable, practical, good-looking...

The most basic casual shoe—classic white canvas sneakers with non-skid soles for boating, tennis, jogging, beach walking, dog walking, anything—it's the shoe you wish you could wear all the time. The Top-Sider sneaker by Sperry.

On these 12 pages: great American favorites—the things we love best, the things the whole world loves best from jeans to body-stockings to costume jewelry—everything well-designed, well-made, tops in its class—it's called American know-how. Not the least of which is knowing how to make a good thing even better—to ease it, lighten it, narrow it...to update it until it's just what you want right now.

AVEDON

FASHION DETAILS AND STORES, PAGE 217.

EBRUARY FINDS
UCCESS STORIES u.s.a.

American costume jewelry—the whole world buys it here

Because it costs so little (and looks so good!), and because it's available *everywhere*. Case in point: the "gold" chains here—narrow, simple, supple enough to knot—sent all across the country by Monet at the rate of something like 10,000 a week, every week. When you want them, they're there!...The reds (super-classic American color!): Bill Blass's sweater-take on the blazer—*the* all-time American casual jacket—in knitted cotton; unlined, unconstructed, light and soft as a shirt in the hand—modern! And a Candy Apple red lipstick to go with it, from Maybelline. Here and opposite: hair, Harry King; makeup, Way Bandy.

The cowboy boot!

Symbol of American rugged good looks—polished leather with a tortoise patina...two wing-spread American eagles stitched across the front and the back. From Acme Boots.

Gleaming, flat-to-the-wrist cuffs—the bracelet-to-collect!

Real costume jewelry, really terrific looking: thin ribbons of hammered brass or polished nickel, lighter, narrower than a lot of the cuffs you've been seeing—the bracelet everyone wants now. (And at $14-$28, the price is right!) By Dionne Cole.

Webbing belts... out of the army/navy store and onto the waists of the world

Casual, inexpensive, sturdy, timeless, super-trim, the brass-buckled webbing belt practically stands for American design at its best. It's the belt everyone loves to put on with shorts, pants, jeans, jumpsuits! This—supple white canvas by Elegant.

AVEDON

great American action clothes

FEBRUARY FINDS
SUCCESS STORIES **u.s.a.**

The American way with terry... with get-up-and-go clothes!

The racy line—the ease—of a jogging/exercise/warm-up suit from Anne Klein & Co.: chocolate cotton terry tunic with cowl neck, pull-on pants (it's also the perfect thing to wear at-home). Top, about $54; pants, about $50. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne.

T-shirt update: in a new *softer* brushed cotton knit—a U.S. phenomenon. The bare beige scoop-neck T-shirt, matching pull-on shorts. D.B.A. by Theodore.



Outdoor essential—the windbreaker-jacket

The classic hooded boating/beach/action jacket in thin, lightweight, waterproof white nylon with lots of pockets. By White Stag.

DRAWINGS BY ANTONIO

ISHIMURO

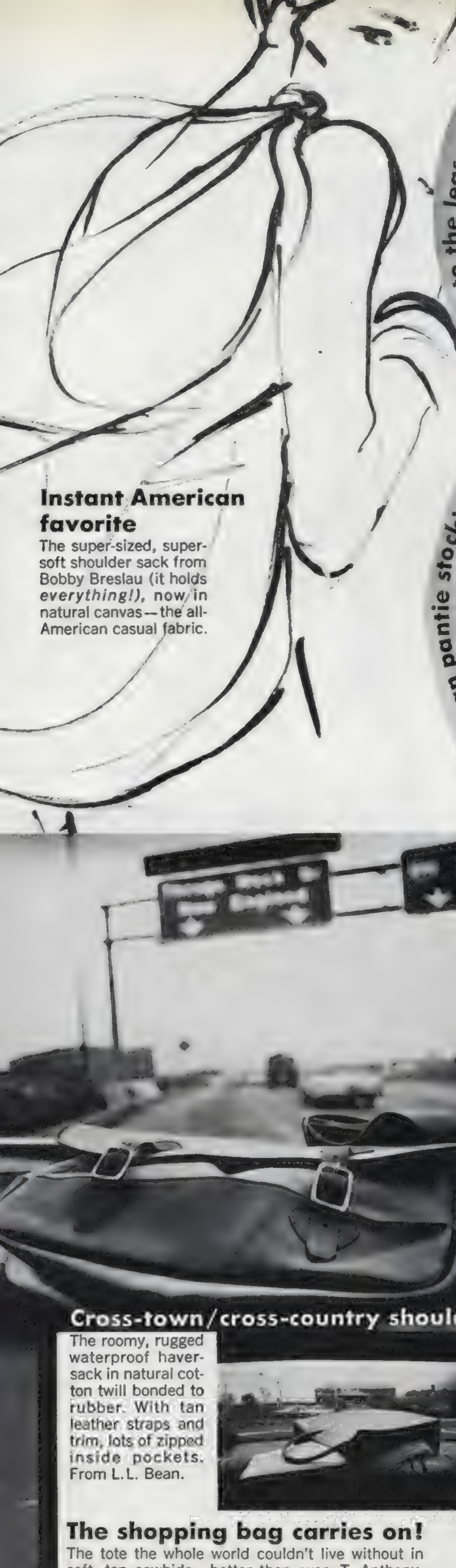
Accessory finds—head-to-toe success stories

Classic white sport socks with navy and red stripes. By Bonnie Doon....One thing everyone always wants more of: cotton squares. Here, stacks of pale, pretty plaids, stripes, and tiny dots. All, Scarfs by Echo....The nifty belt for pants and jeans: a man's belt in taupe canvas with thin navy edging. From Coach Leatherware....The sleek classic "tortoise" headband, from Concord Drugs, N.Y.

ARTHUR ELGORT

The great American pantie stocking—America's gift to the legs of the world!

To have by the dozen: the super-sheer, super-pale sandalfoot pantie stocking. From Christian Dior.



Instant American favorite

The super-sized, super-soft shoulder sack from Bobby Breslau (it holds *everything!*), now in natural canvas—the all-American casual fabric.

Cross-town/cross-country shoulderbag

The roomy, rugged waterproof haversack in natural cotton twill bonded to rubber. With tan leather straps and trim, lots of zipped inside pockets. From L.L. Bean.

The shopping bag carries on!

The tote the whole world couldn't live without in soft, tan cowhide—better than ever. T. Anthony.

FASHION DETAILS AND STORES, PAGE 217.



Most-wanted bathing suit... most-wanted fabric

The thin, unconstructed maillot with a very low-cut back, in soft cotton-y blue denim jersey. Marc Vigneron for Cole of California.

More than pretty!

The bare, plunged bra in sheer white stretch lace that really holds. By Olga.





New terry T-shirting

Thin, soft terry to give a new turn to easy at-home (and sun) dressing: long-sleeved oversized navy top, narrow-leg drawstring pants. By Ralph Lauren.



The best—best-fitting—jeans

The newest jeans—narrow with narrow legs in *soft* pre-washed, pre-shrunk denim—all the "work" has been done for you! By Lady Wrangler.

JACQUES MALIGNON



Everyone's favorite outdoor action jacket now in everyone's favorite American fabric—zipped, hooded, with a drawstring bottom. Ms. Lee for the Lee Co...

U.S. super sport—the cotton denim windbreaker-jacket

We have the best new terry slippers

At last, a really attractive, modern-looking terry slipper—in white, with white plastic soles and heel. Super Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Two shoe classics updated: the pump in canvas, the moccasin in softest leather

This season's go-with-everything shoe—the delicate pump, now in natural canvas—natural American style....The flat moccasin in a beautiful, soft off-white analine calf—the casual shoe everyone always wants. Both by Julianelli.

Classic shirt look—tiny blue-and-white checks, white collarband and cuffs. In the modern shirt fabric—polyester/cotton blend that goes directly from the washing machine to you! Ship & Shore.

The wash 'n' wear shirt—it started here!

Rain or shine, this jumpsuit goes—the secret's in the fabric!

The rainsuit/jumpsuit—the lean, dashing shirt-top jumpsuit in water-resistant black poplin—great idea, great look! Mario Forte for Rona; polyester and cotton. About $98. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin.

The look under the look—sleek and smooth. The American way to have it: bikinis *(above)* and brief *(opposite)* in a stretch fabric that is guaranteed to keep its shape (and help yours!) forever. Both, from Magic Lady by Exquisite Form, in Monsanto's Monvelle fabric.

Guaranteed to stay in shape forever—the always-smooth pantie

ISHIMURO



Long-sleeved buff cotton knit T-shirt and narrow trouser-top skirt in buff poplin—a look the world fell in love with! Calvin Klein.

The U.S.A. sportswear look—clean and perfect

Trim little soft-tailored vest, slit-front trouser-top skirt in a terrific lilac corduroy—soft-but-durable, crease-and-shrink resistant. From Blassport.

Corduroy—easy/dashing American casual

The newest sunglasses...

...the lightest, strongest sunglasses, with pretty-color (here, peach!) aluminum frames, gradient lenses. From Ultimate Spectacle.

JACQUES MALIGNON

DRAWINGS BY ANTONIO

ARTHUR ELGORT

Good-bye wrinkles—the crease-resistant cotton jumpsuit is here!

Nifty new jumpsuit—beige tattersalls, with patch pockets, epaulettes, its own belt-bag. And the big news of a specially treated cotton that really resists creases, that can be hand-washed, and it won't shrink. Kasper for Joan Leslie. About $140. Bonwit Teller; G. Fox; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Rich's; Higbee's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.

FEBRUARY FINDS SUCCESS STORIES **u.s.a.**

One of the great things about American clothes is American fabric-performance...

...e.g., this soft, brushed-poplin tan jumpsuit—not only does it have all the lean, racy good looks you want in a jumpsuit, you can pop it right into the washer! By Rena Rowan for Jones New York; cotton and polyester. About $70. Bloomingdale's;. Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii. Hair, Harry King; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures.

ARTHUR ELGORT



DRAWINGS BY ANTONIO

The lighter, thinner, *prettier* leotard

New from Danskin: leotards in a silky-thin, silky-feeling stretch fabric, pretty enough to wear as a "top" at night. Sketched, the sexiest!—black, plunging, wrapped extra-small.

Faster sneakers!

Super-light white-trimmed green nylon—for jogging/action sports when how fast you can pick up your feet really counts! From Keds.





The body-stocking: the smoothest, sleekest underthing ever invented...

...and we invented it! Key example of why lingerie is great in this country: we get more control into less construction. This one (the one practically every model we know swears by)—sheer, soft, nude-colored, by John Kloss for Lily of France.

The Shetland that isn't a sloppy joe!—

the small blue Shetland—classic American sweater-dressing! From Crazy Horse.

And we make the best support stockings...

This thin, this sheer—real support without looking orthopedic! It's part of the American genius for making things that work *and* that look good. Burlington/Monvelle.

The tote bag!—because Americans tend to carry around *more* things!...

Roomy enough to hold almost anything, from the entire contents of your desk or all your tennis gear to a large house cat! With strap-handles that can go over your shoulder; and at its most American/practical in natural canvas—i.e., washable! From My Rich Uncle Henry. This page: hair, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Joey Mills.

ISHIMURO

The best fabric—cotton for cool plus stretch for support and movement. The best design—straps cut like suspenders so they can't slip off your shoulder. By Danskin.

The best active-sports bra

The cooler leotard

Almost half cotton (like the bra, left) so it's as soft and airy as a little T-shirt, yet with all the perfect fit and easy-moving stretch of a leotard. For hard workouts or hot weather (with a little wrap skirt, this terrific tennis-dressing!). By Danskin.

JACQUES MALIGNON

FASH ON DETAILS AND STORES, PAGE 217.

FEBRUARY FINDS U.S.a.

DIGITAL WATCHES

A boom! The U.S. got there fastest, surest, with the most at the best prices and looks. Internationally, we're IT in digital watches, and we haven't scratched the demand right here for these marvelously accurate electronic wonders that flash the time (and sometimes the month and day) at you. What's here is only a sampling of looks across a little-to-unlimited price range. What's new is the lightness, the thinness—you don't want Sputnik on your wrist.

Note: Watches labeled LCD (liquid crystal) show the time continuously; watches labeled LED (light-emitting) shine their red numbers at the push of a button. Here, all but one, LED.

A lot of time, a little space

Above: A fined-down golden bracelet watch that tells all, month to second. Gruen Lady Telestar, $250.

Built to take a beating—nicely

Below: Shock-resistant, water-safe (to 100 feet!), month-to-secondwatch in a gold-filled bracelet. By Pulsar, who pioneered digital watches, $395.

Ultimate sleek

Right: Stainless steel, leather-strapped. Month, day, time to the second. By Texas Instruments Incorporated. $145.

Time without a turn off

Wrist-size calculator

Above: Limited-edition marvel (100 only), a calculator for all basic functions plus a month-to-second gold timekeeper. By Pulsar, $3950.

More than a pretty face

Below: Month-to-second watch in a golden or silvery cuff. Anne Klein for Quasar Time, $150.

Now for a change of face

Right: A watch that gives hour and minute plus three interchangeable plastic faces. White, beige, blue, with a white strap. By Exelar, $60.

FOR STORES SEE NEXT TO LAST PAGE THIS ISSUE.

DUANE MICHALS



A watch like a wrist-ring

Right: Months, days, hours, minutes, seconds—all held on a thin sterling-silver band. By Uranus, $275.

Wristful of time for a man

Left: Good-sized watch with month-to-second time. Men love it. The news: a flatter case than usual. In gold-colored metal. By Fairchild, $195.

ANTONIO

The un-watch I

Above: A deep-red rectangle set in a gold-finished, flexible band. How un-watchy can you get? Month-to-second time. Lady Polora by Wittenauer, $275.

The un-watch II

Below: This one, set in a silvery bracelet, delivers months to seconds. By Microsonic, $150.

Man-to-woman watch

A man's watch a woman might love to wear. *Above:* Month-to-second watch, lizard strap. By Quasar, $130.

JACQUES MALIGNON

FIND OUT WHAT'S THERE:

UNKNOWN AMERICA

Cross-country scan with a European eye—the U.S. of A. as you have never seen them

BY OLGA CARLISLE

For the traveler brought up in miniaturized France, to motor across the United States for the first time is an exhilarating if somewhat unsettling experience. Despite the amenities of modern travel, the immensity of the country lends a slightly grueling grandeur to the journey. Day after day, the Western sun never seemed to stop setting. One knew that it is a big country; to drive it was to *feel* its hugeness. European-born, I knew also that America is a new country (to all but the Indian); to cross its surface was to experience intimately the Alice-oddity of its novelty and to realize the awesome sum of human energies that welded a nation together in two hundred years.

My traveling companion was my husband, a writer who is a native San Franciscan with New England and Tennessee roots. We had often, over the years, flown West on visits from our home in Washington, Connecticut; and, looking down at the checkerboard sections of the Middle West, the shadow-haunted mountainscapes of the Rockies, we had promised ourselves that someday we would drive across the country. This year, we decided, someday had arrived.

We planned a leisurely, comfortable, no-push trip beginning in mid-October (when a play of my husband's opened in Buffalo) and ending whenever the familiar hills of the city by the Golden Gate rose into view. Our general plan was to visit the important art museums in Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago, to speed across the central plains on Interstate 80, to jog north to Yellowstone Park, to drop south again to Salt Lake City, and to go on west at a more rambling pace through the Nevada, Sierra, and Sacramento Valley country my husband knew and loved as a child. From the time we turned our white Peugeot west from Buffalo until we reached the Sierras, everything was new to me; each day was allowed to shape itself naturally without excessive plotting (tourist "attractions" were, as a rule, avoided; I—thankfully—live without memory of the Founders' faces carved on Mount Rushmore). Each day yielded its own images of America, often exotic to a native of picturesque, history-rich France but always absorbing.

Now that I have passed through the looking-glass of the North American continent and am ensconced for the winter in the perpetual springtime of San Francisco, I recall some of those scenes: the playful Victorian architecture of western New York State, the vineyards on the azure shore of Lake Erie bathed in golden sunlight. There time seems arrested, the land inviting. Should one not settle forever in this azure peace? But in Ohio the stern homesteads with their tall silos, mysterious and forbidding against a crimson sunset, spurred us on. We wanted to escape the stare of their dark windows. Like true Americans, undaunted by spaces and challenges ahead, we sped on.

Through the corn- and wheatfields of the Middle West we drove, guided by our AAA maps and that indispensable art directory of U.S. collections, Eloise Spaeth's *American Art Museums* (Third Edition, Harper & Row). In Cleveland and again in Chicago, a Chardin, a Watteau seemed to tell me, in very quiet voices, that the Old World, and particularly *la douce France,* still existed—somewhere at the other end of the earth. However, as a whole, these sumptuous art collections spoke above all of the New World, of its boundless optimism and riches. They seemed to proclaim the self-assurance and singlemindedness of the men and women of wealth who have gathered these treasures in the middle of endless cornfields. Their collections are as much monuments to the collectors themselves (Continued on page 211)



EVENINGS... JUST WHAT YOU'D LOVE TO WEAR

From the short pretty dinner dress to layers of delicate hand-painted print to a bare navy jumpsuit—on these four pages, there is something for everyone, for every kind of evening...

The most romantic evening dress of the season, *left:* the handkerchief dress from Oscar de la Renta—wafts of pale-peach silk with a bare slip-strap top, a hem that just falls in points, and matching silk chiffon scarf to wrap at the shoulder—and it couldn't be simpler. About $320. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hair, Suga; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures.

Perfect restaurant-dressing, *right*—Leo Narducci's soft little smock of a dress in silky pale-salmon jersey, all gathered and wrapped at the waist, with long full sleeves. Leo Narducci at the Midtown Farmhouse. Of Qiana nylon. About $76. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Rike's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.

The charm of a small, pretty print, a small wrapped waist, *far right,* from Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis: ivory crêpe de Chine with black-and-brown confetti dots, blowy little slit sleeves, and a breeze of a skirt—one of the most feminine dresses at night. Of Abraham silk. About $365. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz. Hair, opposite page, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Sandra of Xavier Coiffures. Photographed at The Cooper Union, N.Y. All accessories, page 217.

BOB RICHARDSON







The beautiful hand-painted print, *left,* from Oscar de la Renta: clusters of violets with violet and pale-yellow stripes on an easy, sliding white silk caftan of a dress—slit in front, slit at the sides, and wrapped low on the waist with a hand-painted chiffon scarf. Dress, of American Silk Mills fabric. About $800. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

EVENINGS...
JUST WHAT YOU'D LOVE TO WEAR

Instant favorites!–
the hand-painted print...
the new wrap skirt
at night... the most alluring
pyjama-dressing...





A knockout! *left,* from Giorgio Sant'Angelo, three thin thin layers of hand-painted silk chiffon kimonos in varying lengths. To wear together, to wear separately—each one, a treasure. Of Kabat Textiles fabric. Hand painting by Basia. To order. The shortest, $600; medium, $700; longest, $800. **The easy glamour of a jumpsuit at night,** *right:* the small-fitting, narrow-falling navy jersey jumpsuit at Robert-David Morton with a bare-strap top smocked to the waist and wrapped. Of Antron nylon and Lycra. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Lillie Rubin—South and West; I.S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Joseph Magnin. Hair, here and opposite, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon. **The new allure of skirt-and-shirt dressing,** *far right above:* Giorgio Sant'Angelo's floaty black chiffon skirt that wraps like a sarong, with a matching chiffon smock top —easy as a pyjama, and it goes wherever a dress goes. Of Kabat Textiles polyester. Each, about $180. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin. **The newest neckline at night,** *far right below:* the sliding, slipping off-the-shoulder neckline! Bieff-Herrera's rose-color printed georgette tunic over billowy crêpe de Chine pants caught at the ankle—at-home seductive! Tunic, of viscose (LaFitte fabric); pants, of silk (Horikoshi fabric). About $360. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; I.S. Ayres. Bullock's. Hair, Harry King. All accessories on page 217.



Sure things... clothes that work for the life you live

No matter what you do—bank president, bank teller, part time volunteer, whatever—if you're on the go all day, the clothes on these pages are what you need most of. Easy, attractive, pulled-together pieces—you can put them on in the morning and you're dressed for your day. And you look terrific!

Super-easy pieces-dressing, *far left:* the two-piece dress that's just a thin knitted pale-sand T-shirt and a breeze of a skirt with an elasticized waist. (A narrow hemp-braid belt is a natural to add!) From Francesca for Damon, of wool and acrylic. Top, about $32; skirt, about $50. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Higbee's, Hudson's; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.

The suit that works, *above:* the pale-grey knitted wool suit with an unlined (unencumbering!) jacket and its own little tint-of-pink blouse—instant pulled-together! From Kimberly Knitwear. Jacket, skirt, and Trevira Star polyester blouse (Hoechst Fibers), about $180. At Lord & Taylor; G. Fox; Joseph Horne; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

The new look of a two-piece dress, *left:* the look of two easy pieces—the little dotted blouson top in navy and beige over a small-pleated navy-and-beige stripe skirt. When every minute counts in the morning, dressing in pieces like these means dressing in no time flat. From Goldworm; of polyester-and-linen knit, about $158. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Hair, Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon. Makeup, Ariella. Accessories, on the next to last page

DUANE MICHALS



The ease of a shirtdress, *left,* and the nice, feminine feeling of being in a dress for a change—but a relaxed, non-uptight dress—it's why shirtdressing is an American way of life. (And nothing goes faster in the morning!) Here, in a soft, beig-y fabric that's so light and supple it *gathers*—and falls—narrow. By Leslie Fay, of polyester, cotton, and flax (with hemp belt, not shown). At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Burdine's; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii.

The casual look of jacket-and-pants-dressing, *top right* (remember when you couldn't wear pants to an office!?!)—the unlined shirt-band-collared jacket that's light as a shirt, over matching beige poplin pants, with a narrow beige-and-white-striped sweater to pull underneath. By Country Sophisticates. Jacket, about $45, and pants, about $32, of rayon and polyester; acrylic-and-linen sweater, about $20. At Macy's; Hudson's. *Rolex watch, at Tiffany.*

The dash of a blazer-suit, *below right:* three pieces of pale-grey whipcord—the blazer, vest, and pants—with a little grey-and-white gingham-checked cotton shirt to wear with them. Nifty together—but so classic in shape and color that it's no big deal to move them around. By Harve Benard; whipcord, of polyester and cotton (Burlington Sportswear fabric). All four pieces, about $180. At Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; John Baldwin, Rike's; Sakowitz Hovland-Swanson; Bullock's, Liberty House, Hawaii. Accessories, next to last page. Photographed at The Charles E. Hughes Atelier.

If you work, you need more clothes and that's that. But it's nice if you don't have to hock the family jewels to have them...

Sure things... clothes that work

Sure things... clothes that work

1. Perfect turnout of a rainy-day look—a rubberized sand poplin raincoat with Ultrasuede trim, that can take an extra sweater underneath when you need it. To wear over a sand-colored Ultrasuede wrap skirt and navy-and-beige striped boatneck sweater. From Chester Weinberg for Samuel Robert. Coat, of polyester and cotton, about $178. Skirt (Springs Mills fabric), about $144. Sweater, of acrylic, about $38. Late February, at Bonwit Teller, Lillie Rubin-South and West; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin.

2. Newest look of a classic trenchcoat—unlined and in pale beige ciré—the thin little shell of a coat you're going to want to slide over everything, all the time. To wear with a matching ciré skirt. Raincoat, Don Sayres for Gamut, of rayon and polyurethane. About $140. March, at Lord & Taylor; G. Fox; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.

3. Another new turn on a trenchcoat—everybody's favorite raincoat—in cream corduroy. This is a coat you could live in (and the longer you do, the softer it gets). From Weatherbee, of water-repellent cotton corduroy (Crompton). About $95. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Marshall Field; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson.

1

2

3

4



4. Instead of a raincoat, a rain-jacket—a grey cotton-backed ciré jacket (lightweight and water-repellent) to side over a pair of classic black trousers and white crêpe shirt. Jacket, Victor Joris for V & J Design. Of polyurethane, about $100. End of February, at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin, Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Sakowitz, I. Magnin.

5. In a year of jackets... the thin unlined banana poplin rain-jacket. Good-looking enough to wear even if there isn't a cloud in the sky... light enough to wear right through summer. Here, over navy cotton trousers and a classic ivory silk shirt. From Oscar de la Renta. Jacket, of polyester and cotton, about $158. Shirt and pants, each about $58. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

6. Rainy-day package: it's all put together for you—a fly-front raincoat of beige poplin and matching rain skirt in a lighter weight beige poplin, with a cotton-y sand plaid shirt—one-two-three, you're dressed for the whole day! From Adele Simpson. Water-repellent coat and skirt (of polyester and cotton), and shirt (of Dacron and cotton), about $320. At Lord & Taylor; G. Fox; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Barton/Sligh's; L.S. Ayres; Bullet's; Robinson's, Beverly Hills; Frederick & Nelson. All accessories on the next to last page of this issue.



This year the all-around, all-weather coat is a raincoat!—a good-looking, classic, lightweight raincoat that could be a rain-jacket, too. Everyone needs one!

DUANE MICHALS

Sure-thing combination—sweater-dressing in navy and white—fresh, attractive, and easy enough to get you through the busiest day.

Sure things... clothes that work

The prettiest new sweater-and-pants dressing, *near right:* the soft, soft-sleeved navy mohair cardigan, long-sleeved white silk crêpe de Chine shirt, narrow white linen-y pants—simple, classic pieces that work together, work separately for any work-and-life style. Albert Nipon Everywear. Sweater, of mohair and acrylic, about $70; shirt, about $80; Fibranne pants, about $60. Mid-March, Lord & Taylor; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's-Wilshire.

Sweater-dressing you can count on, *opposite above,* when you have to be out of the house—and looking good!—in minutes. Left, long, narrow navy sweater pulled over narrow off-white pants. Right, the small-fitting, small-sleeved navy pullover with a suède-soft off-white skirt. All, Kimberly Sport. Tunic, of acrylic, about $38; pants, of polyester and cotton, about $30. Acrylic sweater, about $34; skirt, of Chandoe, about $60. All, Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Rike's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Watch: Van Cleef & Arpels, designed by Pierre Arpels.

The classic appeal of a "Chanel" suit, the ease of sweaters, *opposite below left:* tiny-print white-and-navy jacket, with a soft gored skirt, all edged in white crochet. St. John Knits, of acrylic and nylon. About $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; Bullock's.

The perfect sweater suit, *opposite below right:* soft, easy, ultra-feminine—little navy-and-ivory jacket over a sleeveless soft-tie ivory pullover and pleated ivory skirt—from Adolfo, the man who put women back in suits again! Of wool and silk. About $250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's. Hair, these eight pages, by Howard Fugler of Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Ariella. All accessories, next to last page.

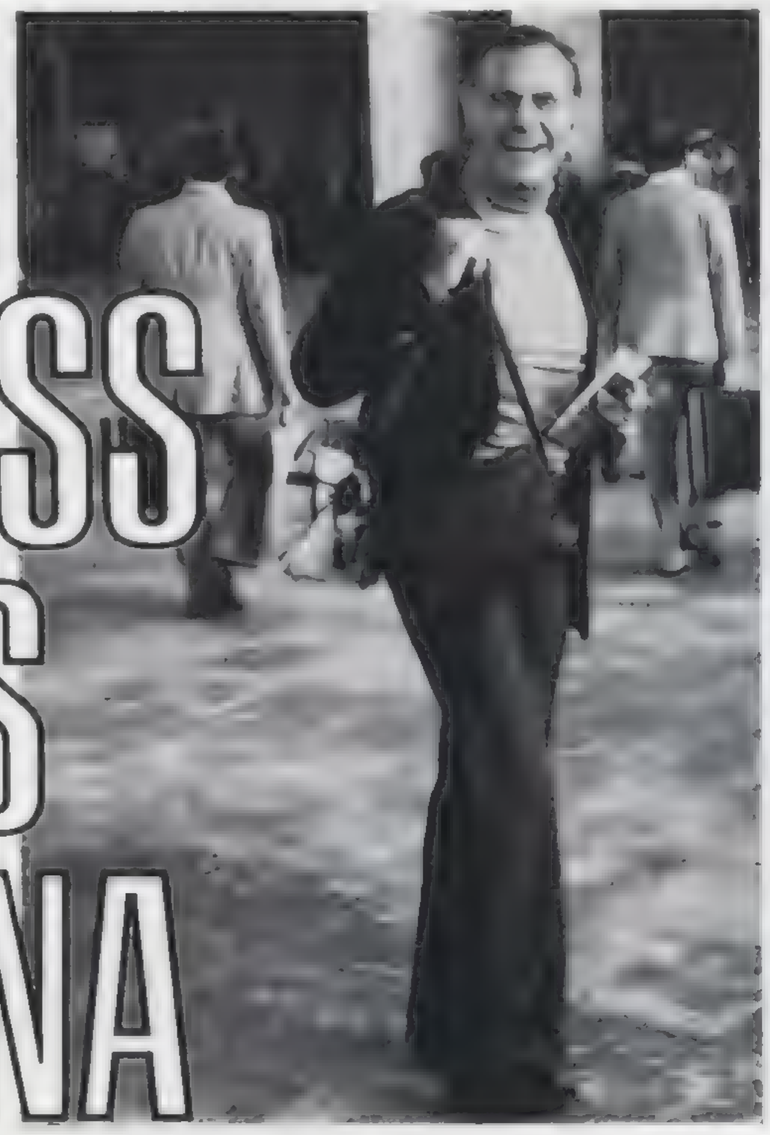
Vogue

THE PASSIONATE TRAVELER

By Bill Blass

Canton meets a designer whose clothes are top-pop among American styles; he brings back notes on food, fun, plus a list to buy by

BILL BLASS HITS CHINA



TOM FALLON

Every morning at 8:40, a train leaves Hong Kong for the border town of Shum Chun, the southern gateway to the People's Republic of China. We left an unusually still and sheltered Peninsula Hotel in a Rolls for the station. Typhoon warnings were in evidence. The wind was strong, dry, and warm. The train you board is ancient, dirty; and one passes, as in most cities, through slums and squalor in Hong Kong. The train is a local, full of peasants and housewives, making many stops before arriving at the border. Here there is calm and order, rather sparse customs formalities, and one's first glimpse of the indoctrination of Chairman Mao. His pictures, his quotations everywhere.

Lunch had been put on tables at the customs stop; and French, English, Indian, Italian, overseas Chinese, and Germans mixed most agreeably. The Japanese, by far the most numerous, lunched in a separate room. After lunch, one boards an immaculate, wood-paneled, white-lace-curtained train to continue into Canton.

The passengers were a fascinating group. My seat companion, a Frenchman, was in the steel business—making his twenty-eighth trip into China. The world descends twice a year on Canton for its trade fair.

As the train started out from Shum Chun, impressive marching music was played over the loud-speaking system; and the white-smocked girls who had served lunch lined up and smilingly waved good-bye. Even the sun, previously hidden, came out for a few minutes. The frontier, one realized, is not only political but a moral and psychological boundary as well.

Now the country changes: rolling hills, acres of fir trees, rarely a house or farm but planted fields in geometric patterns dissected only by wavy irrigation canals. Great mugs of tea were served, one girl endlessly mopping the already immaculate aisle with a beautiful bamboo-handled mop. The air-conditioned train was spotless. The countryside is staggeringly beautiful, with glimpses of villages of great charm and simplicity. Everyone was working in the fields with those marvelous water buffalo.

One's first sensation of Canton is the noise, the sounds. Since it was the month of the fair and since our hotel Tung Fang is directly across from the exhibition, there was great activity everywhere. Taxis, cars with an official air, and, of course, thousands of bicycles.



Marching in parade before foreign visitors — Bill Blass (left, below), other trade-fair notables — "Young Pioneers" perform (right) at Children's Palace, a Canton (also called Kwangchow) park, Chinese variation on America's Disneyland style. Talented in music, dance, gymnastics, the youngsters are chosen for scholarship.

It is obligatory constantly to sound the horn because of the bicycles, and the noise is deafening. However, at nine in the evening, the cars are silent and, during the night, one hears only an occasional lorry. Canton, like most of China, is an early-to-bed, early-to-rise town; and at six o'clock in the morning one is awakened by the loudspeaker playing records of the people singing worker's songs. It in no way seems unnatural, at that hour, to have their voices startle the early-morning stillness.

The hotel, which is enormous, accommodating four thousand guests, is simple but clean. On each floor are countless white-jacketed youngsters, actually foreign-language students, to fetch ice, find a missing bag, clean the rooms, and to improve their chosen foreign languages; one sees no one old.

To the fair itself, to reintroduce myself to the China-Tex delegation that had invited me, to be turned over to a department head to look at the silks: crêpe de Chine, fashion fabric of the moment, already sold out—Italians and French had purchased even before the fair opened. Nevertheless, one started the proceedings for purchasing silk. The negotiations are endless; but business is a wonderful mutual leveling with people the world over, and the Chinese are canny and no different. Chinese, by tradition, are clever businessmen, scrupulously honest in their dealings; and they expect you to be honest also.

Everywhere in the great halls of the fair, where exhibitions of every conceivable product were assembled, there were signs with political slogans and philosophies of Chairman Mao and enormous posters showing the people, always working, always smiling. Never are you conscious of anything but the present; the past has been eliminated, or so it seems here. The huge paintings of the people, seemingly all done by the same artist, picture the Chinese as lusty, powerfully built people with distinctly Western features—curiously at odds with the people one actually sees.

The negotiations to purchase both silk and cotton took hours. Fascinating yet exasperating, because of my basic impatience. Over endless cups of weak tea and strong Chinese cigarettes (everyone smokes), we were requested to return to discuss the future designs with their designers. It is interesting to do fashion business with people who have never heard of you. In Hong Kong, two days before, I had seen my clothes in shops; and clothes by both Halston and me were being presented at one of the hotel's shops later in the month.

New for the Chinese to deal at a fashion level; it's remote from their current way of life. In order to assure them of my sincere interest in purchasing silk and continuing trade, I took them photos of my clothes. It was indeed a mystery to them. We have a new friend, a Shanghai-born New Yorker named Veronique, who is to represent me now in China for business. She was, of course, a great help in formalizing the orders and translating for the many meetings.

On Sunday (which in China is a holiday), the fair was closed; we went early to the Children's Palace, really a small Disneyland filled with the elite of the Young Pioneers. It is their Palace Festival. Here, the children—highly made-up—perform, obviously for the benefit of the foreigners. The youngsters are talented in music, dance, and gymnastics. We also visited the Peasants Museum of the Revolution and the Martyrs Garden.

We lunched at a restaurant of great beauty, Bei-Yuan (Northern Gardens), which was to become a favorite of ours. In addition to its rather old-fashioned, elaborate rooms, there (Continued on page 202)

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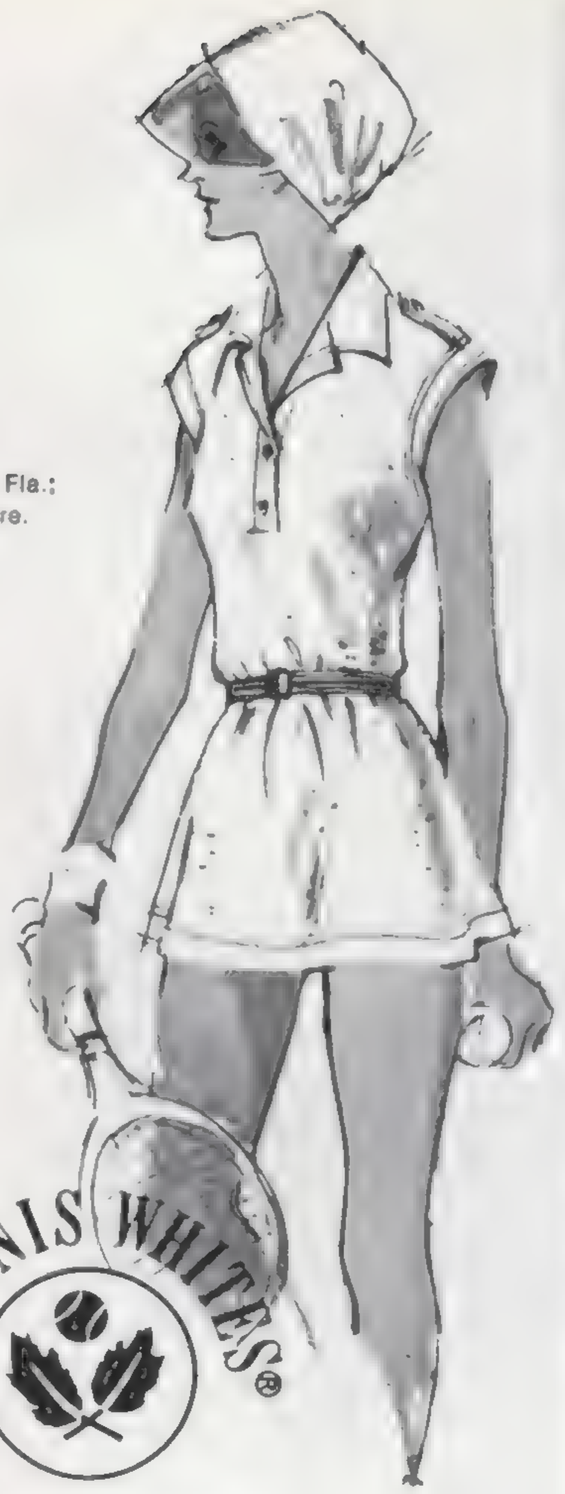
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BILL BLASS

(Continued from page 200)

are rooms for the workers and peasants. The only distinction, presumably, is that the grand rooms are for foreigners. Pearl, the proprietor of my favorite Chinese restaurant in New York, had not prepared me, however, for the strangeness of the food in China. It is quite different and exotic. The meals are preordered banquets, often not really appealing because they are so strange to our eyes and palate. One drinks with the food, a powerful wine, Mao T'ai, which I liked.

In the afternoon, a visit to the porcelain museum ("The Museum of Five Floors"). Here, I encountered Ethel Garrett and her grandson Skip, who had just completed a month of driving through China—a unique privilege. The museum begins on the top floor and one works down. Objects from 5000 B.C. and some of the porcelain exhibited in the famous Chinese exhibitions I'd seen in London and Paris were shown. There are no guards—people simply pour through—no pretentious lighting, completely a museum for the people.

On the bottom floor was exhibited what China is making today in porcelain and ceramics. We met here a young overseas-Chinese professor who was about to take a group of Chinese-Americans from San Francisco on a tour of the country; and we went searching with him for two old temples. They are in obscure neighborhoods and difficult to find, but this was the best afternoon: to walk in the streets and to see the people as they live and to find the old temple.

In the evening, a rather large group of us dined on the Pearl River on one of the barges that was previously a pleasure palace. This had always been a pleasure district for the Cantonese. After a day in the heat and dampness of Canton, one comes out to enjoy the soft breeze off the delta. When making a reservation for dinner, you designate price not the menu. Needless to say the restaurateurs encourage you to order the more expensive dinner, despite the fact that even the least costly dinner would be impossible to consume completely.

Another restaurant of great popularity is the Mongolian Hot Pot. Here a large bowl of oil over flames is brought to the table and one dips in it a variety of raw foods prepared for cooking.

One evening a performance was being presented at the Sun Yat Sen Memorial Hall (a song-and-dance troupe). The performance started at seven and ended at ten. The orchestra was superb. The instruments, though strange to us, create quite beautiful music. The singing, however, was shattering to my ears, particularly the singing of one woman, rather squat and plain, who was obviously the hit of the evening. She gave encore after encore, while throughout the rest of the evening the audience was mild and unresponsive.

Naturally, all of the songs and operettas were politically oriented and concerned Mao and the people. A projector on the side flashed a translation of the words being sung. Titles such as "Oil works ooze with energy," "Chairman Mao takes good care of us mountaineers." There was no sensual or physical connection between the male and female dancers. Nothing provocative at all. The final dance was simply sensational. Against a blue background with a single gold temple suspended in the middle, the troupe of dancers dressed in white performed a dance with long red silk scarves, which they assembled in the most beautiful calligraphy.

One night George Bush, U.S. Liaison Office Chief, hosted a reception for the visiting Americans and the heads of the various Chinese delegations. Afterward, we dined with him and found him a most appealing and stimulating man. The conversation, for we were all Americans that night, was extremely interesting: of politics, art, and philosophy—so different, perhaps, from a similar evening in America. Was China getting to us? For despite one's seeming lack of luxury one does not feel deprived or depressed. The heat, the humidity are intense—the boredom of the endless meetings does not oppress one. My discussions at that point centered around my going to Peking or Shanghai actually to work with the silk people. But since all the designers and technicians are in Canton, this became unlikely.

The all-important dinner of Madame Han, the impressive lady who heads the fabric/ready-to-wear delegation: The dinner was small, with only two of the gentlemen speaking English. The restaurant chosen was our favorite, the Northern Gardens. It was not an evening entirely devoted to business and extremely pleasant. Nevertheless, my request to travel on was denied; and I must wait until I return next year to go to Peking. Being somewhat depressed, I sent a note the following day thanking the Chinese for the banquet and expressing my disappointment at not being able to continue. A return telephone call assured me that I may return; and this is, perhaps, the point of China.

We left in the morning, curiously not without the same enthusiasm we had coming in. It was a unique feeling, wanting to come, wanting to leave, and certainly wanting to return. (Shopping list follows.)

BILL BLASS: CANTON SHOPPER

What to buy: Certainly the book room at the fair building is extraordinary; great books, printed in Peking, of the art of China. Records and scrolls.

The People's Store: Next to the Friendship Store, for articles of clothing and simple everyday things, although there are many small stores along the main street also selling such items. The wonderful bamboo brush—for writing, of course, and marvelous for girls to apply makeup. A handful in a glorious paint jar of bamboo looks striking on desk or table.

The government-run antique store and the Antique Warehouse: The former consists of three rooms filled with antiques authenticated (though nothing is over 150 years old), very well displayed in glass cases; a small patio to accommodate the larger jars and outdoor things. Really very interesting; jewelry as well, scrolls and paintings.

However, the Warehouse, which is a vast dusty building, is of even more interest. One can spend hours plowing through the porcelains, et cetera. One can shop here only if quantity is being purchased. The prices are adjusted accordingly. Porcelain on the first floor, scrolls and manuscripts on the second floor, and a vast room on top with marvelous articles of all sorts.

What to bring: Perhaps an extra really large towel (nonexistent in the hotel), a jar of peanut butter, a jar of freeze-dried coffee; at the commissary in the hotel one can purchase fresh fruit, biscuits, wonderful sandalwood soap.

Undercover note: Despite the drab conformity of dress, the People's Store and the Chinese clotheslines are filled with colorful and, in fact, garish printed underwear. Is it that, underneath, the Chinese are eager to break out of such strict regimentation of dress? ▽

"I've thought about our little problem, Ginny," Ira said one night in bed

WEDDED BLISS

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me. She had been to secretarial school in Albany before relenting and returning to marry her high school boy friend and live happily ever after. She would always say reassuringly, "Jesum Crow, Ginny, I saw hippies a *lot* worse than you in Albany."

Angela was a big gun on the surprise shower scene and among the Tupperware party set. (Actually, the two groups were one and the same.) She also happened to be refreshment chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Stark's Bog Volunteer Fire Department. In short, Angela was my "in."

I started out modestly by attending a Tupperware party at Angela's split-level ranch on the opposite edge of town. Fifteen women of different ages were there. Angela had warned them in advance so that they wouldn't blanch too noticeably as I walked through the door. Several of the less socially hardy had left in a huff. Those who remained behaved admirably, there being an awkward silence of only three and a half minutes upon my arrival. I smiled a lot to indicate my unimpeachable good will, and I talked as little as possible, intent upon mastering the jargon and discerning the sanctioned topics for conversation first. These turned out to be as follows: 1) the weather; 2) one's children; 3) cooking; 4) the weather. I had no children, and clearly none of the assembled were into soybean casseroles. But vis à vis the weather, I snatched the ball and ran with it.

"Gee, mud season is really hanging on this spring, isn't it?" I asked a large gray-haired woman with a wart on her nose.

"Yes, it is," she agreed, startled to be addressed by a reformed Soybeaner on such a harmless topic.

"Some weather for May, huh?"

"A-yup."

"I keep waiting for some sunshine," I confessed.

"Humm," she replied noncommittally. Could the same sun that shone on Soybean People possibly be the one that shone on Stark's Boggers? she appeared to be asking herself.

"Do you think it's unusually cool this spring?"

"Well—don't know. Could be." She glanced around the room at her friends, fearful that they might think she was conversing voluntarily with this subversive.

"Maybe we're skipping spring and moving right into summer!" I laughed weakly.

She looked at me with distaste. Undaunted, I said, "Yup, sure looks like we're due for a gorgeous summer after this rotten spring."

Just as I was exhausting my variations on this theme, our area Tupperware representative, a svelte young woman in a navy pantsuit and a blond bouffant such as I hadn't seen since the Bloody Bucket, stood up and welcomed us and began her pitch designed to raise our kitchen consciousness.

"Now, girls," she began urgently, "I *know* you've all been *waiting* to hear about the grr-eat new Tupperware products that have just come out, designed as always to help today's busy homemaker. So I won't waste another minute!" A dizzying succession of plastic bacon keepers, cauliflower crispers, bowls and canisters and molds swirled from hand to hand. Each woman was inspecting them with the eye of an expert jeweler for cut diamonds, turning them this way and that, making remarks to neighbors.

"Yes, girls," the Tupperware lady continued, "this is *exactly* why we sell our kitchen-tested products on the unique home party plan, so that all the outstanding features can be demonstrated right in the comfort of your own living room. Treat your Tupperware as you would your hands and it will give you a long life of faithful service, and open up whole new worlds of food economy and flavor. . . ."

By the end of the "party," everyone in the room had committed herself to dozens of plastic objects. Except me. I had bought nothing. I was overwhelmed with all the things my kitchen lacked. How had I managed to get meals on the table to date? Angela assured me as I departed in a daze that I hadn't wrecked my chances on the Tupperware circuit simply through failing to buy, that I could make up for this lapse in manners at the next party.

Soon after this Angela got me invited to a surprise shower for one of Ira's cousins, who was about to marry a local boy. Our unfortunate victim, Wanda Bliss, sauntered into our web of deceit (which we had woven in her very own television room) wearing rollers the size of bed springs. She squealed with terror and tried to dash out when she saw three dozen of her closest friends and relatives bobbing up from behind couches and chairs. Her

(Continued on page 204)



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VOGUE GALLERIA

"You're going to have an orgasm tonight." "But really Ira, I don't want one" "I don't care what you want. I want you to be happy"

WEDDED BLISS

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mother forced her to return. Chagrinned, but pretending to smile, she opened the mountain of gifts and passed them around. Mine was a tin serving tray with wooden handles and a picture of a covered bridge and "Vermont, The Green Mountain State" painted on it. Everyone passed it on as though it were the meal tray from a plague patient when she read the card saying that it was from me.

I was sitting next to Angela, taking mental notes on proper surprise shower conduct. A box came by. Angela looked in and sighed with envy. She turned around to a middle-aged woman and whispered covetously, "Don't you just *love* it, Aunt Clare? It's *impossible* to find a decent bureau scarf these days. Don't you agree, Ginny?"

Pleased to be included, I replied, "I know what you mean."

A pair of hollow-stemmed champagne glasses etched with frosted bride and groom silhouettes came by, followed closely by plastic place mats with a Kodachrome Vermont landscape and a psalm printed on each. Angela leaned across me and demanded "Will *your* family eat squash, Jean? I can't get Bill to *touch* it!"

Jean allowed as how Hal would leave her on the spot if she ever dared to serve squash on his dinner plate.

"Ira hates squash, too," I offered companionably.

Several stacks of sheets and towels later, Angela said out of the corner of her mouth, "You should have *seen* Jimmy the other day, Bernice. He got Bill's razor and lathered up his face and shaved himself! At five and a half!"

"Five and a half! Goodness, don't they grow up fast!"

"I know. They act so big, and then they get all tired out and come crawling up on your lap wanting to be babied."

"Isn't it the truth?" confirmed Bernice. "Well, baby them while you can, Angela honey, because it passes so quickly."

By the conclusion of this shower, I had decided that elopement had a lot going for it. Angela told me as we left that she was pretty certain that, after a few more showers, she would be able to get me voted into the Women's Auxiliary, especially since Ira was the president of the fire department. Perhaps she could even get me in in time to work on the fashion show.

"What does the auxiliary do?"

"Oh, we mostly clean up the room after meetings. Pick up the bottles and stuff. Sometimes we make refreshments for the meetings."

"I'd like that," I assured her.

"I've thought about our little problem, Ginny," Ira said one night in bed.

"*What* problem?" I wasn't aware that we had any. For me, everything was peachy. That day I had been voted into the Women's Auxiliary. Unanimously, Angela said. Except for Jean, and what could you expect from a woman like that?

"The fact that I'm not satisfying you sexually."

"Oh but you *are!*"

"Please, Ginny. I've asked you not to lie about it."

"But I don't *want* to be satisfied. Or rather I don't mind not being. In other words, I *am* satisfied by the state of our sex life."

"No, you're not. I've thought about it a lot. And I've figured out what the trouble is." I looked at him expectantly. To have problems solved before you'd even acknowledged their existence was the height of luxury. "You're used to a very exciting life, Ginny—Boston and all your . . . different friends."

"Who? *Me?*"

"Yes, you *are*, Ginny."

"But I'm *not*, Ira. Really. I just got in with the wrong crowd. I'm not really like that at *all*," I insisted, believing it.

"No, living with me must seem very dull after all that."

"I *like* it dull. Uh, I mean I don't think it's dull at *all*. I like our life the way it is, Ira. I wouldn't have married you if I didn't."

"So—" he said, ignoring me, "I've decided to try to make things more exciting. I so much want you to be as happy with me as I am with you, Ginny." He threw off the bedcovers and revealed his gorgeous nude muscled body, pale white below his neckline. But there was some black contraption obscuring his genitals.

"What in the hell?"

"A leather jock strap," he said proudly. "Go ahead. Feel it." I poked it tentatively. "Do much for you?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Now! For you!" Out from under the bed he pulled a transparent raincoat and held it up for me to put on. "Go ahead! Put it on!"

I did—and felt like a topless traffic cop.

"What do you think?" he asked with boyish delight.

"Neat."

He turned out the light and embraced me. I crackled like a cellophane toilet paper wrapper. "Uh, now what, Ira?"

He sat up and turned on the light and took a book off his bedside table and consulted the index. "Uh, yes, well. I guess we're just supposed to look at each other. It says some women are turned on by the smell and feel of leather."

So Ira and I sat and looked at each other. Then he took off his jock strap, and I slipped out of my transparent raincoat, and he settled his furry head between my tanned legs—a tarantula nestled in a bunch of overripe bananas. As Ira amused himself, I pondered the topic of whether to take pot roast or pork liver out of the freezer for supper the next day.

I didn't come. Ira sat up and marked two X's in the book over the sections entitled "Leather" and "Polyethylene." "Now, don't be discouraged, Ginny. Each time we'll try something different."

On Memorial Day morning, I stood on Main Street and watched as Ira marched by in his olive National Guard uniform, followed closely by Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, Brownies, and Girl Scouts. The Stark Mountain Regional High School marching band came next, led by prancing majorettes who were nowhere near as good as I remembered being. Then came the fire department float, featuring a uniformed representative from each National Guard unit in the area. They were saluting a bank of flowers tilted against the truck cab. The flowers were white carnations, some dyed red and blue and densely packed in a wire frame to form an American flag. A hand-printed inscription around the truck bed read, "Serving to Keep America Strong and Free." Then came some volunteer firemen, in their sweptback hats and raincoats and rubber boots, hanging from the town's gleaming hook and ladder truck.

After the parade, the men and boys had been invited to the General Machine Gun Testing Range —the one Eddie and Atheliah and Mona and I had discovered —to view a new type of mortar launcher to be used in Vietnam. Half the men in town had been working on the project for over a year. They took as much pride in it as their forebears must have taken in their spikes and staples in the 1800s when General Machine had been a nail factory.

Meanwhile, the women and girls went to the parish hall for the Women's Auxiliary fashion show. The fashion coordinator from Sears, Roebuck in St. Johnsbury had outfitted us auxiliary members and had written the script, which Angela was reading:

"Lovely Ginny Bliss waltzes into summer in her . . ." That was my cue. The thought had flickered through my diabolical brain to whisk out attired in my transparent raincoat and Ira's black leather jock strap. Eddie would have done it. But I was trying hard to forget Eddie. I never allowed myself to think of her. The only time she sneaked up on me was when I was asleep. She would appear in dreams, saying in an accusing voice, "You keep thinking I'm, like, dead or something." Then I'd reach out to embrace her. And I'd wake up and find myself clinging to Ira, who would interpret this as an invitation to roll on top of me for a tryst, while I choked back sobs of longing for Eddie and tried not to fantasize that Ira's hands and mouth and tongue moving across my body were hers. I was grateful to Ira for taking me on. If I couldn't throw myself into sex with him, at least I wouldn't cuckold him spiritually by pretending that he was someone else.

I swept out in my backless pink paisley halter-front harem pants. ". . . in this fetching nylon acetate ensemble. The halter front with its matching fabric tie strings, and the billowing legs of the look-alike pants"—here I turned and paused to display my fabric tie strings—"will make you feel like a pampered slave girl in an opulent harem, when that sultan of yours comes home at night." I took several steps so that my legs would billow. "Accented with a handsome wide copper bracelet"—I held up my shackled wrist—"and glittering gold sandals—just the thing for a Stark's Bog back yard barbecue. Or a Bliss family Memorial Day picnic, Ginny?"

I smiled ingenuously and descended the steps to a thunder of applause. I was pleased. I had finally been accepted, had overcome my Soybean origins. No one knew about my nocturnal lapses.

After the fashion show, we womenfolk split into our rival clans for family picnics. Almost everyone in town was related to one or more of the five main families, the Blisses being one. The Bliss family picnics were always held at the old homestead—Ira's and my house—regardless of which hapless relative happened to inhabit it at the time. And this

(Continued on page 206)

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"He took the handcuff key and reached up to unlock my wrist. As he did so, he dropped the key. We looked at each other in horror as our full plight dawned"

WEDDED BLISS

(Continued from page 204)

picnic was no exception. I had been up all night chopping potatoes for potato salad. Ira was back from the firing range by the time I got home and had removed the cover from the swimming pool and had tapped a keg of Genesee. His relatives were starting to drift in. I couldn't tell them apart—they were all solid, well-built people with dark or gray curly hair. Old men kept putting arms around me and whispering, "Ira's a lucky man to have such a lovely bride." Ira watched with pride and gratitude: His family had accepted me. I smiled at the old men warmly.

About a dozen times I had the following conversation, spoken parts interchangeable:

"Hot enough for you?"

"Looks like a nice afternoon for a picnic."

"Yes, we're sure as hang lucky. It's rained all week."

"Do you think it'll rain this afternoon?"

"It might. See those dark clouds in the west?"

"Probably not before time to go home, anyhow."

"Probably not. It was a late mud season, so we've earned a pretty summer."

"A-yup. Well, excuse me, I'd better go for a swim before it clouds up."

"It might do it."

"I sure hope not."

"Me, too."

But after all, just because we shared an affection for Ira was no reason to assume that we had anything else in common—other than living under identical cloud cover.

It was getting dark, and yes, rain clouds were rolling in from the west, by the time the last of the Bliss great-uncles departed. Ira and I sat by the pool among fallen baked beans and guzzled the remaining quarter keg of flat Genesee.

Then the storm arrived. Huge raindrops splattered on the concrete where we sat. Trees lashed their branches like whips. We were getting soaked. Where was my transparent raincoat now when I needed it? Thunder rolled, and lightning cracked. It was the first storm of the season, a treat in snow country after endless months of silently drifting white fluff. There was something so refreshingly candid about an electrical storm. You knew where you stood. Nature was out to sizzle you alive. Whereas delicate snowflakes crept up on you stealthily and smothered you unawares.

Rain swept in in sheets. Water ran off our noses in torrents. We giggled like children and raced for the house. Once inside, dripping on the indoor-outdoor carpet in the TV room, Ira turned to me with his special look that indicated that it was 8:30 on a Thursday evening, sanctioned by the calendar for sex. He unbuckled his belt.

"You are *going* to have an orgasm tonight," he informed me.

"But really, Ira, I don't want one."

"I don't care what *you* want. *I* want you to be happy." His dark liquid eyes studied with hunger my breasts and stomach under my clinging wet shirt. "If this doesn't do it, I don't know what will."

"If *what* doesn't?" I asked fearfully.

"Stay here." He charged upstairs and returned with his manual and a paper bag. As he read the instructions for tonight's gymnastics, I observed his cock stirring the leg of his Madras Bermuda shorts.

He turned to me, breathing heavily, his nostrils flared. Out of the paper bag he whipped—a pair of handcuffs.

"Oh Jesus," I moaned. I had been here before—bound to the sleeping platform in the bomb shelter by Clem's motorcycle chain.

"Really, Ira, I'd rather just do it in bed without a lot of fuss."

"No, no. I want things to be exciting for you, Ginny. I don't want you to be bored with me."

With a sigh, I removed my clothes as Ira threw off his. "Now what?" I asked sullenly, standing nude, damp and chilled, in the middle of the television room floor.

He led me a few steps by the arm. Then he pulled up two antique ladder-back chairs with rush seats. He climbed up on his, indicating to me to climb up on mine. When I had done so, I found myself eye to eye with the huge oak beam that ran the length of the room. Ira unlocked the handcuffs and snapped one side around his right wrist. Then he reached over the beam and snapped the other side onto my left wrist.

"All right, now hold onto the chain with your chained hand, or you'll hurt yourself." When I was doing this correctly, he continued, "Now lower yourself slowly off your chair."

I did so, and soon we were dangling chest to chest by one arm from the beam, joined by the handcuffs. Ira was very excited. His erection was gouging me in the side like a surgeon's hand prodding an appendicitis victim.

"What do you think?" he gasped, bending his head to French kiss my armpit.

"Very nice," I assured him, feeling that my handcuffed arm was about to pop out of its socket, like the Major's ring finger.

"Will this do the trick, do you think?"

"I'm not sure I get the picture. . . ." Ira wrapped his free arm around my waist and pulled me to him.

"All right, now put it in."

I stared at him for a moment in disbelief. Then I obligingly raised my dangling legs at different angles, but never the appropriate one for achieving insertion. In the process, I kicked my chair over. I felt like a marionette with tangled strings. Finally, I accomplished the feat of coupling with my husband by wrapping my legs around his waist. But in this suspended entanglement neither of us was capable of moving an inch.

"Did the book say exactly how to do this?" I asked, suppressing a grimace as my shoulder began aching unbearably.

"Not really. It just said something like 'Once hanging together in this fashion, you will have no difficulty discovering delicious new ways to tease each other to climax.' "

"Oh."

Shortly I said, "Uh, Ira—I think I'd better get down. My arm's really hurting."

Ira sighed, defeated again, his erection starting to wilt inside me. "Okay." He took the handcuff key, which he'd been holding in his free hand, and reached up to unlock my wrist. As he did so, he dropped the key.

We looked at each other in horror as the full magnitude of our plight dawned on us. The silver key glittered mockingly on the carpet, while the lightning flashed and the rain drove in sheets against the windowpanes. My shoulder no longer hurt—it was completely numb. But now my wrist was sending messages of agony to the pain centers in my brain. I had rubbed a bracelet of raw flesh by my flying mid-air contortions.

"Ira, if you can stand in your chair, that might lower me enough to pick up the key with my toes."

Thinking it worth a try, he searched for his chair with his feet. As he did so, he kicked it over. "Jesum Crow," he groaned. Reaching up to the beam with his free hand, he did a miraculous one-handed chin-up, which lowered me almost to the rug.

But not quite. My pointed toes hung one inch above the glittering silver key.

"Lower," I said softly.

"I can't," he gasped, through gritted teeth. Just then his biceps gave out, and he fell back down, jerking me up to where I'd been before.

We looked at each other with despair.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

"You meant well."

"I just wanted to make you happy."

"What's going to become of us? We'll starve, won't we? Or will we die of thirst first?"

"Someone will miss me at the office, or at one of my meetings. They'll come out to check on us and . . ." We glanced at each other, trying to decide whether we'd rather be living or dead when we were discovered by one of his aunts.

"Your Aunt Betty is coming back for her ice cream freezer on Sunday." He nodded yes, his eyes closed and sweat dripping from his handsome high forehead.

The phone rang. We looked at each other with renewed hope. Mother Bell lived. The phone sat on a table against the wall right under this beam.

"If we throw our arms sideways, Ginny, I believe we can scoot toward the wall."

The phone stopped ringing. We tried Ira's plan, and it worked. Each scoot produced an agonizing wrenching of my captive shoulder. But, in time, we worked our way to the wall. Ira reached down with his feet and picked up the receiver. He transferred the receiver to his free hand with a movement that even a tree-swinging orangutan would have envied. Then he dialed experimentally with the second toe of his right foot.

He looked at me blankly. "Whom shall we call?" he asked, pressing the button with his toe to clear the line.

"Uncle Lou?" Ira was unamused. "How about the police?"

"There aren't any police in Stark's Bog. You know that."

"The fire department."

"Good idea." He started dialing. Then he realized that the fire department number was our own, he being fire chief.

"*I* know," he said, inspired. "Rodney."

(Continued on page 208)

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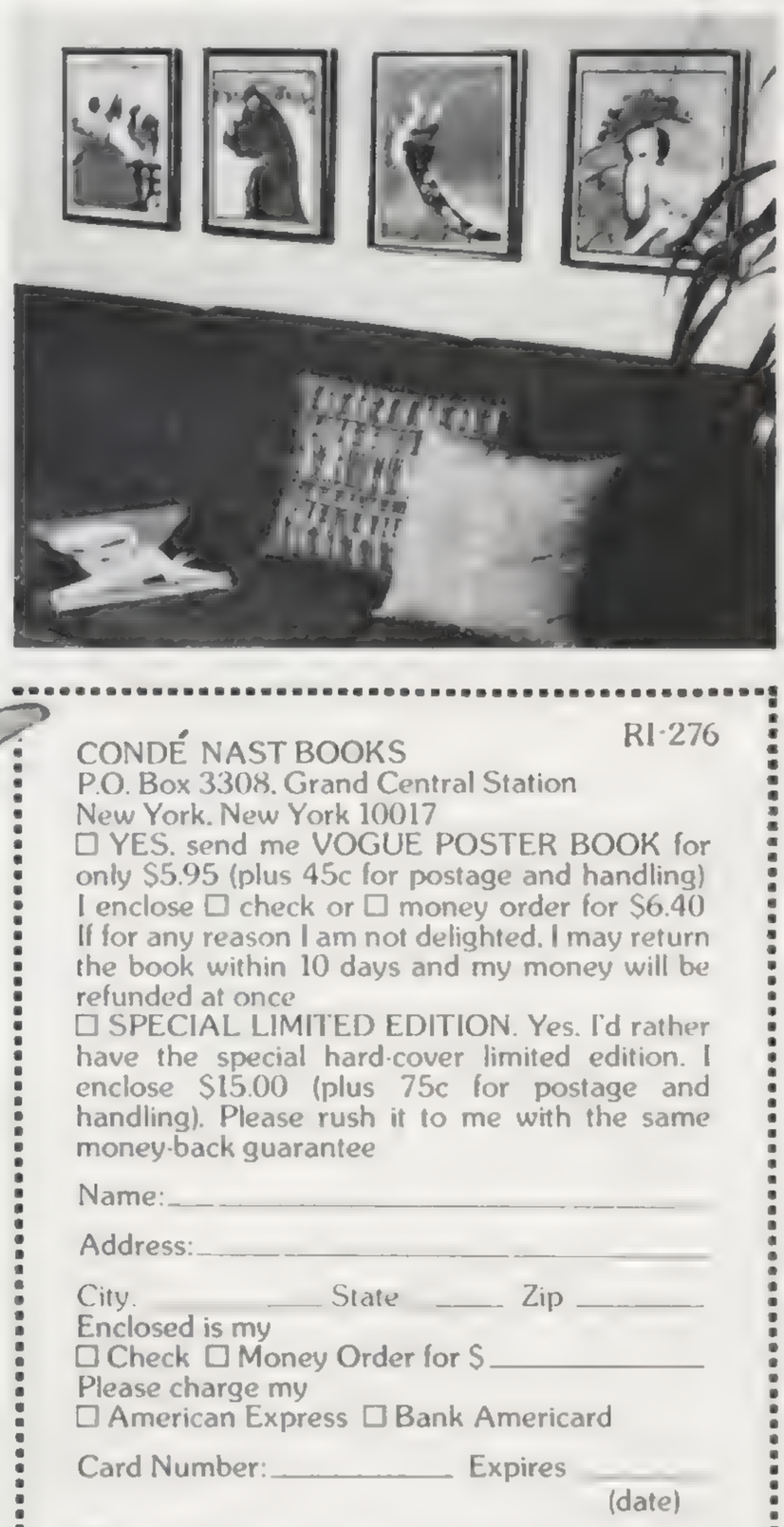
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"Do children cause television to be violent? Why doesn't Mary Tyler Moore use her married name on television—which would make her Mary Tyler Tinker?"

TV-STYLED AMERICA

(Continued from page 169)

movies, which still involve a ritual (going someplace and sitting in the dark) and are fantasy, television has become simply one more form of day-to-day experience. Daniel Ellsberg once said he only became aware of the brutality of the Vietnam war after he came back and began watching the war on TV news.

Most people who think about TV at all agree that it's doing something to us as a nation, but they tend to assume that we are only really affected by the larger events we witness there. And, in a real sense, the war in Vietnam *was* won on American television. On the other hand, a moon launching is perceived by most as considerably less exciting than a *Star Trek* rerun. It is naïve to believe that the ordinary flotsam of day-to-day programming doesn't touch our lives in some profound way. Surely there is something to be learned from the spectacle of a middle-aged man dressed as a chicken debating the merits of what Jay has on the table or what's behind door number three.

TV acts as a legitimizing agent in society. It confers status, confirms importance, and has the power to make unacceptable ideas acceptable. When Johnny Carson began making Richard Nixon jokes, could anyone not know that *El Presidente* was headed for a fall?

There are a lot of important questions one might ask about the current TV scene: do children cause television to be violent? Why doesn't Mary Tyler Moore use her married name which would make her Mary Tyler Tinker? Why doesn't John Leonard, the best TV critic, write as well under his real name as he did when he signed his columns "Cyclops"? But, let's skip those, and consider only one small area where TV has gotten much more mature in recent times.

Sex. Until quite recently, unmarried people did not imply a carnal familiarity with each other on TV. This premise persisted despite some persuasive evidence that single people in real life did, in fact, sometimes go to bed together. *Rhoda*, a spin-off from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, was one of the first shows to hint that the hero and heroine were actually "doing it." They later got married, of course, so it was all right. *M*A*S*H*, consistently the funniest show on the screen, was also an early pioneer in the area of sex with its implicit acceptance of the reality of married doctors and unmarried nurses in a war zone and the things they might conceive of doing with each other. Even Mary Richards, Mary Tyler Moore's character, has been hinting in recent programs that she wasn't exactly born yesterday. Nudge. Nudge. Wink. Wink.

All of this may sound trivial, and it probably is, but the fact that these shows can now so openly portray such carryings-on reflects a tremendous revolution in the mass audience's firm—if somewhat hypocritical—attitudes toward premarital and extramarital sex.

The odd thing is that shows produced by Norman Lear (the Abraham Lincoln of adult viewing), which are truly bold in most areas, are quaintly old-fashioned when it comes to sex. For example, there is the episode of *All in the Family* when Mike (Meathead) gets the hots for a student he is tutoring (played by Bernadette Peters). Mike's wife, Gloria, is in the advanced months of pregnancy; and Mike is starting to bite his fingernails a lot. We see a scene in which Bernadette tells Mike that if he wants to make a pass, it's all right. We see a kiss, then fade-out. Then father-in-law Archie decides to get Mike drunk to find out what happened. Archie passes out just before Mike confesses that he really wasn't able to carry it off. And the Pope's Jewish, too.

Early this season, when Maude and her husband, Walter, were separated for a while, Walter showed up at a party with—guess whom—Bernadette Peters. Walter, an alcoholic, starts drinking again after several years; and, when he leaves the party, his best friend, the doctor from next door, goes with him. Concerned about his welfare, Maude goes to Walter's apartment and sees four legs sticking out from under the blanket. She assumes that at least two of them belong to Bernadette. But, alas, no. It's only Walter's friend who has imbibed a bit too much, also. Bernadette has disappeared. Poor Bernadette. She's such a sexy little thing, too.

But, you say, the important thing is that television is now able even to hint at such possibilities; and you're probably right. American television has matured considerably, and people now discuss before breakfast things that my mother used to wash my mouth out with soap for thinking. The *Tomorrow* show did a program on sexual fantasies not long ago, and people were actually groping each other right there on the screen. We may even lose our national fear of naked bodies (which are quite common on Japanese, British, and Canadian television).

American television is coming of age, almost in spite of itself. Despite the worst new season in a number of years, despite "family viewing" that allows network executives to blame their own lack of imagination on the government, despite the phony scramble for the Nielsen numbers, TV is getting better; and the Sonys are coming out of the closets in better homes everywhere. Pop yourself a Bud, flip on *Hawaii Five-O*. You probably won't hate yourself in the morning. ▽

WEDDED BLISS

(Continued from page 206)

"*No*. I'm not having that macho rapist seeing me naked and at his mercy."

"*Someone's* going to."

"Not Rodney."

"Who then?"

"Angela?"

"Are you kidding? It would be all over town in minutes!"

"I know! Mona."

"*Who?*"

"A woman who lived with me at that cabin."

"Well, all right. I suppose so," he muttered unhappily. "What's her number?"

He dialed with his toe and handed me the receiver. With relief I heard it ringing. The last time I'd called her commune, their line had been disconnected for failure to pay a bill. A male voice answered. There was much laughter and loud music in the background.

Atheliah sounded pleased to hear from me. "Why don't you come on out? We're having a planting festival, a fertility thing."

"It sounds like fun. But I'm afraid I'm—tied up at the moment. Actually, I'm in a bit of a spot, Atheliah. I hate to ask this of you right in the middle of a party. But could you *please* come to Ira's right away and help me out?"

"Now? Tonight?"

"It's incredibly important, Atheliah, or I wouldn't dream of asking you. I can't really explain it to you over the phone. But *please*."

"Well, all right, yeah, sure. If I can find some wheels . . . (Al, can I take your truck to Stark's Bog? Sure, we can all go!) . . . I'll be right there, Ginny." She hung up before I had a chance to ask her not to bring her friends.

A few minutes later eight people with pupils in various stages of dilation stumbled through the door. They looked at Ira and me, dangling nude over the telephone, with no more than passing interest.

Mona came over and gazed up through her purple-tinted goggle lenses and said blowsily, "Like, far out, Gin."

Atheliah stood beside Mona and looked up at me with affection and said, "What can I do for you, Ginny?"

I nodded to Ira, dangling beside me, and said, "Do you remember Ira? Ira, this is Mona and Atheliah, whom I lived with in the cabin the winter before last?"

"How do you do?" Ira asked, looking down through his hairy armpit. "I do remember seeing you around. You were at our wedding, weren't you?"

They nodded politely.

"Actually, the reason I called . . . Do you see that key on the rug over there? Would you mind handing it to Ira? And putting those chairs under our feet? Thanks so much."

Ira unlocked us, and we climbed down, rubbing our raw wrists. "Can I give you a beer?" Ira offered.

"Sure, thanks," Atheliah said. "But we really can't stay. It looks as though the road to the farm is washing out, and we want to be on our side of it when it goes."

Ira passed cold Genesee all around. "Thanks *so* much for coming, guys," I called as they trooped out the door. "How about lunch next week?" I asked Mona and Atheliah. "Monday say?"

"Far out," Mona replied. ▽

"There was no stopping my wife. The sun-room soon became the bordello the Shah couldn't afford"

BUCKLEY TURF

(Continued from page172)

son.

Few things hit me instinctively; and I was deeply rooted, along with my nine brothers and sisters, practically all of whom settled in or near Sharon. But I knew that I would never want to live anywhere else; and so it was with my wife, who was now three thousand miles away from her family home in Vancouver, Canada.

I called my father, who authorized me to liquidate capital; and in two weeks we had the closing —after the bankers had poked the furnace, and had found nothing flimsy in the old stucco walls, and a check for $65,000 had passed hands; and a little while later I got a $25,000 mortgage from an insurance company, at the eyebrow-raising interest rate of 4⅜ percent—twice the highest rate recommended by Lord Keynes, whose dicta on such subjects my classmates at Yale had received as revelation, poor darlings.

* * *

There was a transformation. Several, in fact. One watches, and says very little when the lady of the house is pursuing a vision. There was a fairly orthodox phase, consummated in splendid taste; and I was happy. But soon she began to stir again; and, during the cultural revolution of the 'sixties, our haven was not unaffected. One day she presented me the new room—tactfully executed during my prolonged absence from the country. It is much better to be presented with a *fait accompli*. The mind reeled. I thought of the Château at Blois, with its eclectic styles, and the one room—some famous Frenchman (as usual, the wrong one) was murdered there—full of colored spangles and dark and wine-colored bric-a-brac and ornate parquetry. It was the dining room, and its appeal had the atonceness that Clement Greenberg celebrates as the unique attribute of art.

There was no stopping her. The sun-room soon became the bordello the Shah couldn't afford. Then the living room, a kind of Haitian concentrate. Self-respect required me, at one point a couple of years ago, to insist on a room of my own—a music room, featuring a beautiful harpsichord and the worst keyboard artist since Harry Truman. I got as far as the windows and the paintings (they are all by the fine Raymond de Botton); but She took over, which is why the room—framing the garden, a slender treetrunk trained like a geisha girl from childhood to give pleasure; the largest wild apple tree *our* treeman has ever seen; and, out there Long Island Sound, with as many moods as those ersatz fountains the big hotels are constructing, with the Teamster Aeolus who will blow you up a storm, or whisper the sea into kitten-like placidity by turning the pressure gauges—is correspondingly beautiful on the inside. There, in the winter, the fireplace alight, a proper musician performing live or on record, you can see what the pilgrims saw, as if under glass, and understand the compulsion to Thanksgiving.

The neighborhood is wonderful. There has been, to be sure, a touch of Peyton Place in the seven or eight houses that occupy the point; but, although everyone is friendly, no one is importunate. In twenty-four years, we have been out to dinner not more than three times. That is true hospitality. Life is totally informal, though some of that will now have to go. A week or so after acquiring the house, we lost the keys to it; but it didn't seem to matter since nobody had ever heard of a burglar in the area. Until two weeks ago. A couple of them (by the evidence) found their way in, and helped themselves to three generations of silver, two apples, and one box of peanut brittle, which they pried out of a postal package—thus Federalizing their little transgression. If, after they are caught, convicted, and sentenced, they should choose to come back for another course, they will find a house as penetrable as a jewelry store at midnight.

I understand the territorial imperative. I have been (roughly) everywhere. Here is where I find, increasingly, I want to be. With Her. God knows what She will come up with next, maybe (but I don't believe it) a Warhol room. But ingenious though she is, she could never succeed in defacing that house. She has only made it more desirable, and anybody who tries to take it from me should be warned that, in addition to a mad wife, I have three mad dogs, and lots and lotsa ammunition. ▽



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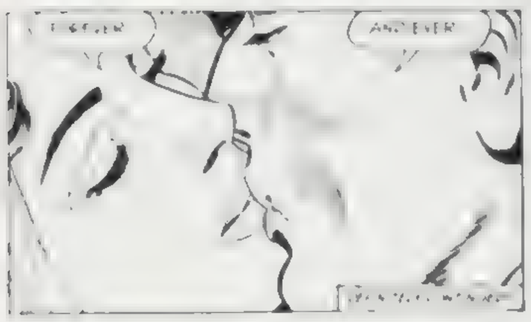
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"City junk . . . advertisements, comics, and other artifacts of urban culture have excited the imagination of American painters"

AMERICAN ART

(Continued from page 170)





Indigenous to American culture, comic strips (top) have inspired a number of American painters. Directly above, Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein burlesques the mawkish sentiments of "love" comics and true confession magazines.

"combine" paintings are like time-capsule collages of New York City life.

This prejudice against elite, "ivory-tower" art, which has often favored illustrational styles that are hard to distinguish from commercial art, finds its latest manifestation in Photorealism—a nasty, ironic look at the American Scene through smog-colored glasses. Now, instead of Thomas Hart Benton's idealized Midwestern farmers and buxom farmers' daughters, we have acres of empty parking lots, deserted garbage-strewn streets, neon signs, used cars, and tract houses—all weirdly and disturbingly uninhabited, as if the American Scene had suddenly been invaded by armies of body snatchers.

Although Photorealism is the direct heir of Pop Art, it lacks Pop's witty light touch, ironic self-mockery, as well as its educated references to Picasso, Léger, Schwitters, and Matisse. By comparison with Photorealism, Pop Art is revealed as a highly sophisticated and informed fine-art style masquerading as low art.

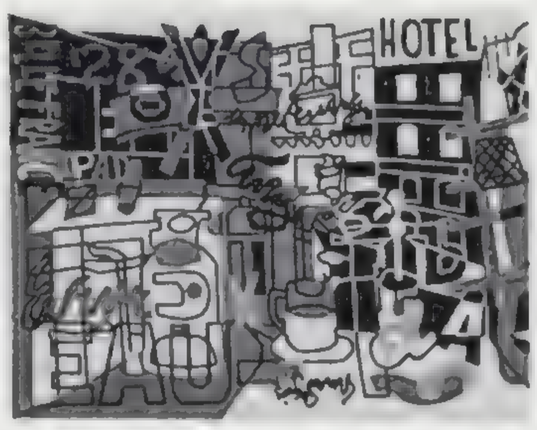
Not that a certain camp element was ever absent from the critical appraisals made by American artists about their own culture. Duchamp's tongue-in-cheek mockery of industrial civilization inspired American Precisionist painter Morton Schamberg to title a piece of ordinary plumbing pipe "God" as a satire of gadget worship and machine idolatry. Indeed, machines and mechanical forms were among the most popular subjects of the Precisionists or Cubist-Realists, as the group of painters that included Charles Sheeler and Charles Demuth were called in explanation of their preference for puritanically immaculate surfaces.

A taste for the ordinary, the unornamented, and the practical was expressed in earlier American folk art such as Shaker furniture. Later, this severity—perhaps a reflection of the Puritan's distaste for the sensuous—expressed itself in the clean surfaces of Precisionism and the "cool," hard-edge geometric paintings popular in the 'sixties. Like the Precisionists, the "cool" Pop and geometric artists rejected hedonistic enjoyment of the visible brushstroke; their main revolt was against the painterly surfaces of Abstract Expressionism. In its familiar, reductive forms, Minimal art, too, reflects the recurrent American obsession with commonplace forms undistinguished by pretensions to grandeur.

Low-life genre, scenes of everyday happenings, images of common objects are, however, but one side of the coin. For, even if man in democratic America could not aspire to heroic stature and heroic deeds (which mean an undemocratic rising above the crowd), the American landscape itself could safely be represented as heroic. From the Hudson River School in the nineteenth century to the paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove, Clyfford Still, Morris Louis, and Helen Frankenthaler, another tradition of American art—the Transcendental mysticism that sees nature as the embodiment of God—has also manifested itself in opposition to the purely pragmatic empiricism of artists who looked for "low" rather than "high" subjects.

To represent industry and its productions ironically as objects of worship is but the reverse of the Transcendental vision of godly nature. Both views acknowledge a common attitude that man is not a hero any longer in a democratic society, perhaps because the concepts of heroism and aristocracy are so closely linked. Pragmatism, the only philosophy ever produced exclusively by Americans, was a practical philosophy of ordinary language and everyday experience—in a sense a philosophy for the common man just as American art was by and large an art for the common man. Yet the seminal thinker of the Pragmatist school, William James, tried to accommodate more complex experiences, even experiences that touched on the supernatural within the framework of Pragmatism's level-headedness. In the same sense, American artists could make the Transcendental concrete by embodying the spirit of nature in heroic landscape.





Top: Walker Evans's classic photograph, "Love before Breakfast," made in 1936, transforms the most banal subject—a billboard—into a composition of great formal power. His message, the heart of the American esthetic: not what is seen but how it is seen determines what is art.

Possibly the first American painter to be inspired by billboards and commercial signs was Stuart Davis, whose 1959 painting "The Paris Bit" is reproduced directly above.

For two hundred years, American art has divided itself into two tendencies, one that aligns itself with the spiritual, the other that expresses the sense that art must not—in fact, should not—escape the commonplace. Some, like the Precisionists, have found dignity in the ordinary; others, like the Photorealists see only the disappointment of the American Dream.



Above: A section of Pop painter Jim Rosenquist's room-size mural "F-111" (1965), with images from commercial sources enlarged and juxtaposed to create a shocking new reality, a contemporary view of the American scene.

That some American artists continue to maintain contact with a visionary tradition that is also as American as apple pie is a hopeful sign that the spirit of Albert Pinkham Ryder and Thomas Cole is still as alive as that of the popular turn-of-the-century still-life painters who delighted an amazed public with feats of *trompe-l'oeil* skill, causing confusions between illusion and reality that were like Melville's *Confidence Man*'s tricks.

The popular appeal of such a style remains; but a decade of experience with confidence men is beginning to produce in the art world a renewed commitment to a higher, more universal, and perhaps more profound art, an art that stands above the mundane affairs of the moment. For, while dozens of artists injure themselves in acts of shocking body art, an equal number are renewing a commitment to another tradition that elevates and transcends rather than mocks or amazes. Their continuing faith in a Transcendental vision may give us hope for the future. ▽

TOP, © KING FEATURES SYNDICATE 1970. BOTTOM, PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY

TOP LEFT, COURTESY EAST RIVER PRESS. BOTTOM LEFT, COLLECTION WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART. RIGHT, PHOTOGRAPH, COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY.

"Like true Americans, undaunted by challenges ahead, we sped on"

UNKNOWN AMERICA

(Continued from page 187)

as to world culture. Yet how grateful one is to the uninhibited taste of these art lovers! Like those other patrons from the open plains, the Moscow merchants Shchukin and Morosov, they responded to contemporary art at a time when syrupy academic taste still prevailed in the art worlds of Paris and London.

The Art Institute of Chicago, housed in a neoclassic temple on the shore of Lake Michigan, is one such giant burst of exuberance. The Institute is in perfect harmony with the city to which it belongs, "the city with broad shoulders." In a certain way Chicago reminded me of Moscow, a true capital, the main gathering point in an enormous area. Perhaps because great urban centers are still vitally needed in the Midwestern immensity, Chicago's downtown has not fallen prey to urban decay as have the centers of some other American cities. To walk its crowded center is stimulating and a little nostalgic. Here is a city still filled with open delight at being itself.

To leave Chicago and its Art Institute westward is to leave the clean, structured city and the leafy worlds of Watteau and Chardin with disarming finality. Now one is awed by a space that time seems unable to conquer, even on Interstate 80. One thinks often of the 'forty-niners.

Then, at the end of one very long museumless day, the fifth of our journey, the Rocky Mountain West was before us, luring us on. In unhurried fashion we explored Wyoming, driving through the lovely Black Hills, dusted with fresh snow. We spent a night in Cody, the hometown of Buffalo Bill. Cody's Victorian hotel, the Irma, built by Buffalo Bill Cody in 1900, is a vision out of Saul Steinberg's stylized West, inviting and full of fun. By October, tourists have left Wyoming; in the evenings, ranchers and cowboys gather at the Irma from miles around.

The Irma hotel has what must be one of the most satisfactory saloons in America, with a large, bewhiskered barman in striped waistcoat presiding at a magnificent curved cherrywood bar. At the Irma, one has an intimation of its builder's rough charm, which had all Europe enthralled at the turn of the century. Here the food is cheap, plentiful, and delicious. If the place seems to be self-consciously clinging to its Western past, an old lady with too much rouge and powder, it may be only in the eye of the passing traveler.

Throughout the trip, while surrendering to the comforts of identical motor inns for sleeping, at dinnertime we looked for good, unpretentious restaurants and, more often than not, found them. Recalling the adventures of a friend, photographer Inge Morath, as she crossed the United States for the first time in the 'fifties, of finding the food awful and impossible to obtain anywhere after 6:30 P.M., we were grateful that the hundreds of cookbooks and thousands of food columns published every year have their beneficent effect on America. Yet, in coffee shops along the way, water for tea was invariably lukewarm—just as it had been for Inge.

Leaving Wyoming we veered southwest (Yellowstone's roads were closed by an early storm), and the spaces of Utah and Nevada stretched before us in successive waves. The desert, rather forbidding when seen through car windows, becomes strangely alive and beautiful whenever one walks in it. It was in another desert, to the south, that D. H. Lawrence found the essence of America: "I must say I am glad to be here in the South-West of America—there is the pristine something, unbroken, unbreakable and not to be got under by us awful whites with our machines—for which I thank whatever gods there be."

The desert's stillness and emptiness induce a state of suspense in the traveler. Its mountains look as if they were painted by a Surrealist seeking to express Timelessness itself. Only today we sense, and see evidence, that the desert is in fact fragile and breakable by our machines, by the very highways on which we travel; and our appreciation of it is all the more poignant.

Two of our Western stops were decidedly unpristine: Salt Lake City, Utah, with its bizarre Mormon Tabernacle and Visitors Center, and Reno, Nevada, with its casinos, somehow complement each other—gaudy monuments to the successful exploitation of dreams. Oblivious of the Western land from which they spring, the Visitors Center, with its Socialist-Realism-style religious murals and outsized white marble statue of Christ under a blue starry dome, and Harrah's

(Continued on page 215)



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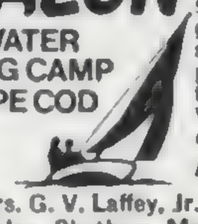
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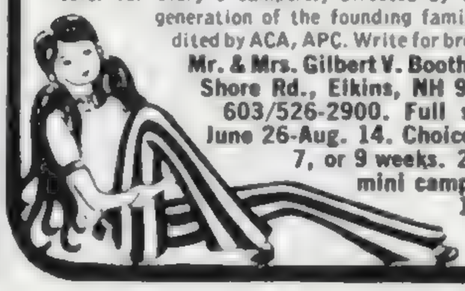
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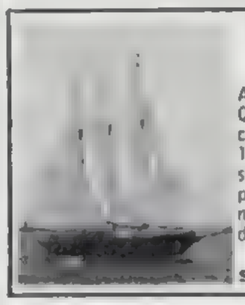
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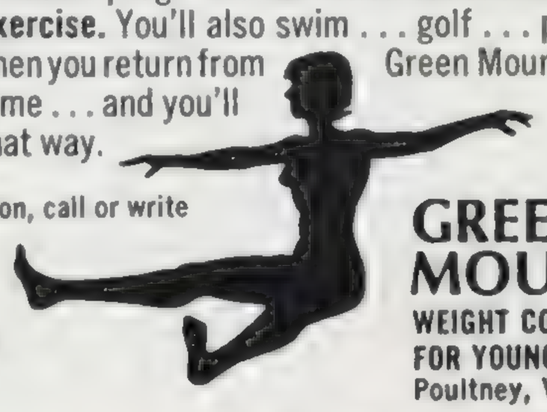
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UNKNOWN AMERICA

(Continued from page 211)

Reno, with its mad cacophonic orchestra of slot machines, wheels, and dice, are somehow two sides of the same American coin. The faces of the visitors in both places are the same, trance-like.

Lawrence would not have thanked the gods for these places. And yet, despite their overwhelming vulgarity, Salt Lake City and Reno both proclaim the secret pain caused by perpetual American uprooting, the numb yearning for meaning and style in life. Under the gaudiness, one senses a need to believe in something, to escape the dreariness of daily life. I admit to being fascinated by the vitality of these two cities.

From Reno, San Francisco is but a short day's drive. We took a roundabout way through Virginia City, Nevada, high in the Sierra foothills, a once high-living town that was the mining metropolis of the West during the bonanza period of the 1870's. Once thirty thousand inhabitants crowded its hillside. Sarah Bernhardt played its Opera House; and Mark Twain, a reporter on the *Territorial Enterprise*, began his literary career there. Today, Virginia City is half ghost town, half freshly restored. Sunny and serene, it clings to a landscape that reminded me of certain parts of Haute Provence—pink earth and dark *pins parasols* against snowy mountains. But the carefully reconstructed gambling casinos and saloons along the town's main street are straight out of a Western movie.

Now, on the ninth day of our trip, only the Sierras and the central valley of California stood between us and our destination. Route 50, which runs to the south of Lake Tahoe, took us high into the mountains along fabulous landscapes—behind us the blue plateaus of Nevada, lost in dreamy stillness, ahead the sharp white peaks and luminous waterfalls of the Sierras. On that bright October noonday, Lake Tahoe, seen from above in the distance, looked timeless, unspoiled, a vision in some glorious twelfth-century Chinese scroll. I had been warned about the Reno-like development of the southern end of the lake, which we were soon to pass. I still retain that first unspoiled impression.

Then we were on what seemed a vertiginous downward course to the Pacific Ocean. In a small, home-style restaurant by a mountain brook, we lunched on trout, paying with silver "cartwheels" —silver dollars won in Virginia City. After the desert, the fragrant mountain air of California was intoxicating; how sweet it must have seemed to the pioneers who survived the incredible overland journey.

Later that day in silvery dusk, the hills around the Napa Valley, covered with vineyards and orchards, again reminded me of Provence. Like the Watteaus and Chardins in Chicago, these hills were reassuring, telling me that one did not have to forsake the Old World in order to love the New. ▽

WHEELSMART

Continued from page 157

labels on things"; *his* Eve always "feels the quality of the upholstery—relaxes on spring cushions—sees her poised position in the salesroom's mirror—pictures herself in the darkest show window as she drives down the boulevard . . . she is a born purchasing agent . . . but she, like all humans, buys largely upon impression."

Well, big oaks from little acorns, indeed. Jordan sold a hell of a lot of cars to women. Ideas come in as many varieties as Heinz pickles, but the notion of free movement and freedom for women has never been more succinctly put than by this wordsmith and huckster. Such a notion ranges over a wide spectrum of classes easily and relates well to different types of experience. The time for Jordan's idea would certainly have come; it came sooner out of simple business expediency and owing to a technology that required a vast scope of participation to make it work. Which brings us down to today.

Probably the last concession to the mystique of the automobile as an exclusively male province went out, almost unnoticed, with the elimination of the standard lady's vanity mirror glued to the back of the passenger seat's sun visor. Now, the seat belt on the right side probably still encompasses a passenger, likely as not male, perhaps an awkard package or two, maybe a small child —more probably, a biggish Halston shoulder bag or Calvin Klein tote stuffed with necessary trivia, checkbook, credit cards, occasionally a tennis racket or deck shoes.

Given the arduous trip of some fifty years' length from a back seat in the tonneau of yesterday's open car—clad in duster, veil, goggles; clutching a small reticule —to the driver's seat of a nifty new sedan of imported manufacture (even as humble a such as the VW Beetle) or a practical mid-range station wagon, the American woman in her pants, shirt, and head-wrap has made an irreversible move in her lifestyle and purpose. The car she drives (no longer a simple family conveyance for an entire household's Sunday country outing) is now her valuable personal tool to carry her to her work and play. She is freed from local immobility by a sophisticated machine tailored, finally, to her personal needs and tastes by an automobile industry that concedes ever greater percentages of their output go, firsthand, to women.

The great breakthrough began with the introduction of the simple automatic transmission by General Motors in 1940—not in time, however, for the great flood of working women motorists of World War II, who nevertheless mastered the intricacies of the gearshift and enjoyed the luxury of scheduling their own lives rather than planning them within the confines of wartime bus and train schedules.

By War's end, most cars were available with the automatic transmission; albeit they were still clumsy to handle in traffic, required hand signals, and, further, were difficult to park adroitly. A crucial era for women arrived when the car manufacturers—at the time concerned solely with catching up abruptly the moment sales began to sag, around the early 'fifties—went willy-nilly after the distaff market with a marked and new-found attentiveness. Efforts to boost sales included a more general introduction of power-steering options, simple column-mounted turn signals, and, belatedly, a wider range of interior decors, appointments, and contemporaneous paintwork, among other accessories, loaded thereupon to entice more women into the salesrooms.

Further recent developments have pointed to a new simplification of the automobile, viz repairs, which currently includes the licensing of repair shops to protect the consumer and a more genuine concern with the energy crisis in making real efforts to reduce fuel consumption. Interestingly enough, the Federal environmental regulations concerning the automobile apparently tend to give us cars today that are more like one to the other, leaving the selection of any one particular automobile over another more a matter of personal esthetics than a need for technical know-how. ▽

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FASHION DETAILS FOR THE SPRING COLLECTIONS: ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

JOHN ANTHONY
pages 126-127

1. Wool-and-polyester turnout (Anglo Fabrics). About $385. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire.
2. Cashmere shirt and wrap skirt (Amicale). Polyester crêpe de Chine shirt. About $425. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; L.S. Ayres; Frost Bros.
3. Wool-and-polyester jumpsuit (Anglo). About $315. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Miss Jackson's; Frederick & Nelson.
4. Wool tweed reefer (Lafitte). About $225. Wool-and-polyester crêpe de Chine jumpsuit (Anglo) and polyester shirt. About $315. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus.
5. Polyester-and-wool raincoat (N. Erlanger-Blumgart). About $240. Rust wool-and-polyester tweed suit (Anglo) and polyester crêpe de Chine shirt, about $400. At Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Woolf Brothers; Bullock's Wilshire.
6. Mohair pullover (Franetta), wool pants (Anglo), and polyester crêpe de Chine shirt. About $355. At Bergdorf Goodman; G. Fox; Montaldo's; L.S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson.
7. Silk crêpe de Chine coat, shirt, and skirt (Horikoshi). About $600. March, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Halle's; Neiman-Marcus.
8. Rayon matte jersey dress (Jasco), about $260. Mohair coat (Franetta), about $325. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
9. Suit, of rayon matte jersey (Jasco), about $320. At Bloomingdale's; G. Fox; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz.
10. Mohair coat (Franetta), about $200. Wool-and-polyester crêpe de Chine skirt (Anglo), about $110. Polyester blouse, about $70. Elizabeth Arden Salons; G. Fox; Hovland-Swanson, Frederick & Nelson.
11. Soft-tied shirt and pants, of rayon matte jersey (Jasco), about $325. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire.
12. Crêpe de Chine shirt (Horikoshi). About $180. Crêpe de Chine pants (Horikoshi). About $120. March, at Martha; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Miss Jackson's.
13. Silk crêpe de Chine cardigan, halter, and pants (Horikoshi). About $535. March, at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.
14. Flannel blazer (Lafitte). Crêpe de Chine shirt and skirt (Horikoshi). About $595. March, at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Marie Leavell.
15. Silk chiffon blouse and skirt, (Stern & Stern). About $500. March, at Martha; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's Wilshire.
16. Silk dress (Abraham). About $700. March, at Bloomingdale's; Miss Jackson's.
All accessorized by John Anthony.

GEOFFREY BEENE
pages 130-131

1. Crêpe de Chine (Gandini fabric) jacket, pyjama, and shirt. About $1,390. Silk taffeta raincoat (E. H. Sormani). About $695. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.
2. Polyester-and-cotton poplin blazer, about $98. Cotton jersey T-shirt, about $30. Cotton pants, about $76 (Saddler fabric). At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson.
3. Cotton string sweater, about $70. Cotton skirt, about $74. Cotton shirt, about $64. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
4. Cotton shirt (N. Erlanger-Blumgart), about $52. Polyester and cotton pants (Saddler), about $68. Cotton skirt (Saddler), about $72. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; L.S. Ayres; Hovland-Swanson; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
5. Cotton dress and middy top (Jeri Silk). Dress, about $94. Top, about $56. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
6. Polyester-and-cotton shirt (N. Erlanger-Blumgart). About $54. Cotton pants (Jeri Silk), about $84. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Hovland-Swanson; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
7. Wool gabardine pants (Gandini). Silk georgette blouse (Abraham). Rayon and polyester "slicker" (Lang-Goree). To order, at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.
8. Silk gauze two-piece dress. About $245. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's; Neusteters; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.
9. Wool jersey two-piece dress (Jasco). About $295. Silk raincoat (Bucol). About $595. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin.
10. Gabardine coat and skirt (Gandini). Cotton knit sweater. To order, at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.
11. Rayon matte jersey two-piece dress (Jasco). About $385. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Rich's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.
12. Crêpe de Chine two-piece dress. About $895. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii.
13. Top, silk shantung crêpe de Chine. Pants, Ultressa (Klopman Mills). About $575. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.
14. Silk crêpe de Chine pyjama. About $495. Polyester and cotton raincoat (Pomezia). About $260. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.
15. Silk-and-wool suit (Abraham). Crêpe de Chine shirt (Gandini). About $1,475. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.
16. Silk georgette pyjama (Abraham) and cotton blazer (Threadtex). About $1,300. Silk faille raincoat (E. H. Sormani). About $1,230. At Martha; I. Magnin.
All available, late February.
All accessorized by Geoffrey Beene.

HALSTON
pages 134-135

1. Ultrasuede pants suit (Springs Mills fabric). About $380. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Barton/Sligh's; I. Magnin.
2. Ultrasuede dress (Springs Mills). About $360. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Montaldo's; Barton/Sligh's; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; L.S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Balliet's; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
3. Ultrasuede skirt (Springs Mills). About $220. Silk crêpe de Chine shirt. About $180. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Rich's; Barton/Sligh's; Higbee's; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Balliet's.
4. Wool coat and pants (Agnona). About $420. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Halston Ltd. silk top. $75.
5. Ultrasuede skirt (Springs Mills). About $222. Silk crêpe de Chine shirt. About $180. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Esther Wolf; I. Magnin. Halston Ltd. cashmere cardigan. About $125.
6. Silk chiffon blouse, Ultrasuede pants (Springs Mills). About $480. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; L.S. Ayres; Balliet's; I. Magnin.
7. Ultrasuede culottes (Springs Mills). About $180. Wool jersey shawl (Agnona). About $120. At Martha; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Halston Ltd. cashmere top, $60.
8. Wool jersey jumpsuit (Jasco). About $198. Wool jersey shawl (Agnona). About $120. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Younker Kilpatrick's; Joseph Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
9. Silk crêpe de Chine dress (Pomezia). About $340. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Barton/Sligh's; Shillito's; Esther Wolf; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
10. Wool coat (Agnona). About $620. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.
11. Crêpe de Chine jumpsuit (Pomezia). About $400. At Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
12. Jersey dress (Pomezia). About $450. At Bloomingdale's; G. Fox; Rich's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
13. Silk caftan. About $900. Martha; Maison Blanche; Balliet's; I. Magnin.
14. Silk crêpe de Chine dress (Pomezia). About $360. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Younker Kilpatrick's; I. Magnin.
15. Silk chiffon jumpsuit (Pomezia). About $480. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Montaldo's; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.
16. Silk gown (E. H. Sormani). About $1,150. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Charles Sumner; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.
All available, late March.
All accessories, Halston Ltd.

FINDS: SUCCESS STORIES, U.S.A.— Fashion and accessory details

PAGES 176-177: Cotton shirt: Ralph Lauren. About $42. At Bloomingdale's; Lazarus; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . **Red cuff:** Cara Croninger for Sculpture to Wear. About $40. . . . **Sneaker:** Sperry Topsiders. About $13. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **Striped belts:** Elegant. About $5.50 each. At Bonwit Teller; I Magnin. . . . **Striped watchbands:** Hadley Kalbè. About $1.50 each. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Bullocks.

PAGES 178-179: Blazer, of hand-knitted cotton yarn; silk crêpe de Chine shirt and skirt (not shown), of Lafitte fabric. By Bill Blass. At Martha; Montaldo's; Higbee's; I. Magnin. . . . **Cuffs:** Dionne Cole. From $14 to $28. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **Webbing belt:** Elegant. About $6. At Bonwit Teller; Hovland-Swanson. . . . **Cowboy boots:** Acme. About $45. At H. Kauffman & Sons, N.Y.

PAGES 180-181: T-shirt update: By D.B.A. by Theodore, of beige cotton. Top, about $16; shorts, about $12. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Theodore. . . . **Nylon windbreaker:** White Stag Action Sports. About $18. Higbee's; Rike's; Liberty House, Hawaii. With scarf: Geoffrey Beene for Jewelcase. Bulova watch, Hudson's. . . . **Accessory finds: Belt:** Coach Leatherware. About $9. The Bermuda Shop; Swanson's. **Print cotton squares:** Scarfs by Echo. 27", about $8; 28" about $5. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. . . . **Shoulder sack:** Bobby Breslau. About $48. Hudson's; Sakowitz. . . . Haversack: L.L. Bean. $21.75, to order from L.L. Bean, Freeport, Maine. . . . **Cowhide tote:** From T. Anthony. Small, $49.50; large, $59.50. . . . **Sandalfoot pantie stockings:** Christian Dior. About $3. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **Denim maillot:** Marc Vigneron for Cole of California. Of Antron nylon and Lycra, about $24. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Sakowitz; Bullock's. . . . **Stretch-lace bra:** By Olga. Of Antron nylon and Lycra, about $5.50. April, Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Magnin. . . . **Terry T-shirting:** Ralph Lauren. Of navy cotton terry. Pullover, about $32; pants, about $38. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; I Magnin. With Bottega Veneta pouch. . . . **Best-fitting jeans:** Lady Wrangler. Of polyester and cotton. About $15.50. Wrangler Wranch, New York; G. Fox. With Ralph Lauren shirt; Korrigan sweater; Lip watch, at Bloomingdale's; and La Bagagerie bag.

PAGES 182-183: Cotton denim jacket, with drawstring bottoms (Cone Mills fabric). Ms. Lee for the Lee Co. $22, at Famous Barr. With Rolex watch. . . . Shown with Mario Forte for Rona jumpsuit: Morris Moskowitz belt. Bobby Breslau bag. Bracelets, at Juvalis. . . . **Terry scuff:** Super Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel. About $35. . . . **Canvas pump:** Julianelli. About $48. March, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. . . . **Flat moccasin:** Julianelli. About $52. March, at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. . . . **Wash 'n' wear shirt:** Of polyester and cotton. Ship & Shore. About $12. Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson. With Coach Leatherware belt, Bonwit Teller. . . . **Stretch bikini, brief:** Magic Lady by Exquisite Form. Of Monsanto's Monvelle fabric. Bikini and brief, each about $2.50. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. . . . **Corduroy vest, skirt:** Blassport. Vest, of Trevira polyester and cotton, about $36; skirt, about $54. Of Crompton fabric. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Shown with Uno-A-Erre bracelets. . . . **Buff T-shirt, skirt:** Calvin Klein. Crewneck T-shirt, of cotton (Marcrest), about $20; skirt, of polyester and cotton (Tandler Textiles), about $62. Altman's; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Higbee's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . **Sunglasses:** Ultimate Spectacle. About $60. . . . Shown with Kasper for Joan Leslie jumpsuit: Scarf, California Things. La Bagagerie bags. Julianelli shoes.

PAGES 184-185: Shown with Rena Rowan for Jones New York jumpsuit: Jute neck cord: Tinsel Trading Company. Muslin sash: Sylvia Agostini, at Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Watch: Van Cleef & Arpels, designed by Pierre Arpels. Bag, Bobby Breslau. Suède boots: Bob Lee for Hunting World. . . . **Silky wrap leotard:** Danskin. About $13.50. At Bloomingdale's; Meier & Frank; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. . . . **Sneakers:** By Keds. About $15. . . . **Active-sports bra:** Danskin. About $4.75. At Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. With Rolex watch, at Bucherer. Uno-A-Erre necklace, at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Higbee's; L.S. Ayres. Uno-A-Erre bracelet, at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Higbee's; Swanson's. . . . Woolmark **Shetland sweater:** By Crazy Horse. About $15. At Bergdorf Goodman; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's; Meier & Frank; Frederick & Nelson. With Echo scarf. Lip watchband, at Bloomingdale's. Uno-A-Erre bracelet, at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Higbee's. Sash, Geoffrey Beene for Jewelcase. Rolex watch. . . . **Support pantie stockings:** Burlington/Monvelle. About $5. At Bloomingdale's; G. Fox; Higbee's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres. . . . **Body-stocking:** John Kloss for Lily of France. Of Antron nylon and Lycra Spandex. About $18. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson. With Uno-A-Erre necklace, Bloomingdale's; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's. . . . **Tote bag:** My Rich Uncle Henry. . . . **The cooler leotard:** Danskin. About $12.50. At Bloomingdale's; Swanson's; Meier & Frank.

For further accessory details, turn to page 218.

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ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 124: Gold earrings, Monet.

Page 128: Address book, Don Lee for Hunting World. Bottega Veneta bag. Mark Cross pen.

Page 132: Handcraft muffler, at I. Miller General Store. Morris Moskowitz belt. Bobby Breslau bag. Van Raalte pantie stockings. Julianelli shoes.

Page 133: *Left:* Scarf, Yves Saint Laurent. . . . *Right:* Ivory bangle, Swee Lo at Design Jewels. Ring, at Tiffany. Morris Moskowitz belt bag.

Page 136: Black onyx ring, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd. Gold ring, Tiffany. Bloomingdale's bag at Cul-de-Sac. Gold key loop, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd. Scarves at waist, Glentex.

Page 137: Shoulder bag, Bottega Veneta. Scarf by Echo.

Page 138: Gold jewelry, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd. Elegant belt. Bag, Bottega Veneta.

Page 139: Morris Moskowitz bag. Gold jewelry, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd. Hanes pantie stockings. Julianelli shoes.

Page 140: Pin and cuff, Bulgari at Danaos Ltd. Monet earrings. Cord in hair, Tinsel Trading Company. Pantie stockings, Round-the-Clock. Julianelli shoes.

Page 141: Monet earrings. Cord in hair, Tinsel Trading Company. Scarf and muffler, Geoffrey Beene for Jewelcase. Pantie stockings, Van Raalte. Julianelli shoes.

Page 145: Mary McFadden jewelry.

Page 147: Geoffrey Beene jewelry.

Page 152: Gindi bracelet. Elegant belt. Shoes, Julianelli. Trimfit pantie stockings.

Page 153: *Above:* La Bagagerie briefcase. Bobby Breslau bag. Julianelli shoes. Trimfit pantie stockings. . . . *Below:* Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 154: *Above:* Bottega Veneta bag. Julianelli shoes. . . . *Below:* La Bagagerie bag. Julianelli shoes.

Page 155: *Below:* Bag, by Bobby Breslau. Garolini shoes.

Page 156: *Above:* Belt bag, by Morris Moskowitz. Julianelli shoes. . . . *Below:* Tote bag, Museum of Modern Art. Mark Cross wallet.

Page 157: Earrings, Monet. Bottega Veneta bag. Rolex watch. Andrew Geller shoes.

Page 188: Earrings, Dionne Cole. Gold cuffs: Barry Kieselstein, to order at Maggie Ross. Givenchy sandals.

Page 189: *Left:* Bangles: Eva Graham; M&J Savitt. Scarf at waist, Orsi Designs. . . . *Right:* Hair ribbon, Tinsel Trading Company. Earrings: Ed Sammuels for Barbara McGrath. Bangles: Gindi; M&J Savitt. Scarves at waist, by Doro. Pantie stockings by Yves Saint Laurent. Super Shoe Biz sandals, at Henri Bendel.

Page 190: *Inset:* Bangles: M&J Savitt, Shashi Imports. Shoes, Andrew Geller.

Page 191: *Left:* Earrings, Jules Van Rouge. Bracelets, Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. Scarf at waist by Fisba. . . . *Top right:* Earrings, David Webb. Bracelets, Juvalis. Beaded sash, Jules Van Rouge. Shoes, David Evins. . . . *Bottom right:* Earrings, Celia Sebiri. Bangle and silk cording at waist, Mary McFadden. Sandal, Andrew Geller.

Page 192: Earrings, Monet. Bracelets, Uno-A-Erre. Belt, Elegant.

Page 193: *Above:* Earrings, KJL. Bracelet by Juvalis. Elegant belt. Burlington pantie stockings. Shoes: Super Shoe Biz, at Henri Bendel. . . . *Below:* Bracelet, Juvalis. Bottega Veneta pouch.

Page 194: Bracelet, Swee Lo at Design Jewels. Scarf by Echo. Abbe Creations belt.

Page 195: *Above:* Scarf, Yves Saint Laurent. Celia Sebiri pin on scarf. Bagatelle belt. . . . *Below:* Scarf by Echo. Rolex watch, at Tiffany. Unisa sandals.

Page 196: *Above left and right:* Aris gloves. Bottega Veneta bag. . . . *Below left:* Bag: Coach Leatherware, at Crouch & Fitzgerald. . . . *Below right:* Celia Sebiri bar pin. Aris gloves. Rolex watch. Bag, Bottega Veneta.

Page 197: *Above:* Celia Sebiri bar pin. Bottega Veneta bag. . . . *Below:* Belt by French Belt. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 198: J. J. Elway I.D. bracelet. Juvalis bangle.

Page 199: *Above left:* Uno-A-Erre jewelry. Bottega Veneta bag at waist. . . . *Above right:* Collar, Port of Call, at Bergdorf Goodman.

DIGITAL WATCHES

Pages 186-187

Lot of time/Little space: Gruen Lady Telestar, at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop.

Ultimate sleek: Texas Instruments Incorporated, at Bloomingdale's.

Built to take a beating: Pulsar, at Lambert Bros.; Marshall Field.

Time without turn off: Timex, at Bloomingdale's.

Wrist-size calculator: Pulsar, at Lambert Bros.; Bullock's.

More than a pretty face: Anne Klein for Quasar Time, at Bloomingdale's; Robinson's, California.

Change of face: Exelar, at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz.

A watch like a wrist-ring: Uranus, at Bloomingdale's.

Wristful of time: Fairchild, at Altman's.

Un-watch I: Lady Polora by Wittenauer, at Tourneau; Sakowitz.

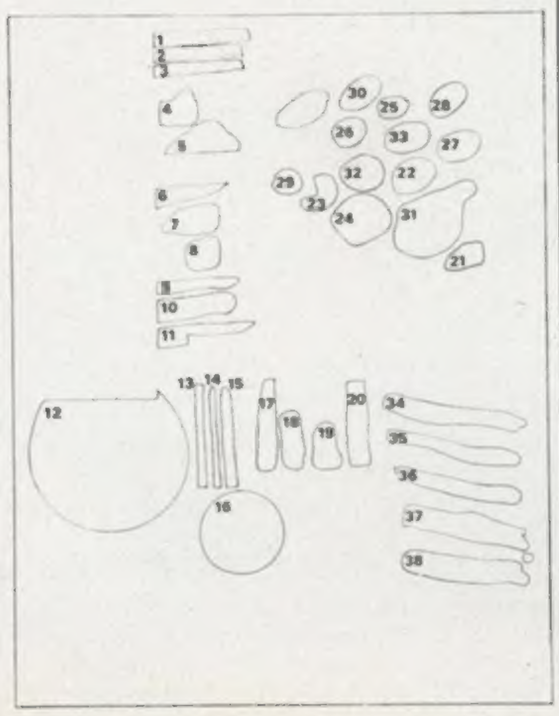
Un-watch II: Micronsonic, at Stern's, Bergen Mall, Willowbrook, Woodbridge; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

Man-to-woman watch: Quasar, at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.

AMERICAN BEAUTY NOW: Makeup shopping information for page 145.

HONEY: 1. Clear Red—Germaine Monteil Color Blend; **2 and 3.** Mandarin Coral/Alfresco Red—Geminesse Lipsticks; **4.** Peachy Coral—Cover Girl Lipstick, **5.** Rouge Red—'Ultima' II Blushing Creme.

APRICOT: 6. Sunny Coral—Frances Denney Real Moisture Powder Blush; **7.** Fresh Apricot—Estée Lauder Soft Film Compact Rouge; **8.** Peach—Fresh & Lovely Fingertip Creme Blush; **9.** Candied Peaches—Germaine Monteil Lipstick; **10.** Tangerina #46—'Ultima' II Ultracreme Lipstick; **11.** Coraline Frost—Polly Bergen Lipstick.



PERSIMMON: 12. Translucent VIII Peach—Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Powderglow, **13.** #22—Christian Dior Lipstick; **14.** Searose #22—'Utima' II Creme Lipstick; **15.** Pink Haze—Frances Denney Lipstick; **16.** Warm Pink—Love's Creamy Cheek Color; **17 and 18.** Light Golden/Medium Pink—Germaine Monteil Acti-Vita Emollient Creme Rouge; **19.** Nectarino Lipstick—Eve of Roma; **20.** Toaste Melone Lipstick—Eve of Roma.

EYES: 21. Tangerine—Aziza Frosted Shadow; **22.** Honey Beige—'Ultima' II CremeSpun Patina Shadow; **23.** Apricot Pastel—Alexandra de Markoff Shadowcake; **24.** Bronziest Brown—Revlon Super Lustrous Cream-On Shadow; **25 and 26.** Burnished Brick/Warm Brick—Estée Lauder Pressed Eyelid Shadow; **27.** Spungold Copper—'Ultima' II Frostspun Patina Shadow; **28.** Sienna Suede—Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Glowing Shadow; **29.** Rich Cocoa—'Ultima' II CremeSpun Patina Shadow; **30.** Chestnut—Geminesse Enriched Velvet Shadow; **31.** Iced Cinammon—Aziza Soft Touch Shadow; **32.** Toasted Ginger—Revlon Super-Frost Shadow; **33.** Pottery—Frances Denney Matte Eye Polish.

NAILS: 34. Sunpeach—Elizabeth Arden Nail Lacquer; **35.** Peach Fire #455—Christian Dior Creme Enamel; **36.** Apricoral—Geminesse Enriched Nail Colour; **37.** Spanish Melon—Estée Lauder Lustrous Nail Lacquer; **38.** Gingerwood—'Ultima' II Perfect Creme Phase I.



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